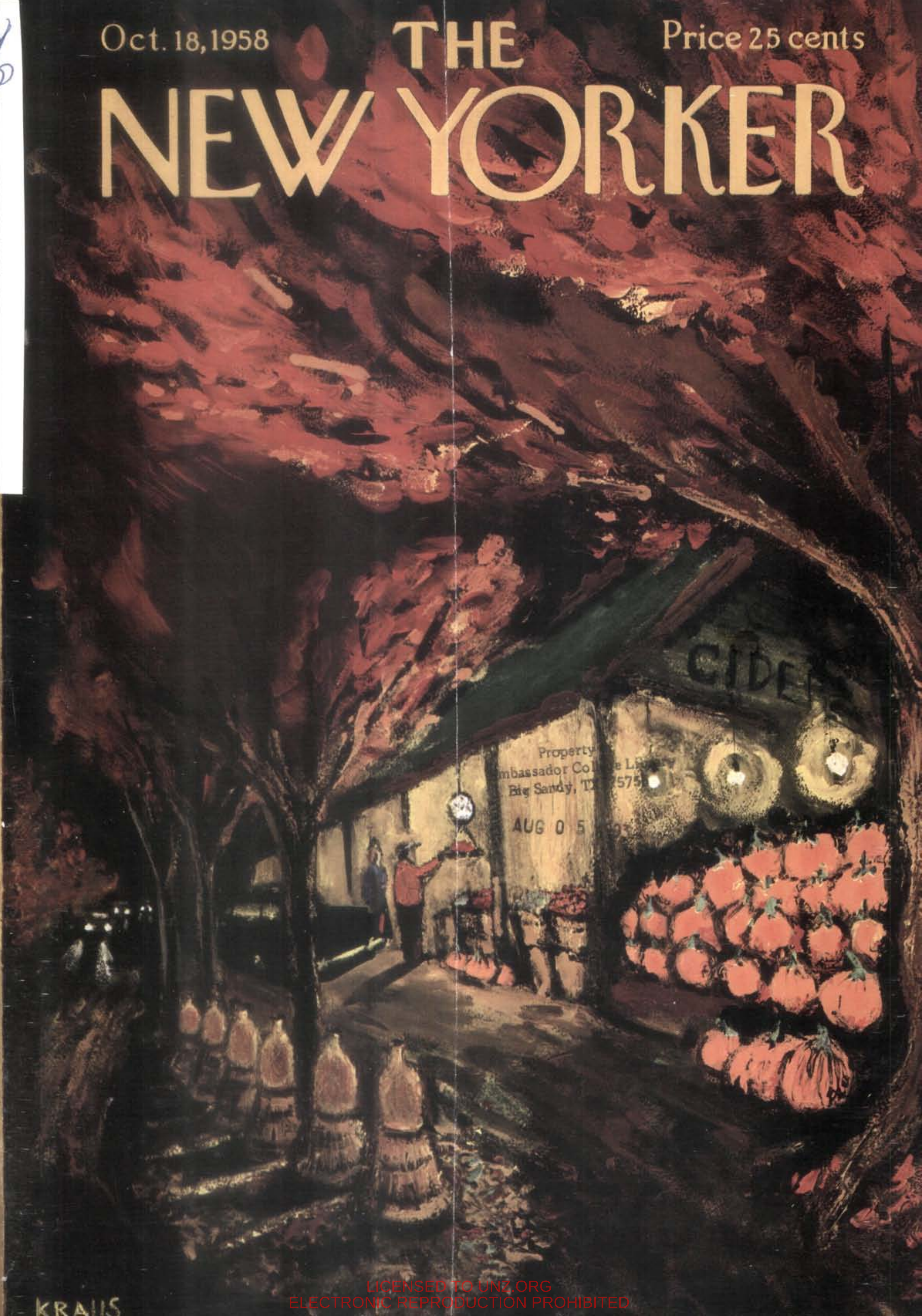
Oct. 18, 1958

THE NEW YORKER

Price 25 cents

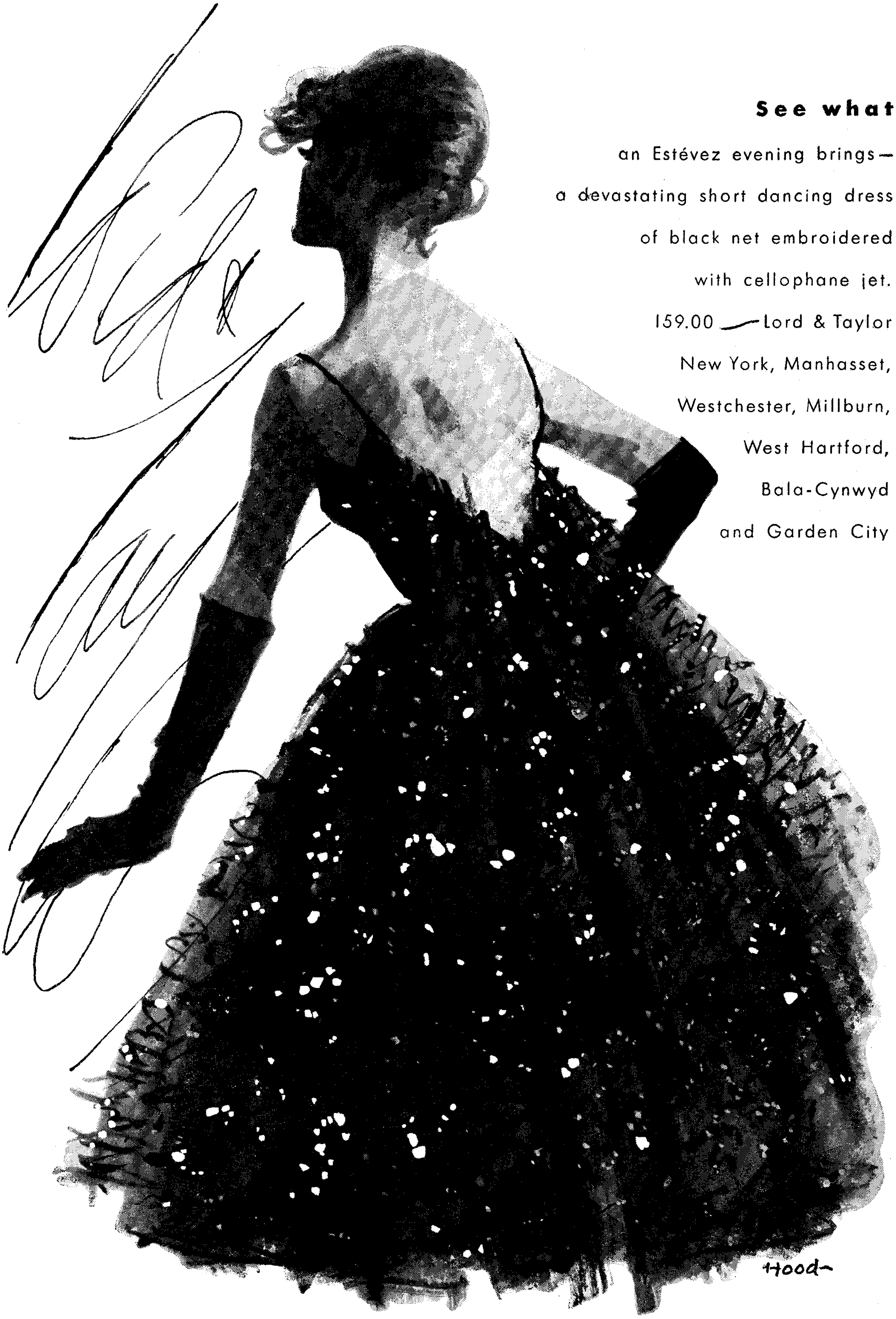

CIDER
KRAUS

Property
mbassador Co e Li
Big Sandy, T 575
AUG 0 5

"En garde, D'Artagnan! I am insult zat you do not issue me Carter's Knit Boxers, ze smart new idea in man-comfort . . . no ironing needed!"
Carter's
KNIT BOXERS
Fashion under Fashion
· Soft, fine selected cotton
· Flexible knit fabric
· Seamless crotch
· No ironing needed
· Carter-Set— so won't shrink out of fit
The William Carter Co., Needham, Mass.

Carter's Fleur De Lis Boxers at these and other fine stores: ATLANTA, Rich's • BOSTON, Jordan Marsh Co. • CHICAGO, Baskin — All Stores • CINCINNATI, Shillito's CLEVELAND, The May Co. • DAVENPORT, Petersen-Harned-Von Maur, Inc. • DENVER, Robert Wilson Co. • DES MOINES, Younkers • DETROIT, J. L. Hudson Co. • HARTFORD, G. Fox & Co. • LOS ANGELES, Bullock's Downtown, Westwood • NEWARK, Hahne and Company • NEW HAVEN, J. Johnson & Sons • NEW ORLEANS, Steven's • NEW YORK CITY, Arnold Constable, Franklin Simon • PHILADELPHIA, John Wanamaker • SALT LAKE CITY, Z.C.M.I. • SAN FRANCISCO, The White House

$1.65



See what

an Estévez evening brings—
a devastating short dancing dress
of black net embroidered
with cellophane jet.
159.00 — Lord & Taylor
New York, Manhasset,
Westchester, Millburn,
West Hartford,
Bala-Cynwyd
and Garden City

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Drink to Me Only—A comedy by Abram S. Ginnes and Ira Wallach, with Tom Poston, Paul Hartman, and Georgann Johnson. Directed by George Abbott, and produced by George Ross, in association with John Robert Lloyd. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Say, Darling—This very successful backstage comedy is partly the work of Richard Bissell, who also wrote the novel on which it is based. Betty Comden, Adolph Green, and Jule Styne contributed nine songs, and David Wayne, Vivian Blaine, and Johnny Desmond head the large and gifted cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sunrise at Campobello—Dore Schary's play covering the three years between Franklin Roosevelt's crippling illness and his speech nominating Al Smith for the Presidency is excellent historical drama, written with great vigor and taste. Ralph Bellamy gives a most remarkable performance in the central role, and he is admirably supported by a cast that includes Mary Fickett, Henry Jones, Anne Seymour, and Alan Bunce. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Théâtre National Populaire—Appearing for the first time in the United States, in a three-week repertory of five plays. Presented by S. Hurok, under the auspices of the French government. The schedule through Oct. 25: Marivaux's "Le Triomphe de l'Amour," with Maria Casarès and Jean Vilar, Thursday, Oct. 16, at 8; Friday, Oct. 17, at 8:30; and Saturday, Oct. 18, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ De Musset's "Lorenzaccio," with Gérard Philipe, Sunday, Oct. 19, at 2:30 and 7; Friday, Oct. 24, at 8:30; and Saturday, Oct. 25, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ Hugo's "Marie Tudor," with Maria Casarès, Tuesday, Oct. 21, at 8, and Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 22-23, at 8:30. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Through Sunday, Nov. 2.)

A Touch of the Poet—A fine cast, headed by Helen Hayes and Eric Portman, in a satisfying period play by Eugene O'Neill that is having its first American production. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Visit—How a village is corrupted by a vengeful woman who wants a man murdered because he seduced her in her youth. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne are extraordinarily effective as the unfortunate mouse and the ferocious cat. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**THE DARK AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS:** All about life in Oklahoma some three decades ago. William Inge's play has a cast headed by Teresa Wright, George L. Smith, and Eileen Heckart. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.). . . **LOOK HOMEWARD, ANGEL:** Ketti Frings' adaptation of Thomas Wolfe's monumental novel. Now with Miriam Hopkins and Ed Begley. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.). . . **TWO FOR THE SEESAW:** The complete cast of this drama by William Gibson consists of Dana Andrews and Anne Bancroft, as a dreamy out-of-towner and a young lady from the Bronx. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Girls in 509—Peggy Wood and Imogene Coca in a comedy by Howard Teichmann. The producer is Alfred de Liagre, Jr., the director Bretaigne Windust. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

The World of Suzie Wong—A play by Paul Osborn, based on the novel by Richard Mason, with France Nuyen, William Shatner, and Ron Randell. Directed by Joshua Logan and produced by David Merrick, Seven Arts Productions, and Mansfield Productions. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursday and Saturday this week, and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Goldilocks—A noisy but sophisticated musical comedy by Jean and Walter Kerr about the pioneer days of movie-making. With Elaine Stritch, Don Ameche, Russell Nype, and Pat Stanley, and a score by Leroy Anderson. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**BELLS ARE RINGING:** A comedy involving Judy Holliday as a conscientious telephone-answering-service girl. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **JAMAICA:** Lena Horne in a musical for which Harold Arlen wrote the music and E. Y. Harburg supplied the lyrics. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **THE MUSIC MAN:** Meredith Willson's excursion into rural Iowa as it was forty-five years ago. With Robert Preston. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MY FAIR LADY:** A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion," in which Edward Mulhare now has the part of Professor Higgins, and Sally Ann Howes that of Eliza Doolittle. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **WEST SIDE STORY:** "Romeo and Juliet," restated in terms of a teen-age gang war. The cast includes Carol Lawrence and Larry Kert. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Once More, with Feeling—Joseph Cotten and Arlene Francis in a comedy by Harry Kurnitz. Directed by George Axelrod and produced by Martin Gabel and Henry Margolis. Opens Tuesday, Oct. 21. (National, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Pleasure of His Company—A comedy by Samuel Taylor and Cornelia Otis Skinner, starring Cyril Ritchard (who also staged it), Miss Skinner, Charlie Ruggles, and Walter Abel. Presented by the Playwrights' Company. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 22. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Make a Million—A comedy by Norman Barasch and Carroll Moore, with Sam Levene and Don Wilson. The director is Jerome Chodorov, and Joel Spector and Sylvia Harris are the producers. Opens Thursday, Oct. 23. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

Amato Opera Theatre—"Lucia di Lammermoor." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays, and Thursday, Oct. 16, at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

The Bald Soprano and **Jack**—Two one-act plays by Eugene Ionesco. Included in the casts are Jenny Egan and Phil Bruns. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:30 and 7:30.)

Blood Wedding—Federico García Lorca's drama, with Dina Paisner, Adele Lamont, and Daniel Ades. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 9:45; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, Nov. 2.)

The Boy Friend—A revival of Sandy Wilson's musical. Ellen McCown and Gerianne Raphael are among those in it. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at

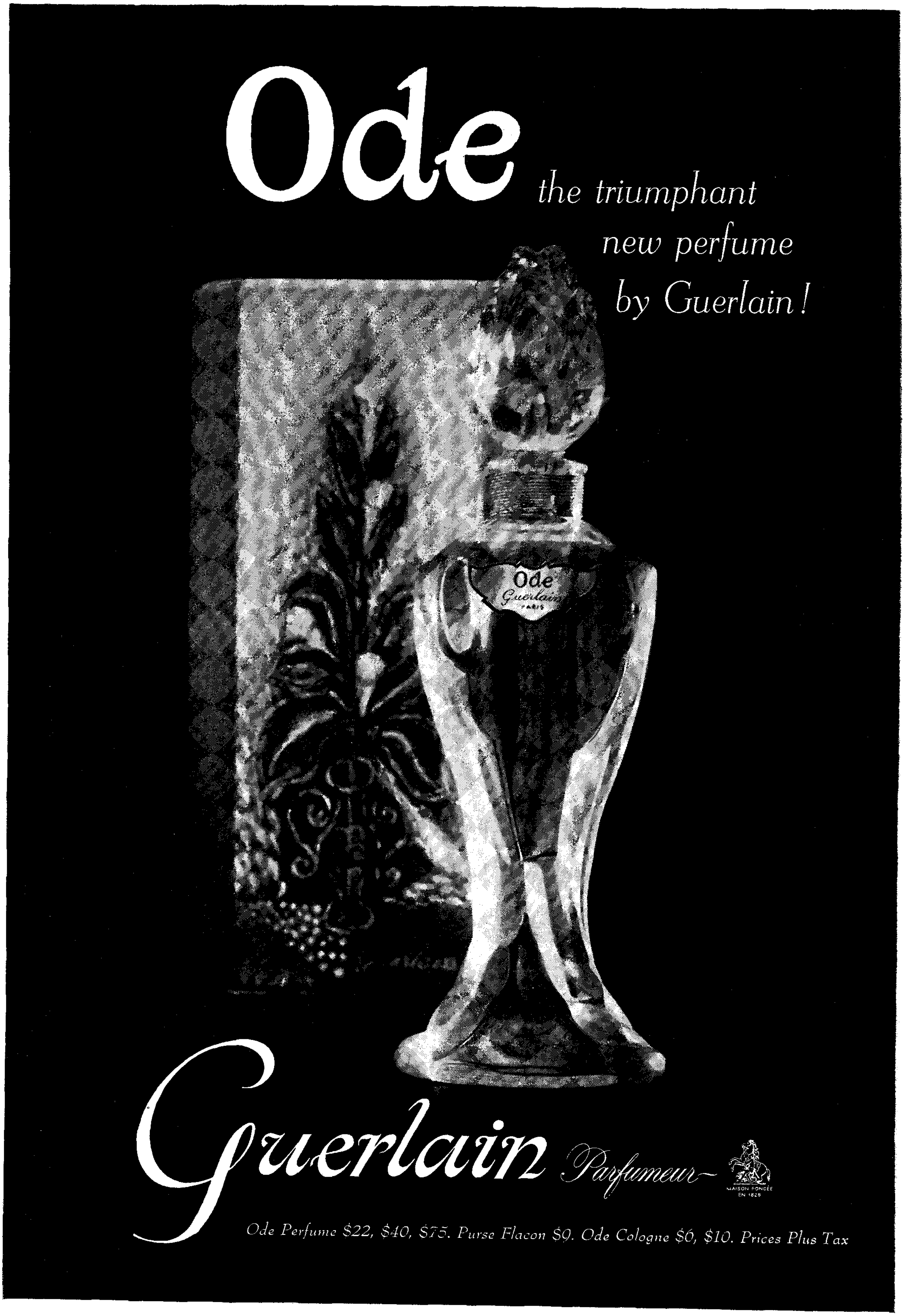
Page
BOOKS 198
THE CURRENT CINEMA 154
FOOTBALL 157
MUSICAL EVENTS 179
CONCERT RECORDS 181
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:
THIS AND THAT 187
ABOUT THE HOUSE 191
THE RACE TRACK 177
THE THEATRE 55

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; S. B. Botsford, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXXIV, No. 35. October 18, 1958. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn. ©, 1958, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.


Ode
the triumphant
new perfume
by Guerlain!
Ode
Guerlain
PARIS
Guerlain Parfumeur
MAISON FONDÉE EN 1828
Ode Perfume $22, $40, $75. Purse Flacon $9. Ode Cologne $6, $10. Prices Plus Tax

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Children of Darkness—Colleen Dewhurst and Jack Cannon in a revival of a play by Edwin Justus Mayer. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq., east of Seventh Ave. OR 5-9437. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, Nov. 9.)

The Crucible—A revival of Arthur Miller's play. Michael Higgins and Ford Rainey head the cast. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Deathwatch—Vic Morrow, Stefan Gierasch, Harold Scott, and George Maharis make up the cast of this play by Jean Genet. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 2-9220. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30.)

The Family Reunion—Lillian Gish, Florence Reed, and Fritz Weaver in T. S. Eliot's play. Stuart Vaughan is the director. Previews Friday through Sunday, Oct. 17-19, at 8:40. Opens officially on Monday, Oct. 20. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Opening-night curtain at 8; thereafter nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Héloïse—The British playwright James Forsyth has abstracted a splendid drama from the medieval love story of Abélard and Héloïse. It is competently, if not spectacularly, performed by a cast that features Eugene Miles and Mitzi Hoag as the celebrated lovers. Henry Kurth's ingenious sets turn a tiny stage to excellent account. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:45; and Sundays at 3 and 7.)

Ivanov—A thoroughly rewarding production of one of Anton Chekhov's lesser plays, in which the tedium of provincial life is charmingly scrutinized to the ultimate stifled yawn. Paul Stevens is first-rate in the difficult title role, and he is deftly supported by, among others, Jacqueline Brookes, Anne Fielding, Jack Bittner, and Sada Thompson. (Renata Theatre, 144 Bleecker St. OR 4-3210. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8.)

The Playboy of the Western World—The Irish Players presenting J. M. Synge's play, with Dermot McNamara and Helena Carroll. (Tara Theatre, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 9-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Threepenny Opera—The Kurt Weill opus, with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Gerald Price and Christiane Felsmann. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Ulysses in Nighttown—A dramatization of a portion of James Joyce's novel. The evening stands as a lurid personal triumph for Zero Mostel, who, as Leopold Bloom, does not so much interpret Joyce as supplant him. (Rooftop Theatre, Second Ave. at Houston St. AL 4-6244. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Percival Borde—With his company of dancers, singers, and musicians, plus Pearl Primus. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 19. For tickets, call AL 5-8067.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo—Saturday, Oct. 25, at 2:30: "Les Sylphides," "Pas de Trois," and "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8:30: "Giselle," "Pas de Trois," and "Sombreros." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

MISCELLANY

Mabel Mercer—Romantic and satiric songs. The third program in a series called "Monday Nights at Nine." (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Monday, Oct. 20, at, unsurprisingly, 9.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Our feathered friends, mostly birds of paradise and night owls, at play. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra keep dancers on the dead run all night.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, a couple of stalwart chaps—Ray Middleton and Jimmy Carroll—have their way with Victor Herbert, which can result in a very sentimental journey. This happens at nine-thirty and, on Friday and Saturday, again at twelve-thirty. Sunday, Oct. 19, is the end of this festival. A companion once-over-lightly, this one concerned with Sigmund Romberg, opens fire (operating on the same schedule) on Tuesday, Oct. 21, with Earl Wrightson in charge. Dance music by an orchestra led by Joseph Ricardel and Alan Logan's band. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ A small outfit, practically always Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing in the Café Pierre from cocktails through supper.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, Ted Straeter's band is filling the night with the headiest sort of dance music, and Mark Monte's quintet is playing along with the mob. Lisa Kirk, the dinner-and-supper decoration—and possibly the best thing that's happened to the hotel-size revue since Kay Thompson became Eloise—takes herself and her four boy partners away on Tuesday, Oct. 21. Next evening is arrival time for Hildegarde, a singer who'll never make Milwaukee as famous as the Braves did. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous, an idyllic way to pass the time of night, the dance orchestras of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen glide decorously down Memory Lane. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's chamber musicians dish up watercress-sandwich music at teatime in the Palm Court and tossed-salad music at the dinner hour in the Edwardian Room. No dancing in either abode.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Sammy Kaye's band, which veers from big-city to small-town with occasionally disconcerting celerity, is making the dance music in the Grill. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave., at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, at dinner and supper, Constance Moore, spokeswoman for the female who's not content with or without a man around the house, puts her sentiments into more or less succinct quatrains. Dancing, too, and just about non-stop. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Emile Petti, the piano man, presides over his band in the Café Lounge, where it murmurs happily for any random dancers in the late afternoon and in the evening.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—In the Embassy Club at the stroke of nine, Chauncey Gray's orchestra turns on its débutante-speed dance music for a group to whom that sort of thing is an old story. Quintero's band takes up any slack. There's dinner music, too. Sundays are soundless.

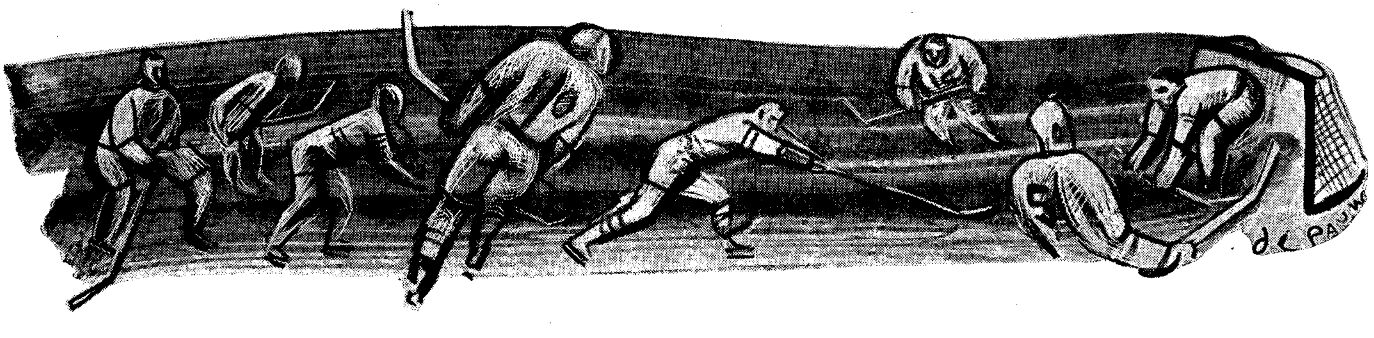
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Marguerite Piazza, who looks simply great in her track clothes, is being put through a marathon of song, dance, and prance that would leave anyone but a Met trainee breathless. She's a dinner-and-supper condiment in the Empire Room. Her last night is Saturday, Oct. 18. Starting Monday, Oct. 20, she will be followed by someone as yet unidentified, and on Thursday, Oct. 23, Gordon MacRae and his collection of chest tones will become the major portion of the floor show. Emil Coleman's orchestra and Béla Babai's orchestra, both of them decisive, play for dancing. Sundays are silent nights. . . . ¶ Mondays through Thursdays, the Norman Paris trio makes chamber music for up-to-the-minute moderns in the green pasture called Peacock Alley, while Jozsi Ribari's men maintain a fond watch on the blue Danube. Both teams mingle Fridays and Saturdays in the production of dance tunes. Sundays, the Babai group is the dance band.

Note—There's light at the top of the stairs (at least from four-thirty to nine every day but Sunday), in the Rainbow Room, which is on the six-thousandth floor of 30 Rockefeller Plaza. Joseph Sudy's trio contributes stein songs now and then. The phone is CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Drake Room, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A tree grows in Manhattan—a fine, glittery green bay tree, in whose shade sits the piano of Addison Bailey, the establishment's cocktail, dinner, and supper concertmaster for a good many years. The Sunday handyman is Joel Forbes. . . . **Little Club**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Some of our metropolitan counters of sheep prefer to do their homework here, grog in hand, ears cocked to the intricate piano of Rack Godwin, once of the never-to-be-forgotten four-hand team of Eadie and Rack. He starts at eight. Closed Mondays. . . . **Goldie's New York**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Goldie Hawkins' amiable shelter is now ready to receive tenants at 5 P.M., when Bob Printz gets to the piano. At seven-thirty he's replaced by Mr. H. and Wayne Sanders, who don't care when they stop playing single and double keyboards. Late at night, there are apt to be non-scheduled flights of fancy by the guests. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP**, 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Mabel Mercer, who at times sounds like the wisest woman of the extra-civilized world, offers a song recitation of infinite variety that begins after the theatre. Her accompanist, and the piano soloist, is Sam Hamilton, by now practically her alter ego. Closed Sundays. . . . **Barberry Room**, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Renato Rossini, wielding a guitar on a Mediterranean honey-



PRICE INCLUDES 10 PER CENT FEDERAL TAX

"SULGRAVE MANOR" GEORGIAN CANDELABRA WITH REMOVABLE TRIPLE ARM
(Height 7¾") IN SILVERPLATE, $110 PAIR. AT FINER SILVERWARE STORES

REED & BARTON

SILVERMASTERS SINCE 1824 • TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS

BONWIT TELLER

Miss Bonwit Exclusive.

Stormy weather reversible

coat, done just for us by Sandy Smith with a mobil-free shape and big, big uppity collar. One side bubbly tweed; the other, deep black alpaca. Sizes 8 to 16 in tweeds of black with white, blue or red with black, 69.95

New York Manhasset White Plains
Chicago Cleveland Boston

moon cruise all the way from Seville to Sorrento, holds forth from nine to one every evening. Closed Sundays.... **WEYLIN,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): A crossroads-of-the-world restaurant, where Cy Walter, of the light, fantastic fingers, is at play on the piano from six to eight and from ten to one or two every night but Sunday.... **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Violins with every course, right on down to the *caffè espresso.* Theo Fanidi's corps of bowsmen keeps it up all night. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The tableside violin of the timeless Norbert Faconi is the main event in a household crammed with reminders of the days when knighthood was in flower. He is onstage after eight-thirty every night but Sunday.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Fun in a Spanish wine cellar, which has been equipped with tables, chairs, and a troupe of players who never get out of the habit of singing, dancing, and plain and fancy strumming. Guests have dance privileges, too. Closed Sundays.... **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Another aspect of Spain—a pastoral one—where indigenous music wells up until quite late at night amidst excellent scenery. Closed Sundays.... **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): Hemmed in by an exhibit of oils you're unlikely to see anywhere else this side of Jupiter or Mars is the engagingly souped-up Aaron Bell trio, a lot of whose music is from outer space itself. It starts at ten. Closed Sundays.... **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): None of the Hungarians around here can hold their tongues for any length of time. Along with the resultant songfest goes music by the bushel, some of it from that vanishing instrument the zimbalon. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The living is easy, and the landscaping is all that an urban eye could wish. The major punctuation is the piano of George Feyer, which runs still but not deep. He's on at frequent intervals from eight-thirty until one-thirty or two. Closed Sundays.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bounding Londoner, is at the piano in the completely unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic repertory, largely British and New York. He gets going at nine. Mondays are his holidays.... **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Armchairs and chaise longues arranged in a manner conducive to conversation, instead of mass participation, and looking unmistakably like Greenwich Village. Someone is usually at the piano.... **NINO'S TEN EAST,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the taproom, an ornate nook in an ornate restaurant. there's reasonably cheerful piano by Jules Kuti from five to eleven. Closed Sundays.... **CARLTON HOUSE,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): Hunting-lodge architecture, inhabited by the most unruffled grouse in town. Al Mello, a pianist who gets along without the customary Muzak repertory and manner of execution, has the floor from five-thirty to eight, and again from nine to twelve-thirty, every day but Sunday.... **CASANOVA,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): A familiar scene—candelabra to the left, candelabra to the right, and rhapsodic violins down front. Closed Sundays.... **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): While the night mail coach to Boston is changing horses, it is possible to duck into this chastely modern bar of the Stanhope Hotel for a cup that cheers and a roundelay by Fernando Sirvent, a guitarist who goes flamenco at the slightest urging. He's on point duty from nine till twelve-thirty. No music Mondays.

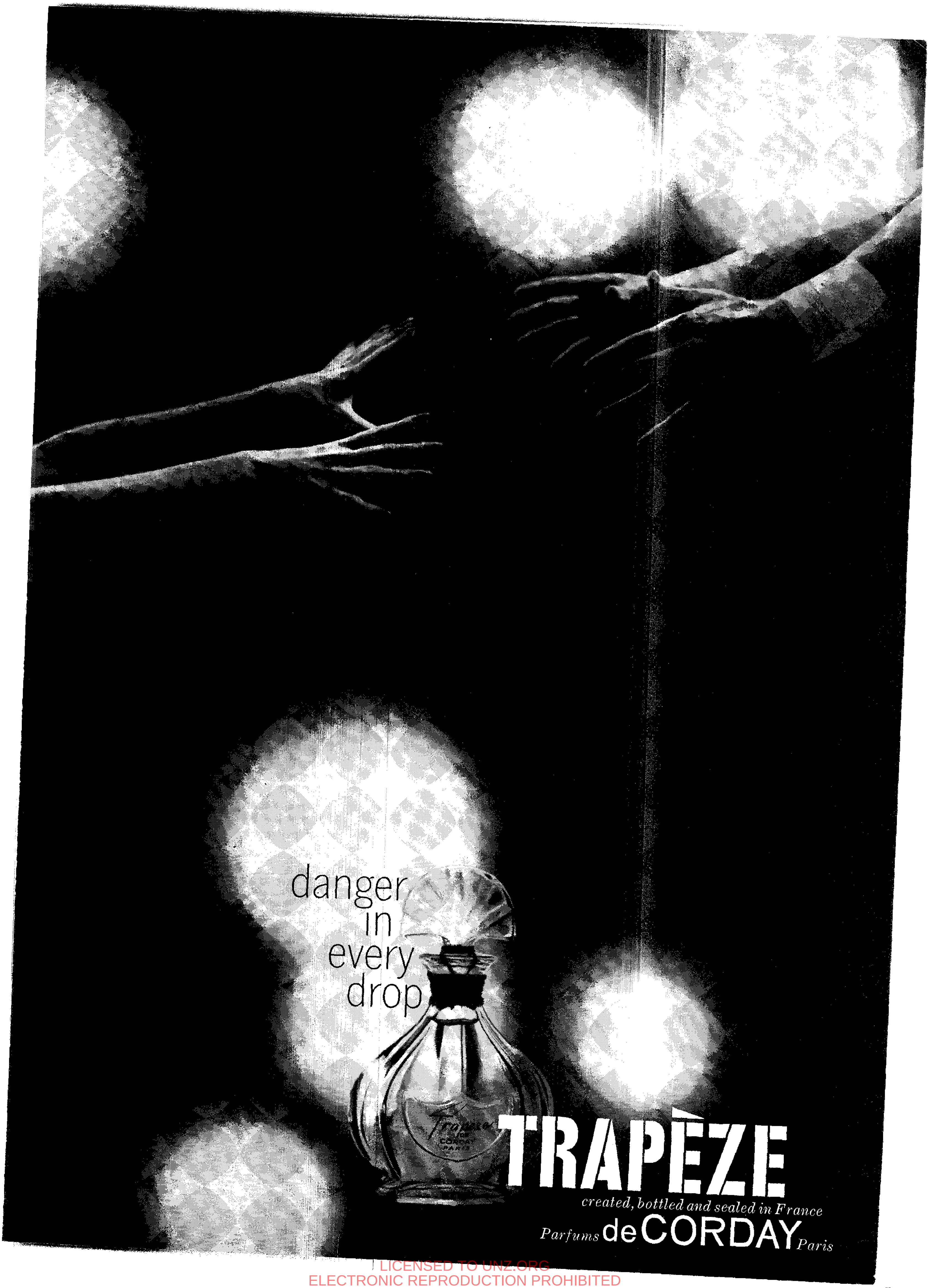
BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): In spite of all the good-natured tumult onstage, the incumbent extravaganza (by turn musical, acrobatic, terpsichorean, scenic, and Dionysian) is essentially a woman's world—a young, Garden of Eden woman's world, on the whole. The principal is the humorist named Dick Shawn, presenting sketches drawn from life and sketches drawn from musty files. Everyone stops on Wednesday, Oct. 22, to draw a deep breath, but the shivaree will resume on Friday, Oct. 24, this time with Jane Russell, a singer as well as a grande vedette of the screen, batting for Mr. Shawn. Dancing.... **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The thousand and one nights of Joe E. Lewis the Haroun-al-Rashid, and the thousand and one days of Joe E. Lewis the horseplayer. In between tales, there's a show made of bricks without straw. On Thursday, Oct. 23, Mr. Lewis will be succeeded by Nat King Cole, his fiddlers three, and his bowl of cherry-hued ditties. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): It's human to err, and the comedies built upon that thesis by Mike Nichols and Elaine May are little short of divine. The comic conferences of Martha Davis and Spouse, who are clearly destined to live happily ever after, are just about summit, in their way, and the activities of Dorothy Loudon, as she goes through Southern balladry like Sherman en route to the sea, are all supercharged. The new-era Jimmy Lyons trio (Jim Raney and Beverly Peer are his aides) and the piano of Bart Howard are the background. The first performance begins as early as nine-forty-five on Fridays and Saturdays.... ¶ In the lounge, except Sundays, there's cocktail and dinner piano by Alex Fogarty; nightly, from 2 to 4 A.M., except Saturdays and Mondays, there's progressive music by the Lyonses.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): Julius Monk, whose vest-pocket revues flourish more exuberantly every year, has put very wise heads on the young shoulders of Cecil Cabot, Jack Fletcher, Gerry Matthews, Jean Arnold, Jane Connell, and George Hall, who play to the hilt the latest of his don't-spare-the-rod commentaries on what now passes for civilization. The pit band is the twin pianos of Stan Keen and Gordon Connell; the curtain times are nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays.... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): A picturesque gazebo, also erected by Julius Monk in furtherance of his scheme for making night life at once comfortable and scatterbrained. The cool, clear voice of Portia Nelson, often in earnest but sometimes in jest, and the handiwork of Don Evans and Carl Norman, upper-echelon pianists, provide the necessary food for thought. The bar opens at five, the merrymaking starts at nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.... **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Though the fine Florentine hand of the resident chef still makes itself felt throughout the night, the accent now is on amusement of another brand. Pellucid piano by Dick Hankinson decorates the premises from dinner until a wee hour. After


danger
in
every
drop
TRAPÈZE
created, bottled and sealed in France
Parfums deCORDAY Paris

De Pinna

DISTINGUISHED
DE PINNA EXCLUSIVE

Authoritative Baker hand-tailoring takes on added prestige in the elegance of Venetian covert cloth, famed for luxurious appearance as well as long-wearing qualities. Cut over De Pinna patterns in navy, grey, brown. Sizes 38 to 46, regular or long; 38 to 42, short. 115.00
Our Churchill soft bowler, 15.00

FIFTH AVE AT 52nd ST., N. Y.
FT. LAUDERDALE · MIAMI BEACH

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the theatre, there are recitations by Isobel Robins, a shining ray of light, fond, and foolish words. Thursday nights, Orson Bean, Harvard '47, chips in some notably uncollege humor; Friday nights, Milt Kamen acts as guest philosopher and wit. On Saturday, Oct. 18, Dean Sheldon, a virtuoso tenor who gives his more sombre arias some Grand Guignol trimmings, signs on as a regular contributor. Closed Mondays. . . . **DELMONICO,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): At eleven, the placid Café Lounge becomes, at least by osmosis, the sort of faintly smoky room in which Hugh Shannon's husky voice and blues piano can do justice to the classic ballads of the days when America was a barefoot boy. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Phil Leeds, whom life has hung, drawn, and quartered a hundred times over, has lived to tell the tale in choice words and rare good cheer; Gigi Durston, a well-remembered and handsome sweet girl graduate, does the singing. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, those familiar faces, never stray far from their double pianos. Sundays, silent movies and no Durston; Mondays, amateur performers and no Leeds. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): A Village version of the "1812 Overture," in which the lyric Mae Barnes supplies the cannons' roar and the Three Flames (Tiger Haynes among them) supply the other cacophony. Jimmie Daniels, the inventor of this inn, is more bland, more *dégagé*, as he does his world-weary ballads. Kaye Ballard, roving correspondent for the bewitched, bothered, and bewildered generation, talks fourteen to the dozen, and Mickey Deems talks turkey, sometimes (unhappily) out of the wrong side of his mouth. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHOWPLACE,** 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): Up one flight of stairs, in a space no bigger than a hall bedroom, four young folk romp through a series of skits endowed with a fair amount of common sense and airy nonsense. Bobo Lewis, a girl who knows no fear, is the principal romper. Performances at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty; closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **LE CUPIDON,** 40 E. 58th St. (PL 5-4842): Corinne Calvet, who would make a splendid little dryad for anyone's swimming pool, ends her musicale of French and *soi-disant* French chansons on Sunday, Oct. 19. On Tuesday, Oct. 21, Mary Small, who's been keeping her soprano under a bushel basket for ever so long, will return to action. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **BAQ ROOM,** 1362 Sixth Ave., at 55th St. (CI 7-9107): The afterdeck of the Midtown Café, and Chinese ice-cream parlor is the word for it. Janice Mars, a delightfully unmannered purveyor of songs of dalliance and songs of supplication, and Baldwin Bergersen, composer and pianist of note, gambol late into the night. All quiet on Sundays. . . . **LIVING ROOM,** 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): Top-of-the-evening song and piano by Bobby Short, an irresistible force and a milkman's-matinée idol. Russ Haddock's trio, which helps Mr. Short along, goes it alone, too, from time to time. Mr. Short is away Mondays, and Mr. Haddock's group is away Tuesdays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The famous Condon health farm, with its rigid regimen—Labatt's India Pale Ale, roast beef, and jazz with plenty of sulphur and molasses. Mr. Condon is supported in this worthy endeavor by Rex Stewart, George Wettling, Gene Schroeder, Cutty Cutshall, Leonard Gaskin, and Herb Hall. The favorite topic is the virtues of Dixie-style, Chicago-style, and Manhattan-style jazz. The recess-hour pianist is Bob Hammer. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Carmen McRae, a fine example of the stress-and-strain, torque-and-tension way of doing a modern aria, lifts up her pretty head and sings for the last time on Sunday, Oct. 19. Irwin Corey, utterer of plenty of famous last words, will go right on talking as though nothing had happened. As of Tuesday, Oct. 21, the trio of Phineas Newborn, Jr., a modernist piano man with ideas and the skill to set them forth clearly, will be added. Sundays, there's a four-thirty matinée as well as an evening session. The place is closed Mondays. . . . **ROUNDTABLE,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): It takes a bit of doing for musicians to feel at home on this huge range, but Tyree Glenn (whose real breezy quartet has Hank Jones on piano) and Joe Bushkin (he has a foursome, too) are old enough hands at the game to make it a winning one. Sundays, when they're away, other cowhands take over the corral. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Venerable troupers, such as Sidney de Paris, Wilbur de Paris, Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, and Wilber Kirk, are clattering away in an effort to prove that the old way of doing things is the best way. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's band, no stranger here, huffs and puffs in a manner more than likely to blow the walls down. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons; closed Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Hubble, bubble, toil, and strife (in which dissonance usually gets the upper hand of symmetry) issue in a steady stream. At the moment, Herbie Mann's quartet is the most irresponsible party; as of Thursday, Oct. 23, it will be Johnny Richards' orchestra. The regulars are on leave Mondays, which are visitors' nights. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Don Shirley, the principal evening occupant of the oval bar, plays piano suggesting (1) that he may become the most brilliant of the modern technicians and (2) that he is just gathering rosebuds while he may. He and his trio are on duty after nine-thirty every evening but Monday. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Battledore and shuttlecock, without regard for the rules of Hoyle, is offered every day. Wednesday through Sunday, such river-boat shufflers as Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Cozy Cole, Buster Bailey, Tony Parenti, Claude Hopkins, and Herb Fleming can often be heard. Sunday afternoons and Monday and Tuesday evenings, Coleman Hawkins and Roy Eldridge take a quintet for a ride. The uproar is continuous from 3 P.M. to 3 A.M. Mondays through Fridays and Saturdays and Sundays from 1:30 P.M. Very warm, all in all, even for Dixie. . . . **VERSAILLES,** 418 Sixth Ave., at 9th St. (AL 4-8346): The music is as up-to-date as the décor, which is saying quite a lot. At present, the sound engineers are Joe Saye, whose piano has a Scotch burr, and his trio. Closed Mondays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): The perfect concomitant for a weekend football game; i.e., jazz with the fur left on. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 17-18, the thunderbirds should be Willie the Lion Smith, Buck Clayton, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Dick Wellstood, Freddie Moore, and Panama Francis. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The trio of Dorothy Donegan, who often plays piano simply by slapping it on the back, begins at nine-thirty. Charlie Beal's threesome does the rest of the work, some of which gets lost in the rumpus set up by the ringsiders. There's also cocktail and dinner piano every evening, and Sundays are catch-as-catch-can bouts between extra hands. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A happy instance of split personality among the pizza and the hero sandwiches the establishment also offers; i.e., on Mondays and Tuesdays, the hard-core bop of Eddie Costa's trio, and during the rest of the week the more abstract and contemplative musings of Lennie Tristano's trio. Open nightly except Doomsday. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Greenwich Village of "The Iceman Cometh" period and décor, but full of questing youth. The accompanying jazz, which is over the hills and far away, is turned out by the quintet of Thelonious Monk, an idea man whose office hours are rarely the same on two consecutive evenings. Mondays are assigned to Mal Waldron's band and, for better or for worse, the declaiming of poetry against a jazz background. . . . **GOTHIC ROOM,** 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-2782): A foursome of innocent wayfarers known as the Commuters makes dance music, and (Fridays and Saturdays) a girl named Helen Streiff warbles with heart and soul after ten in the evening. They stand beside a parquet

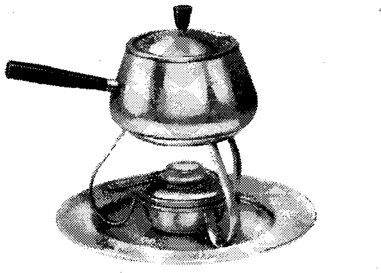
– and thank you,
Juliette Marglen, for
your new Cellini Bronze
for fingertips – and lips!

a FABERGÉ presentation

A&F

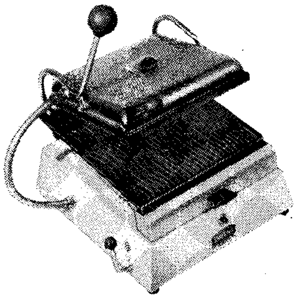
To a Sportsman's Taste

Among the distinctive items in A&F's famed collection of sporting gear are ingenious imports for the gourmet—new and newly-discovered ways to tempt family and guests.



Fondue Bourguignonne Set: unique idea from Switzerland. Each guest dips steak cubes in a pot of bubbling oil, cooks them exactly to his tastes. Polished copper lined with silver plate. With brass tray and recipes. 25.00

Cheese Fondue Caquelon and adapter, extra. 7.50



Infrared Instant Broiler: cooks steaks in two minutes, broilers in five, other foods equally fast. Silicone-treated plates transfer heat instantly, seal in flavor and juices. Made in England for A&F. Includes pastry baking dish. . . 97.50

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

NEW YORK—360 MADISON AVENUE
CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO
PALM BEACH

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of cozy dimensions that adorns the ground floor of the Hotel Duane. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

SAUL BAIZERMAN—A memorial exhibition of sculptures in bronze and hammered copper; through Saturday, Oct. 25. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

CAMILLE BOMBOIS AND LOUIS VIVIN—French primitives; through Nov. 8. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

EDWARD CHAVEZ—Abstract landscapes; through Nov. 1. (Heller, 63 E. 57th St.)

HY COHEN—City street scenes and interiors, a little melancholy in mood; through Saturday, Oct. 18. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

GLADYS ROCKMORE DAVIS—Pastels, including figure studies and still-lifes; through Nov. 1. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

NICOLAS DE STAËL—Landscapes and still-lifes (1953-54); through Nov. 1. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

RONNIE ELLIOTT—Gently sentimental abstractions, in the Tachiste manner; through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

SEYMOUR FOGEL—Abstract oils; through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

FREDERICK FRANCK—Recent paintings, as well as drawings of Albert Schweitzer's hospital, in Lambaréné, and other African subjects; through Oct. 31. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

LOUIS GUGLIELMI—A memorial exhibition of paintings; through Nov. 1. (Nordness, 700 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

RICHARD HUNT—Welded sculptures by a promising young Chicago artist. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

PEPPINO MANGRAVITE—A retrospective of oils and gouaches; through Wednesday, Oct. 22. (Casa Italiana, Columbia University, Amsterdam Ave. at 117th St.)

GABOR PETERDI—Abstractions; through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

PICASSO—Five large oils; through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Kootz, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN ROOD—Abstract metal sculptures; through Saturday, Oct. 25. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

TOBIAS SCHNEEBAUM—Landscapes and figures; through Nov. 1. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

HEDDA STERNE—Abstract oils; through Nov. 3. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

SCULPTURE BY PAINTERS—Renoir, Gauguin, Jackson Pollock, and others; through Nov. 29. (Chalette, 1100 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: The thirty-third annual exhibition, comprising paintings by six artists, including Stuart Davis and Charles Sheeler, plus sculptures by William Zorach; through Nov. 8. . . .**EMMERICH**, 17 E. 64th St.: Oils by, among others, Adolph Gottlieb, Theodoros Stamos, and Adja Yunkers; through Nov. 1. . . . **MARCH**, 95 E. 10th St.: Paintings by Robert Hauge and Beate Wheeler and sculptures by Steve Montgomery; through Thursday, Oct. 23. (Tuesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.). . . **NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY**, 131 W. 55th St.: The October offering consists of paintings selected by Will Barnet, Paul Burlin, and Ernest Fiene; through Friday, Oct. 24. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.). . . **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Noel Davis, Ben Benn, Paul Riba, and others; through Oct. 31.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.: Three painters (Alexander M. Bing, William Halsey, and Nicholas Marsicano) and three sculptors (Joseph Konzal, Jorge de Oteiza, and Raymond Rocklin); through Saturday, Oct. 25. . . . **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, among others, Afro, Alan Davie, and Mirko; through Saturday, Oct. 25.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by artists from Sisley and Rodin to Picasso and Lipchitz; through Nov. 1. . . . **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: A loan exhibition of distinguished paintings purchased through the gallery, in a tenth anniversary showing; through Nov. 1. . . . **KLEEMANN**, 11 E. 68th St.: Fritz Winter, Emil Nolde, Ernst Barlach, and others have works on view in a mixed-mediums exhibit; through Saturday, Oct. 18. . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 10 E. 77th St.: Paintings and drawings by Klee, Giacometti, Kandinsky, and others; through Saturday, Oct. 18. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: Ten refrigerators decorated by well-known French artists, including Léonor Fini, Georges Mathieu, and Bernard Buffet; through Saturday, Oct. 18.

CHINESE; GROUP SHOW—Paintings by five winners of John Hay Whitney Fellowship awards, including Seong Moy and James Leong; through Nov. 1. (Mi Chou, 36 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

JAPANESE; GROUP SHOW—Paintings, determinedly Western in style, by eighteen members of the Gutai Group, of Osaka; through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

SOME OF NEXT WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **A.C.A.**, 63 E. 57th St.: Joseph Floch; starting Monday, Oct. 20. . . . **ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Nathan Oliveira; starting Monday, Oct. 20. . . . **BARONE**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Alfred Rogoway; starting Monday, Oct. 20. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: Sascha Maurer; starting Tuesday, Oct. 21. . . . **JUSTER**, 154 E. 79th St.: Martyl; starting Monday, Oct. 20. . . . **KOOTZ**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Iaroslav Serpan; starting Tuesday, Oct. 21. (Closed Mondays.). . . **MELTZER**, 38 W. 57th St.: Robert Kiley; starting Monday, Oct. 20. (Weekdays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Paintings dating from Colonial times to the present, from the Museum's collection, by fourteen American masters, including John Singleton Copley, George Inness, Mary Cassatt, and John Marin; through Jan. 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A loan show of sculptures, reliefs, collages, and graphics by Jean Arp; through Nov. 30. . . . ¶ Eleven paintings and sculptures (by, for instance, Léger, Marin, and Brancusi) collected by the late Philip L. Goodwin; through Nov. 9. . . . ¶ A group of European paintings and sculptures (by Seurat, Lipchitz, Mondrian, and others) that have been given or promised to the Museum; through Nov. 9. . . . ¶ A photographic display called "Architecture Worth Saving;" through Dec. 15. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—African sculptures, including figures, masks, and religious objects in wood, stone, metal, ivory, and clay; through Jan. 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—A display of Finnish rugs and rug designs, plus an exhibit of pottery, silver, wall hangings, glass, and other craft items on loan from various museums; through Nov. 30. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The thirteenth annual of abstract paintings and sculptures by members and guests of the Spiral Group, including Joseph Meert, Herbert Kallem, and Harold Baumbach; through Oct. 26. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective of oils, collages, pastels, and water colors by Arthur G. Dove; through Nov. 16. . . . ¶ An exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and drawings, acquired since May, 1957; through Nov. 9. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460 and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY—Thursday, Oct. 16, at 8:15: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 17, at 8:15: "The Ballad of Baby Doe." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8:15: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 19, at 2:30: "Die Fledermaus" (in English). . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 19, at 8: "La Cenerentola." . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8: The company's première of Benjamin Britten's "The Rape of Lucretia." . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 24, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 25, at 2:30: "The Abduction from the Seraglio" (in English). . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8:15: "Carmen." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 16.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, Oct. 16, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 17, at 2:30; Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8:30; and Sunday, Oct. 19, at 3 (all with Van Cliburn, piano); and Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 24, at 2:30; and Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8:30 (all with Eugene Istomin, piano).

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting, with Norman Dello Joio as guest conductor and piano soloist, and with Leonard Warren, baritone. (Town Hall. Monday, Oct. 20, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Fine Arts Quartet—The last three in a series of four programs. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Oct. 16; Monday, Oct. 20; and Thursday, Oct. 23, all at 8:30.)

Lili Kraus—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Oct. 17, at 8:30.)

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—The first concert in the series, this one by the Vienna Octet. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Oct. 17, at 8:30. For tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, from 4 to 7.)

Victoria de los Angeles—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 17, at 8:40.)

New York Chamber Soloists—Margaret Hillis conducting. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Oct. 18, at 5:30.)

Vienna Octet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

New York Pro Musica—A program of early German baroque music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Same program; Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Robert Goldsand—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, Oct. 19, at 8:30.)

John Modenos—Baritone. (Town Hall. Sunday, Oct. 19, at 8:30.)

Jennie Tourel—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 21, at 8:30.)

Jorge Bolet—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 8:30.)

José Iturbi—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8:30.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 24, at 8:30.)

Robert Casadesus—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Calypso Carousel—West Indian singers, dancers, drummers, and musicians. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—George Chuvalo vs. Pat McMurtry, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Oct. 17. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

College Football—**saturday, oct. 18:** Army vs. Virginia, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Harvard, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Holy Cross, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Brown, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Colgate, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Cornell, at

ESTABLISHED 1818

for men and women . . . our own make
BROOKSFLANNEL SPORT SHIRTS

Brooksflannel† is a washable, lightweight blend of Australian wool and long staple cotton . . . woven exclusively for us by Lanella Mills of Switzerland . . . that gives warmth outdoors, can be worn with comfort indoors. The shirts are made by us in our styles, with long sleeves, and in handsome colorings.

(left) *Men's shirt in small red, green or blue houndstooth checks on black grounds. Button-down collar,* $16.50

(center) *For men in red, navy, light blue, cream, beige, yellow,** $14.50. *For women in red, navy,** $12.50

(right) *Red-and-black, navy-and-light blue or black-and-yellow Tattersall checks on white. For men,** $16.50. *For women,** $14.50

Men's 14½ to 16½ (state sleeve length); Women's 10 to 18.

*Also with button-down collar, upon request †50% wool, 50% cotton

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

346 MADISON AVENUE, COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 6, N. Y.
BOSTON • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

RED is REDDER with...

ARPEGE

LANVIN PARFUMS · PARIS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

New Haven, at 2. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 25:** Cornell vs. Princeton, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Amherst, at Middletown, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Colgate, at New Haven, at 2.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Giants vs. Chicago Cardinals. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Oct. 19, at 2:05.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Oct. 19, at 7: Rangers vs. Canadiens. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 25, at 2: Rangers vs. Chicago.

HORSE SHOW—*Pennsylvania National* Horse Show. (Harrisburg, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 18, and Monday through Saturday, Oct. 20-25.)

HUNT RACING—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 18.) . . . ¶ Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 25.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—**MEADOW BROOK CLUB**, Jericho. . . . **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB**, Purchase: Final game of the season, Oct. 19.

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Oct. 18, at 9: Knicks vs. College All-Stars. For the benefit of the Free Milk Fund for Babies. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 25, at 7:15: A match between two teams of old-time Knicks, and Knicks vs. Boston.

RACING—At **BELMONT PARK:** Weekdays at 1:15; through Monday, Oct. 20. The Jockey Club Gold Cup, Saturday, Oct. 18. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . **UNITED HUNTS AT BELMONT PARK:** Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 21-22, at 1:15. The Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase Handicap, Wednesday, Oct. 22. (The train schedule will be the same as that given above.) . . . **JAMAICA:** Weekdays at 1:15, from Thursday, Oct. 23, through Saturday, Nov. 29. The Interborough Handicap, Thursday, Oct. 23, and the Queens County Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 25. (The train schedule will be the same as that for Belmont Park.) . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Wednesday, Nov. 5. The Garden State, Saturday, Oct. 25. (A train leaves Penn Station at 10:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Sunday, Oct. 19, at 2.

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:25; through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Buses to the track from the Mount Vernon station.)

FOR CHILDREN

MUSICAL PLAY—"I Wish I May." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 2-9220. Saturdays at 11, 1:30, and 3.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Paintings," an exhibit comprising European and American works, visual demonstrations of materials and techniques of artists, peephole and push-button displays, and so on. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current presentation, "Eclipse at Danger Island," has to do with the total solar eclipse as it was seen on Oct. 12 from Danger Island, in the South Pacific. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

MOVIES—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.) . . . ¶ "Cops" and "Balloonatics," both with Buster Keaton. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Saturday, Oct. 18, at 11 and 1:15. Admission is free, but adults will be admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to

Demurely dangerous
Cabana convertible—cotton velveteen Empire shift jumper over a romantic wide-collar blouse of washable acetate and viscose rayon crepe. Either way—dangerously Josephine. Black, red or royal, $23. Blouse in white, $14. Sizes 8 to 16. Sportswear, Street Floor

MAIL AND PHONE ORDERS, ADD 45 CENTS BEYOND DELIVERY.

Gunther Jaeckel
10 East 57th
NEW YORK

ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. Closed after 1 on Friday, Oct. 24. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶ Interviews with United Nations figures and films of General Assembly meetings are shown on WCBS-TV on Saturday mornings from 9 to 9:15, and on Sunday mornings from 11 to 11:30....¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily; on Friday, Oct. 24, the last tour will leave at noon.

French & Co.—The opening exhibit in their new quarters contains art and antiques on loan from more than seventy American museums and private collections, including those of Byron C. Foy, Mrs. Edgar Garbisch, and J. Paul Getty. Also on view are the company's permanent collections of furniture, tapestries, paintings, antiques, and panellings. For the benefit of the Spence-Chapin Adoption Service. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Weekdays, 10 to 6.)

New York Antiques Fair—This year's fall edition includes a large selection of Early American furniture and decorative objects, an array of old Christmas balls, an assortment of doorknobs and knockers, and sundry other items. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 16-18, from 1 to 11, and Sunday, Oct. 19, from 2 to 7.)

French Book Illustrations—Picasso, Rouault, Maillol, and Matisse are among the artists represented in this display of books published between 1945 and 1958; through Dec. 16. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

Once Upon a City—A hundred and seventy-five photographs of New York City, taken between 1890 and 1910 by the Byron Company, the well-known commercial photographers; through Jan. 4. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W. at 77th St.—An exhibition in honor of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Theodore Roosevelt made up of portraits, books, letters, campaign items, and Homer Davenport cartoons—everything but a big stick; through Dec. 31....¶ "America in Daguerreotypes": A survey of the work of Louis J. M. Daguerre and his followers; through Nov. 30. ...¶ Prints of the Crystal Palace and the fire that destroyed it, in 1858, comprise a special commemorative exhibit. Through Dec. 31....¶ A display of eleven costumes, illustrating the change in New York fashions from Dutch days to the late nineteenth century; through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday and Friday, Oct. 16-17, at 1:45: Chinese porcelains, pottery, sculptures, and paintings; from the collection of the late Bertram S. Boggis. ...¶ Saturday, Oct. 18, at 1:45: English and French furniture and decorations, eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings, Chinese porcelains and snuff bottles, tapestries, English table porcelains, Venetian and other glassware, silver, linens and laces, and Oriental rugs; from the estate of Mrs. George E. Ruppert....¶ Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 23-25, at 1:45: Part I of the Arthur J. Sussel collection—Americana, including furniture by Philadelphia cabinetmakers of the eighteenth century, Philadelphia and other silver, a group of one hundred Pennsylvania Fraktur paintings, Gaudy Dutch ware and spatterware, brass and iron utensils, and hooked rugs. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 18.

CHRISTMAS PRESENT

China soup tureen and stand by Royal Crown Derby with Imari Medallion decoration hand-painted in the famous bittersweet, deep blue and gold design. Two hundred dollars.

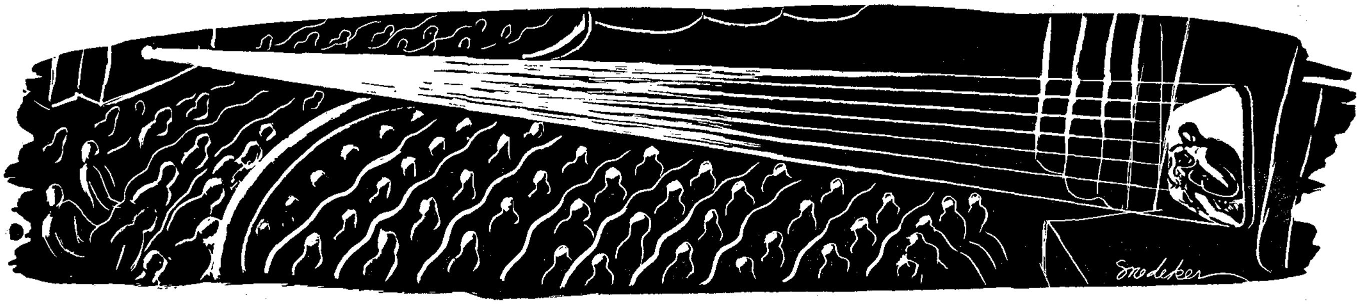
Tiffany Vermeil ladle, seventy four dollars, including federal tax.

TIFFANY & CO.
NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



The Case of Dr. Laurent—An interesting French film that explores the subject of natural childbirth with a good deal of dramatic impact. Jean Gabin is cast as a doctor who favors the method, and Nicole Courcel as a pregnant young woman who goes along with his ideas. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Damn Yankees—Gwen Verdon singing and strutting ebulliently in a film about a baseball fan who has sold his soul to the Devil to make sure that Washington will beat the Yankees to a pennant. Ray Walston is the smooth Lucifer in the doings, and Miss Verdon is his impish assistant. Under the direction of George Abbott, the whole thing moves at a fast clip, and there are lively songs to beguile you along the way. (Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th, CI 7-6000; through Oct. 21.)

The Defiant Ones—At the outset of this picture, a pair of convicts, one white and one black, escape from a Southern prison farm chained together, and from there on, what with the prisoners despising each other's color and a posse hot on their heels, quite a head of melodramatic steam is built up. Admirably directed by Stanley Kramer, the movie also has the advantage of a pair of strong performances by Sidney Poitier and Tony Curtis in the central roles. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

Gigi—A handsome and melodious adaptation of the Colette tale about a young lady who is tutored to be a courtesan and winds up the betrothed of the richest young fellow in Paris. Book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by Frederick Loewe, costumes by Cecil Beaton, and a fine cast, headed by Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Hermione Gingold, Isabel Jeans, and Louis Jourdan. (Royale, 242 W. 45th, CI 5-5760. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:40. Reserved seats only.)

The Matchmaker—An agreeable period piece, adapted from a play by Thornton Wilder, in which Shirley Booth is delightful as a widow who has her eye on a Yonkers merchant, a difficult man to snare. The time is the late nineteenth century, and the camera does a good job of revealing some quaint aspects of American life during that era. Paul Ford plays the merchant Miss Booth has set her cap for, and Anthony Perkins and Shirley MacLaine supply a bit of young love. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

Me and the Colonel—This account of the haphazard flight of a Polish Jew and an anti-Semitic Polish colonel from Paris in 1940 is gently diverting throughout. Danny Kaye could not be improved upon as the Jew, and Curt Jurgens is excellent as the Colonel. Nicole Maurey turns up as a lovely travelling companion of the gentlemen, and Akim Tamiroff as the Colonel's batman. They are first-rate, and so are Françoise Rosay, Alexander Scourby, and Martita Hunt, who round out the cast. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030; through Oct. 20.)

The Reluctant Debutante—Kay Kendall and Rex Harrison make a convivial pair as the parents of a marriageable filly in London. Their troubles arise from the fact that the young lady prefers a jazz drummer of Mediterranean ancestry to a true-blue Sassenach. The business is always light and occasionally pleasantly airy. Miss Kendall and Mr. Harrison have as their assistants John Saxon and Sandra Dee. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting Oct. 22.)

Rooney—The perils of a bachelor—in this case employed as a dustman—in Dublin, where unmarried ladies, according to this film, are really formidable when they go about trying to catch a male who is single. John Gregson is capital as the prey of assorted females, and Barry Fitzgerald is ingratiating as a crotchety old man related to some of the ladies after Mr. Gregson's hand. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, RI 9-9516; starting Oct. 22.... ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting Oct. 22, tentative.)

Rouge et Noir—Maybe this isn't the best of all possible interpretations of Stendhal's celebrated novel, but quite a few of the author's ideas about life and love in the post-Napoleonic era in France come through enteraininingly. Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, and Antonella Lualdi are all captivating in the principal roles. In French. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Oct. 21-22.)

REVIVALS

Arsenic and Old Lace (1944)—The Brooklyn poison classic. Cary Grant. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Oct. 18. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Oct. 21, tentative.)

The Inspector General (1949)—Danny Kaye, in a Napoleonic setting, creating endless confusion. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Oct. 18. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Oct. 21, tentative.)

Juarez (1939)—Romance and revolution in the Mexico of Carlotta and Maximilian. With Bette Davis, Paul Muni, and Brian Aherne. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Oct. 22.)

A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—Tennessee Williams' story of a shabby New Orleans family. With Vivien Leigh and Marlon Brando. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series directed by Paul Rotha—Through Oct. 18: "Power for the Highlands," "Life Begins Again," and "World of Plenty" (all 1943). . . . ¶ Oct. 19-22: "Children of the City" (1944), and "Land of Promise" (1945). (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Big Country," Gregory Peck, Jean Simmons, Charlton Heston.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Onionhead," Andy Griffith, Felicia Farr.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"The Old Man and the Sea," Spencer Tracy. (Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5. Reserved seats only.)

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE, revival.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman, Burl Ives.

Odeon, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through Oct. 20: "Windom's Way," Peter Finch, Mary Ure.
From Oct. 21: "The Night Heaven Fell" (in English), Brigitte Bardot, Alida Valli.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"The Roots of Heaven," Trevor Howard, Errol Flynn, Juliette Greco. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"The Barbarian and the Geisha," John Wayne, Eiko Ando.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"South Pacific," Rossano Brazzi, Mitzi Gaynor, John Kerr. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Through Oct. 21: **DAMN YANKEES.**
From Oct. 22: "The Last Hurrah," Spencer Tracy, Pat O'Brien.

Royale, 242 W. 45th (CI 5-5760)
GIGI.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
To be announced.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
THE DEFIANT ONES.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"South Seas Adventure," the fifth Cinerama production. (Daily at 2:40 and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
Oct. 16: "The Girl on the Third Floor" (in French), Marina Vlady, Peter Van Eyck.
From Oct. 17: "The Girl in the Bikini" (in French), Brigitte Bardot.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				16	17	18
19	20	21	22			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Oct. 21 (tentative): "Démoniaque" (in French), François Périer, Micheline Presle; and "Triple Deception," revival, Michael Craig, Julia Arnall.
From Oct. 22 (tentative): **ROONEY**; and "There's Always a Price Tag" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Daniel Gelin.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Oct. 16: "Attack of the Puppet People," John Agar; and "War of the Colossal Beast," Sally Fraser.
Oct. 17-21: "Adam and Eve" (a Mexican film with an English narration), Christiane Martel; and "The James Dean Story," revival, a documentary film.
From Oct. 22: "Harry Black and the Tiger," Stewart Granger, Barbara Rush; and "Rx Murder," Rick Jason, Marius Goring.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 21 (tentative): "Démoniaque" (in French), François Périer, Micheline Presle; and "Triple Deception," revival, Michael Craig, Julia Arnall.
From Oct. 22 (tentative): **ROONEY**; and "There's Always a Price Tag" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Daniel Gelin.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Oct. 17 (tentative): "The Vikings," Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis; and "Gun Duel in Durango," George Montgomery.
Oct. 18-21 (tentative): "The Goddess," Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges; and "The Whole Truth," Stewart Granger, Donna Reed.
From Oct. 22: **THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE**; and "Wolf Larsen," Barry Sullivan.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
THE CASE OF DR. LAURENT (in French).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Dangerous Exile," Louis Jourdan, Belinda Lee.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Oct. 16: "Attack of the Puppet People," John Agar; and "War of the Colossal Beast," Sally Fraser.
Oct. 17-21: "Adam and Eve" (a Mexican film with an English narration), Christiane Martel; and "Mam'zelle Pigalle" (in French), Brigitte Bardot.
From Oct. 22: "Harry Black and the Tiger," Stewart Granger, Barbara Rush; and "Rx Murder," Rick Jason, Marius Goring.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through Oct. 20: **ME AND THE COLONEL.**
From Oct. 21: "The Night Heaven Fell" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Alida Valli.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Inspector Maigret" (in French), Jean Gabin.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Of Life and Love" (in Italian), Anna Magnani, Aldo Fabrizi.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Oct. 21 (tentative): "Démoniaque" (in French), François Périer, Micheline Presle; and "Triple Deception," revival, Michael Craig, Julia Arnall.
From Oct. 22 (tentative): **ROONEY**; and "There's Always a Price Tag" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Daniel Gelin.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Oct. 22: "God's Little Acre," Robert Ryan, Aldo Ray.

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Oct. 17 (tentative): "The Vikings," Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis; and "Gun Duel in Durango," George Montgomery.
Oct. 18-21 (tentative): "The Goddess," Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges; and "The Whole Truth," Stewart Granger, Donna Reed.
From Oct. 22: **THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE**; and "Wolf Larsen," Barry Sullivan.

TRANS-LUX COLONY, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through Oct. 18 (tentative): "The Naked and the Dead," Aldo Ray, Cliff Robertson; and "Jamboree," Fats Domino.
Oct. 19-21 (tentative): "Man of the West," Gary Cooper, Julie London; and "Cop Hater," Robert Loggia.
From Oct. 22 (tentative): "The Vikings," Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Oct. 21 (tentative): "Démoniaque" (in French), François Périer, Micheline Presle; and "Triple Deception," revival, Michael Craig, Julia Arnall.
From Oct. 22 (tentative): **ROONEY**; and "There's Always a Price Tag" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Daniel Gelin.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Oct. 16: "Attack of the Puppet People," John Agar; and "War of the Colossal Beast," Sally Fraser.
Oct. 17-21: "Adam and Eve" (a Mexican film with an English narration), Christiane Martel; and "Mam'zelle Pigalle" (in French), Brigitte Bardot.
From Oct. 22: "Harry Black and the Tiger," Stewart Granger, Barbara Rush; and "Rx Murder," Rick Jason, Marius Goring.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Oct. 17 (tentative): "The Vikings," Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis; and "Gun Duel in Durango," George Montgomery.
Oct. 18-21 (tentative): "The Goddess," Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges; and "The Whole Truth," Stewart Granger, Donna Reed.
From Oct. 22: **THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE**; and "Wolf Larsen," Barry Sullivan.

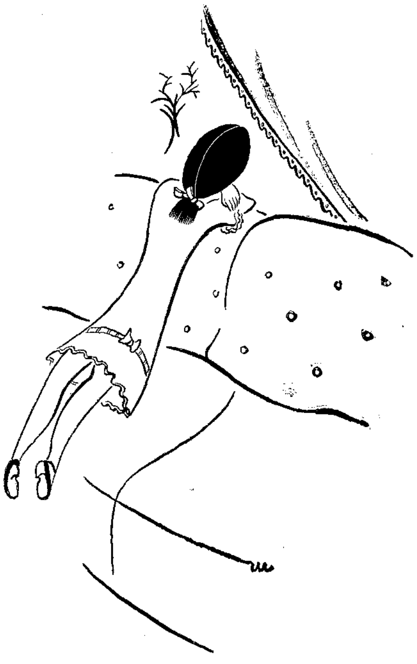
WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Oct. 18: **ARSENIC AND OLD LACE**, revival; and **THE INSPECTOR GENERAL**, revival.
Oct. 19-20: "A Star Is Born," revival, Judy Garland, James Mason; and "Perri," revival, a Walt Disney nature film.
Oct. 21-22: **ROUGE ET NOIR** (in French); and "The Confessions of Felix Krull" (in German), Henry Bookholt, Lisa Pulver.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Oct. 21 (tentative): **ARSENIC AND OLD LACE**, revival; and **THE INSPECTOR GENERAL**, revival.
From Oct. 22 (tentative): "Indiscreet," Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman; and "Ten North Frederick," Gary Cooper, Diane Varsi.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Pather Panchali" (in Bengali), Kanu Bannerji.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Oct. 17 (tentative): "The Vikings," Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis; and "Gun Duel in Durango," George Montgomery.
Oct. 18-21 (tentative): "The Goddess," Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges; and "The Whole Truth," Stewart Granger, Donna Reed.
From Oct. 22: **THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE**; and "Wolf Larsen," Barry Sullivan.



GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Oct. 18: "One Summer of Happiness" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Folke Sundquist; and "The Game of Love" (in French), revival, Edwige Feuillère, Nicole Berger.
Oct. 19-21: "Vertigo," James Stewart, Kim Novak; and "Merry Andrew," Danny Kaye, Pier Angeli.
From Oct. 22: "Blue Murder at St. Trinian's," Joyce Grenfell, Terry-Thomas; and "A Royal Affair" (in French), revival, Maurice Chevalier.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Oct. 16: "Attack of the Puppet People," John Agar; and "War of the Colossal Beast," Sally Fraser.
Oct. 17-21: "Adam and Eve" (a Mexican film with an English narration), Christiane Martel; and "Mam'zelle Pigalle" (in French), Brigitte Bardot.
From Oct. 22: "Harry Black and the Tiger," Stewart Granger, Barbara Rush; and "Rx Murder," Rick Jason, Marius Goring.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Hot Spell," Shirley Booth, Anthony Quinn.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Senechal the Magnificent" (in French), Fernandel.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Oct. 22: "The Rocket from Calabuch" (in Italian), Edmund Gwenn, Valentina Cortesa.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
THE MATCHMAKER.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"The Seventh Seal" (in Swedish), Max von Sydow.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Oct. 21: "The Vikings," Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis; and "Gun Duel in Durango," George Montgomery.
From Oct. 22: **THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE**; and "Wolf Larsen," Barry Sullivan.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 21: "Marjorie Morningstar," Gene Kelly, Natalie Wood; and "Merry Andrew," Danny Kaye, Pier Angeli.
From Oct. 22: **JUAREZ**, revival; and "The Jazz Singer," revival, Al Jolson.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Oct. 16: "Oh! Amelia" (in French), revival, Danielle Darrieux; and "Naughty Martine" (in French), revival, Dany Robin, Claude Dauphin.
Oct. 17-22: "Mitsou" (in French), Danielle Delorme, Fernand Gravey; and "The Naked Eye," revival, a documentary film on photography, narrated by Raymond Massey.

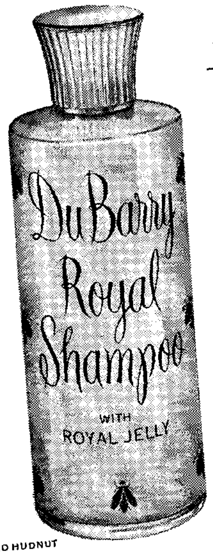
RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Oct. 16: "Attack of the Puppet People," John Agar; and "War of the Colossal Beast," Sally Fraser.
Oct. 17-21: "Adam and Eve" (a Mexican film with an English narration), Christiane Martel; and "The James Dean Story," revival, a documentary film.
From Oct. 22: "Harry Black and the Tiger," Stewart Granger, Barbara Rush; and "Rx Murder," Rick Jason, Marius Goring.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (RI 9-9516)
Through Oct. 21: "Démoniaque" (in French), François Périer, Micheline Presle; and "Triple Deception," revival, Michael Craig, Julia Arnall.
From Oct. 22: **ROONEY**; and "There's Always a Price Tag" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Daniel Gelin.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Oct. 21: "The Vikings," Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis; and "Gun Duel in Durango," George Montgomery.
From Oct. 22: **THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE**; and "Wolf Larsen," Barry Sullivan.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Oct. 16: "Attack of the Puppet People," John Agar; and "War of the Colossal Beast," Sally Fraser.
Oct. 17-21: "Adam and Eve" (a Mexican film with an English narration), Christiane Martel; and "The James Dean Story," revival, a documentary film.
From Oct. 22: "Harry Black and the Tiger," Stewart Granger, Barbara Rush; and "Rx Murder," Rick Jason, Marius Goring.

Now! Wash those years right out of your hair!


DuBarry
Royal
Shampoo
WITH
ROYAL JELLY

NEW! DU BARRY
Royal Shampoo

first shampoo with Royal Jelly of the Queen Bee!

Just look what DuBarry has done for you *now!* They've blended the astonishing beauty benefits of Royal Jelly into a remarkable new shampoo—to give your *hair* the same precious care you give your skin! Royal Shampoo leaves your hair *silkier* than special rinses. *Softer* than ordinary shampoos. *Brighter* than hours of brushing! (And it gets your hair cleaner with *one* washing than most shampoos do with *two.*) For hair so "little-girl clean" it's almost *too* tempting to touch—treat yourself to DuBarry Royal Shampoo. It's the *first* shampoo with Royal Jelly of the Queen Bee! **1.50**

©1958 RICHARD HUDNUT

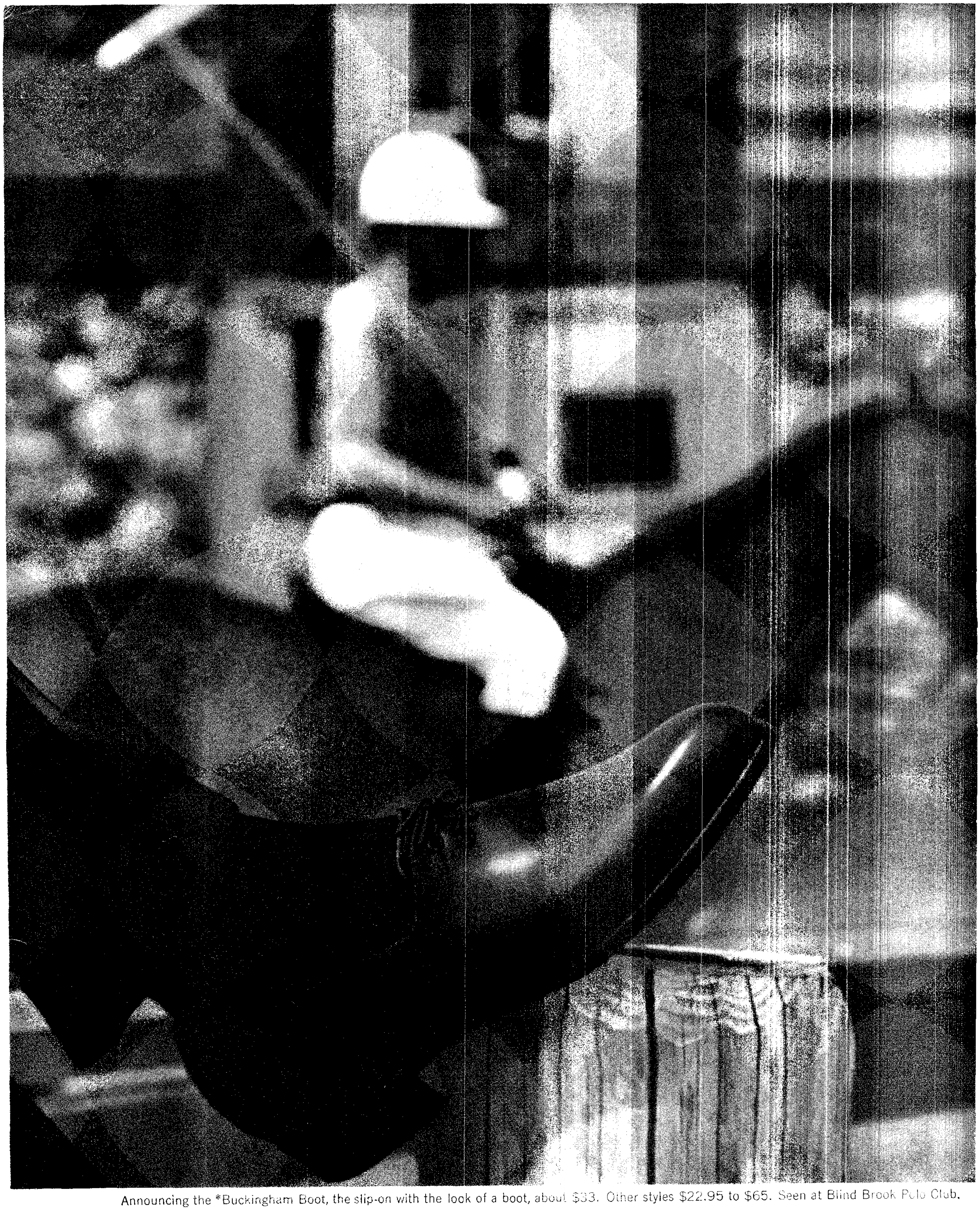
You'll wish you could wear them . . .

"Bali Brilliants" . . . vibrant, sun-drenched . . . magnificent new colorings in these lush and luxurious Wamsutta "Continental" towels. Woven with a caressing ribbed texture—a flash of silver at the borders. In the superb new Celestial Ruby, Pomegranate, Purple Iris and Palmetto Green shown, as well as a wide range of other fashion colors including the dramatic Jet Black. About 2.98 for the huge bath size.

Wamsutta **HERITAGE TOWELS**

WAMSUTTA MILLS, *Dept. T-40, 1430 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y. Makers of Wamsutta Supercale® and Debucale® sheets and cases and fashion fabrics for men, women and children and decorative fabrics for the home.*

M. LOWENSTEIN & SONS, INC. ML&S CONSOLIDATED COMPANIES



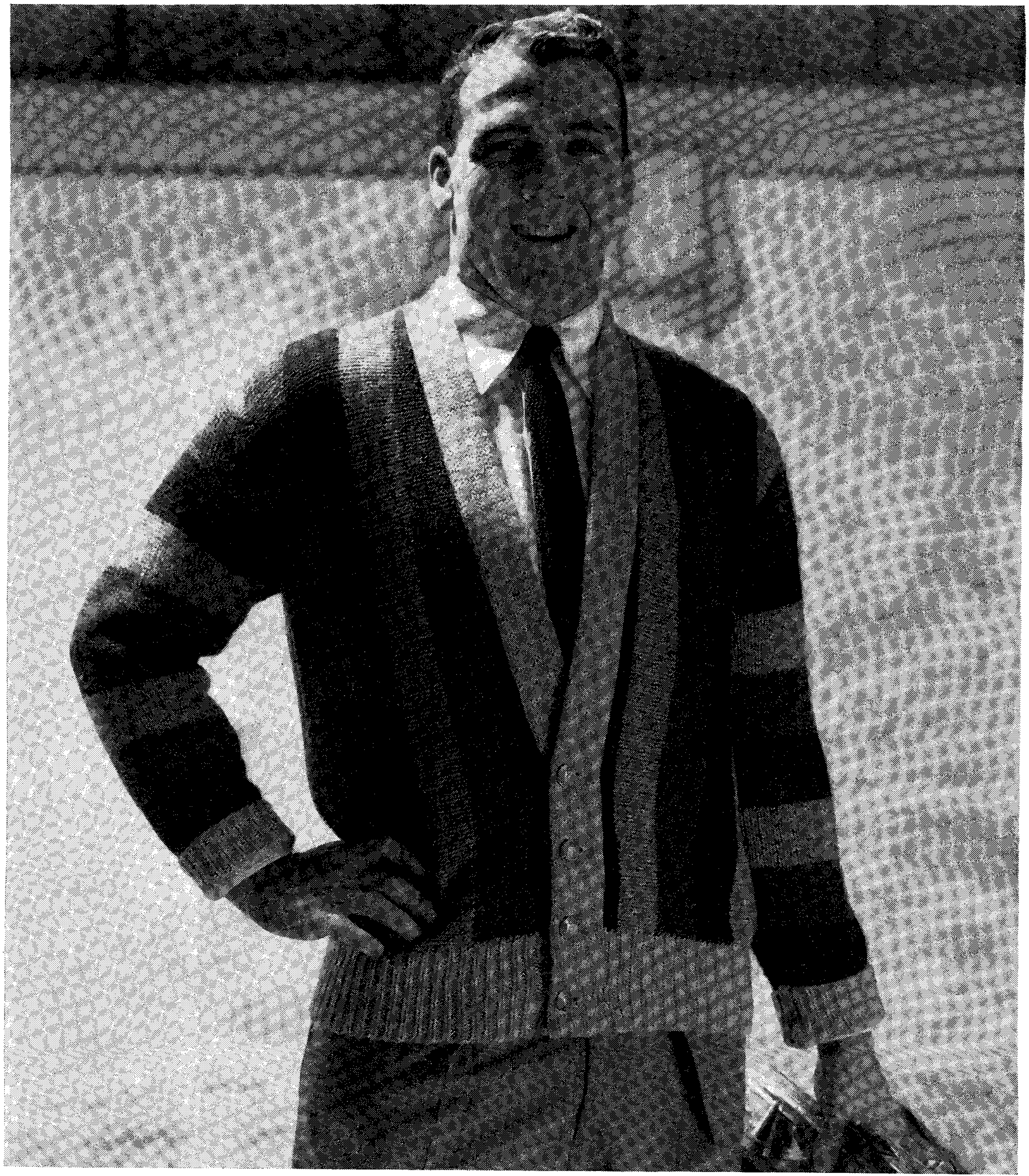
Announcing the *Buckingham Boot, the slip-on with the look of a boot, about $33. Other styles $22.95 to $65. Seen at Blind Brook Polo Club.

"I have the simplest tastes. I am always satisfied with the best."

OSCAR WILDE

Johnston
& Murphy

Division of General Shoe Corporation, 511 Main Street, Nashville 3, Tenn. *Design pat. pend.



HENRI RICHARD, INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS CENTER FOR LES MONTREAL CANADIENS.

"YOU CAN'T BEAT A CANADIAN BULKY FOR STYLE" says Henri Richard (the Pocket Rocket), newest member of Jantzen's International Sports Club. To prove the point, take another look at his 100% wool cardigan. You can see the stripes are newly designed in richer, muted tones. Thus, like any real "pro" (and good amateurs, too), Henri leaves his flashiness on the ice, but never his flair. No longer a Canadian exclusive, this bulky is now carried by better American stores in a masculine range of colors. Sizes 36-46, $15.95.

Jantzen® sportswear for sportsmen

JANTZEN INC. • PORTLAND, OREGON

That beauty may be born again Helena Rubinstein has evolved a rare and potent cream, Tree of Life, whose prime ingredient is Placene.* Its content: minerals, humectants, lipids, proteins and emollients standing by with their gifts of bloom and softness, smoothness and magnetic moisture. The authentic beauty of youth—or of a skin blessed with Tree of Life.* Undoubtedly Helena Rubinstein's crowning success and her most rewarding accomplishment. Discover the beautiful rewards of "Tree of Life" for yourself—now. TREE OF LIFE CREAM AND EMULSION. $7.50 and $12.50 each. prices plus tax. *T. M.

HELENA RUBINSTEIN®

TREE OF LIFE

Tree of Life Cream
Helena Rubinstein
Tree of Life Emulsion
Helena Rubinstein®

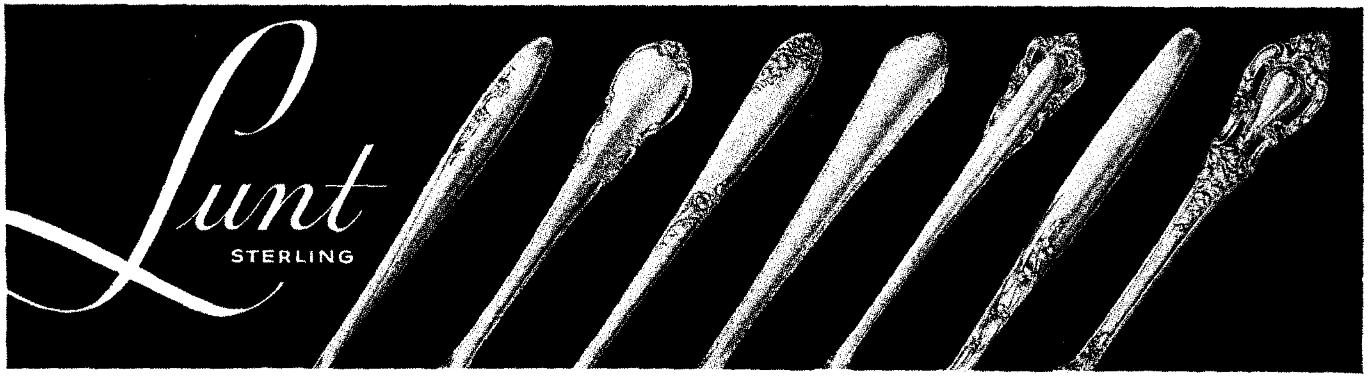
PRESENTING

LUNT Rose Elegance

..sculptured beauty in sterling
for contemporary table-settings

Only in sterling could
such beauty come to life!
Rich, crisp, bold—modelled
in high relief as only
solid silver can be!
A pattern to be used with
pride...every day and always!
Beautifully crafted in the
LUNT tradition, as are all the
patterns below. For further
information, write to
Lunt Silversmiths, Dept. Y-12,
Greenfield, Massachusetts

LEFT TO RIGHT:
Spring Serenade, Modern Victorian,
Sweetheart Rose, William & Mary, Carillon,
Summer Song and Eloquence



Sou'west Pacific
The Magic Triangle!
FIJI
AUSTRALIA
NEW ZEALAND

All the wonders of "down under"!

Bushy-haired Fijians entertain you in a jungle village of grass huts. The headliner is an ancient war dance and the setting is fragrant, flaming, tropical loveliness!

New Zealand invites you to see a cave luminous with a myriad glowworms. Above ground, she displays fiords, geysers, glaciers and exquisite lakes. Maoris entertain you with music and dancing that bring back a bygone age.

Australia astounds you with an array of strange animal life and with wonders of the Great Barrier Reef. Her people infect you with their love of every outdoor sport—a people who have conquered a continent and crowned it with modern metropolitan cities.

Are you Hawaii-bound? Then plan to keep on to Fiji, Australia and New Zealand and stay in each country long enough to fully enjoy it. Let your Travel Agent show you how. For literature and full details write—

Sou'west Pacific Travel

At any of the following offices:

NEW ZEALAND GOVERNMENT TOURIST BUREAU
153 Kearny St., Room 502, San Francisco
630 Fifth Avenue, Room 523, New York

AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL TRAVEL ASSOCIATION
153 Kearny St., Room 402, San Francisco

FIJI VISITORS BUREAU—Suva, Fiji

BE SURE TO SEE THE NEW CINERAMA "SOUTH SEAS ADVENTURE"

Miss U.S.A. of 1957-58 (Charlotte Sheffield) had a royal good time touring Sou'west Pacific.

In Australia she fed a kangaroo while its youngster looked on from its pouch. She learned lifesaving techniques on a famed Sydney beach, and held an armful of deadpan koala bears.

In Fiji she photographed natives garbed as cannibal warriors, and in New Zealand caught a 5-pound rainbow trout.

Landed Gentry (in a Burberry Weatherproof of course)

A Burberry Weatherproof bears its unmistakable hallmarks of quality with the ease and assurance of the born patrician. From its incomparable London styling and time-honoured craftsmanship to the element-defying cloths woven in Burberrys' own century-old mills, here is one of the few aspirations in life where realization always exceeds anticipation. . . . From $37.50

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies • Burberry Coats bear this authentic Silver and Blue Label

Burberrys®

Burberrys

Limited in distribution to the finest gentlemen's outfitters. For nearest shop, write to:
BURBERRYS, LTD., 14 E. 38th St., New York 16, N. Y.
Also available throughout Canada.

Riding Apparel by Bailey's of Chicago

Shown above, the Wilshire, High Fidelity TV with Son-R

"I NEVER WATCH TV.... BUT WHEN I DO....

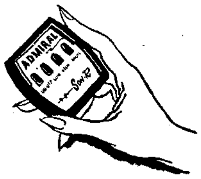
my set is a decorator-approved Original by Admiral." If you have ever uttered that slight exaggeration — "I never watch TV" — then here is the *television set created especially* for you. Admiral designed it for the discriminating viewer.

For those good shows you *really do* care to see, here is the television set that makes them look and sound even better. Look at radiantly alive High Fidelity pictures. 20,000 volts of picture power. Listen to life-like High Fidelity sound. 4-speaker hi-fi sound system. Stereophonic phono jack.

The lady on the horse is using touch bar tuning. This Admiral can also be tuned with wireless Son-R remote control from 4 lengths away.

Cabinets are approved enthusiastically by the leading decorators. Available in contemporary, provincial and traditional. Genuine wood veneers in your choice of mahogany, blond oak, sierra, fruitwood, cherry, walnut or maple finish. Hand-rubbed. Extra care and time go into these Originals — so they're in limited quantity, naturally.

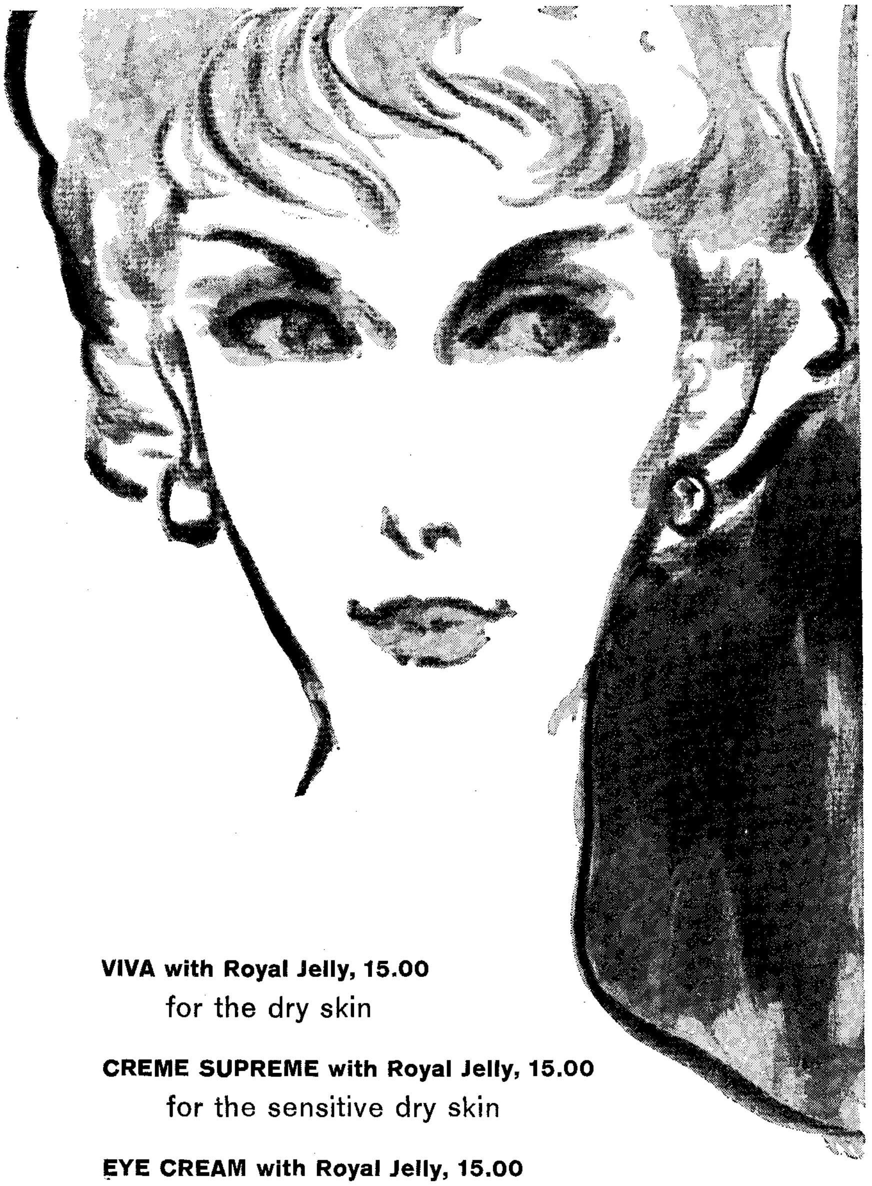
Push a button . . . click . . . there's your channel! Tune from your chair with SON-R remote control. Tiny as milady's compact. No wires! No batteries! 4-level Automatic sound control. Turns TV on-off. Changes channels in either direction. When not in use, slips into magnetic pocket on side of set.



Admiral®

MARK OF QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

SOLD IN 90 COUNTRIES. MANUFACTURED IN THE U.S.A., AUSTRALIA, ARGENTINA, BRAZIL, CANADA, ITALY, MEXICO, PHILIPPINES, AND URUGUAY



Eventually

you

will discover

FRANCES DENNEY

preparations

with

ROYAL JELLY

...WHY NOT NOW?

VIVA with Royal Jelly, 15.00
for the dry skin

CREME SUPREME with Royal Jelly, 15.00
for the sensitive dry skin

EYE CREAM with Royal Jelly, 15.00
for wrinkles in the eye area

MULTI-LAYER MOISTURIZER with Royal Jelly, 12.50
for the dehydrated skin

NECK AND CONTOUR BLEND with Royal Jelly, 12.50
for the aging neckline, relaxed contour

INVISIBLE BEAUTY STRAP with Royal Jelly, 12.50
for a "face lift" treatment

prices plus tax

The power of Royal Jelly, as the exclusive diet of the Queen Bee, is believed by scientists to lie mainly in its high concentration of vitamins and proteins. It is added to these Frances Denney preparations in the purest and finest quality, in the highest strength offered in beauty preparations.

Eventually you will use preparations
with Royal Jelly!... why not now?
Visit the experts of Frances Denney in fine stores.

all new

ON THE AVENUE...

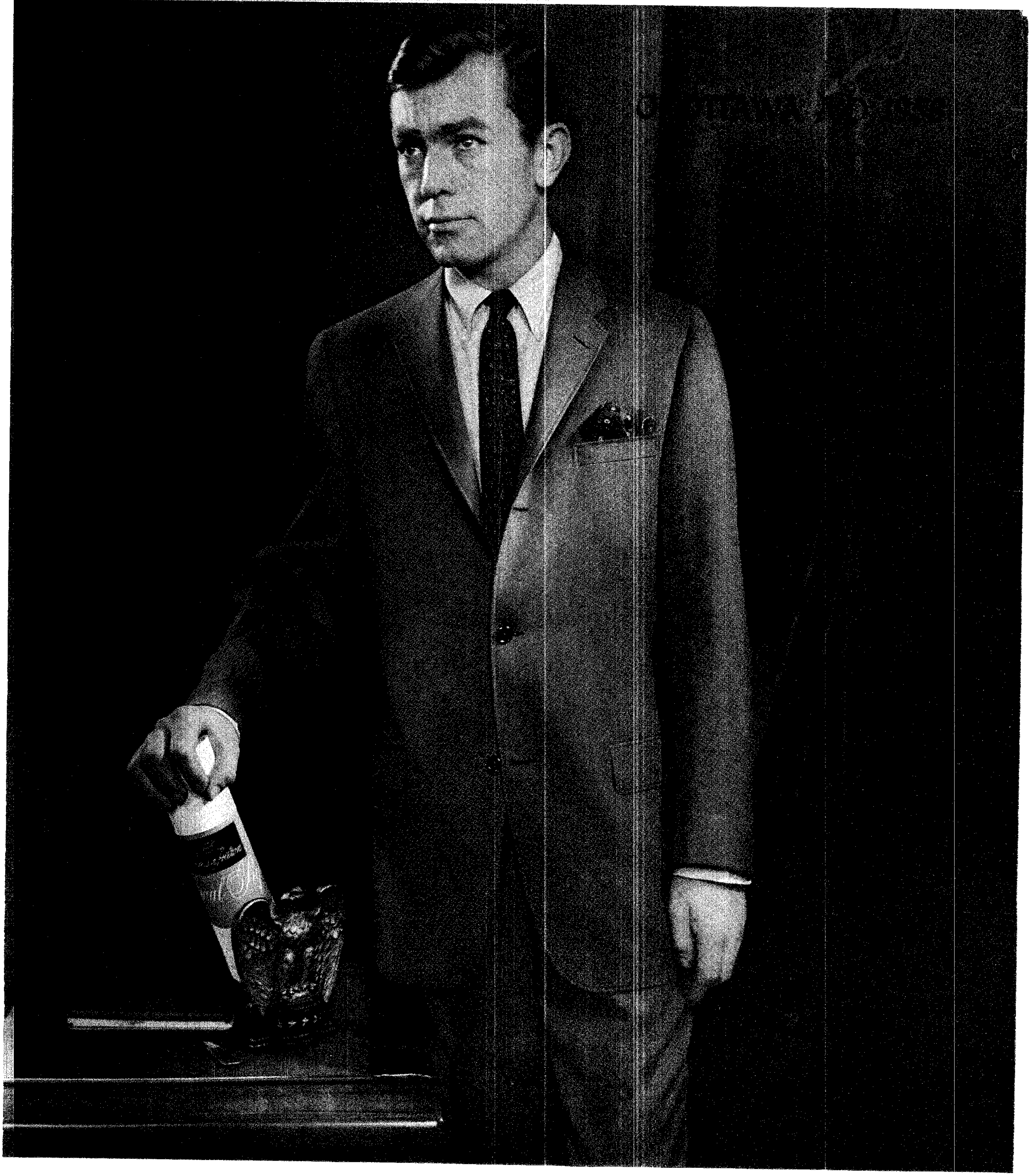
AMERICAN EXPRESS WORLD TRAVEL CENTER

In keeping with our tradition of bringing you
the finest in travel... American Express
proudly presents its exciting, newly decorated
Fifth Avenue office...
designed to serve you better than ever before.

AMERICAN EXPRESS 649 FIFTH AVENUE
Between 51st and 52nd Streets, PLaza 9-7400

Head Office: 65 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y., WHitehall 4-2000
150 East 42nd Street, MUrray Hill 7-3700
Travel Bureaus at: Altman's • Bloomingdale's • Abraham & Straus • L. Bamberger & Co. • G. Fox & Co.
397 offices world-wide • For the address of your nearest American Express office call Western Union Operator Number 25

WORLD TRAVEL SERVICE • TRAVELERS CHEQUES • CREDIT CARD • MONEY ORDERS • FOREIGN FREIGHT FORWARDING & BROKERAGE • FIELD WAREHOUSING • OVERSEAS COMMERCIAL BANKING



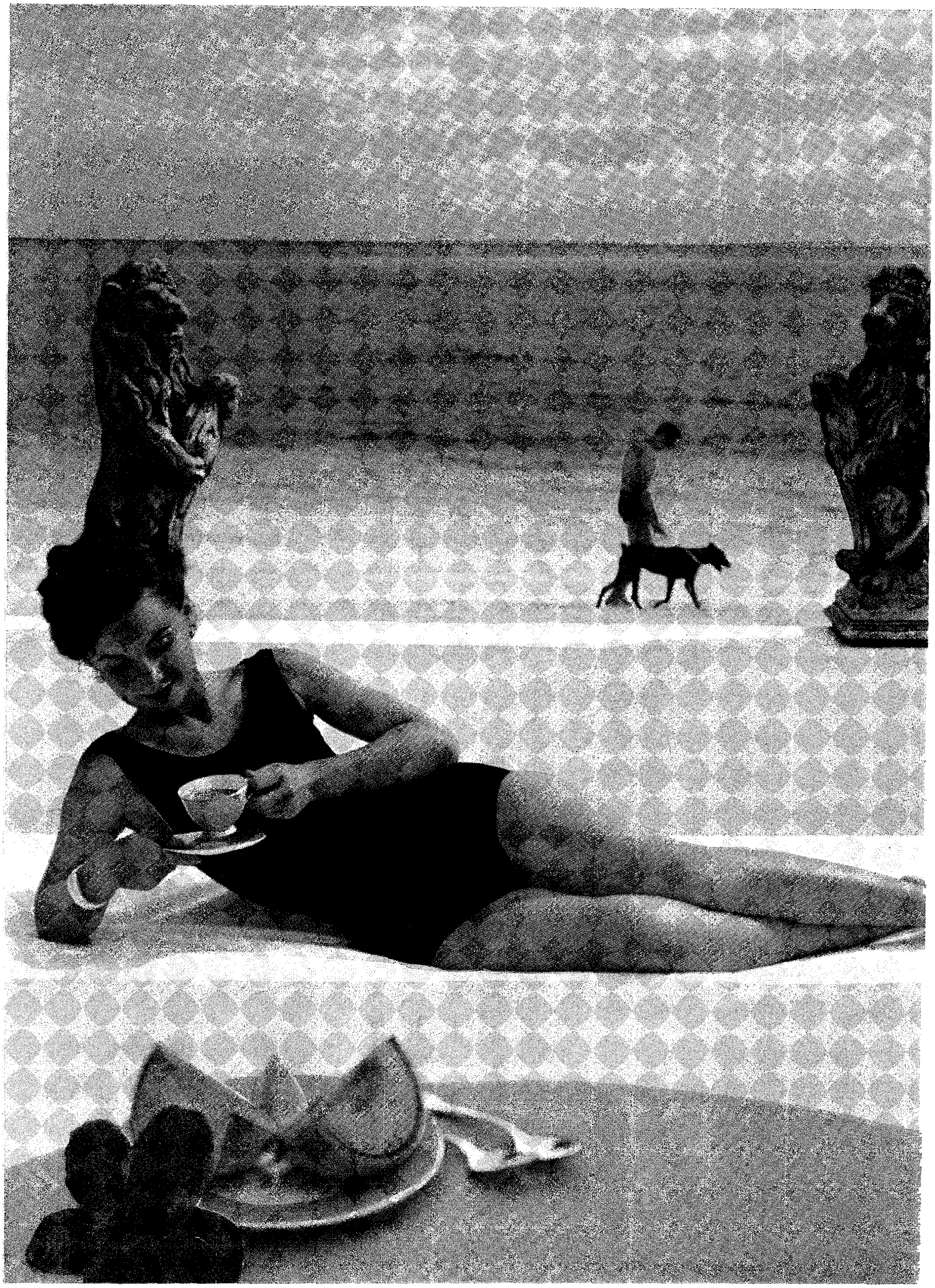
This is Norman Hilton's specialty... natural shoulder clothes of superlative quality. They are comfortably distinctive.

The heather tone worsted cord shown was woven especially for Norman Hilton by Rochambeau. It is detailed with 3/16" single stitched edges, 3/16" overlap seams and hooked center vent. $115. at the stores listed.

Norman Hilton
DOING ONE THING WELL

200 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y. CHelsea 3-0908

ARA'S Wellesley • **ATKINSON'S** Pasadena & L. A. • **BOYD'S** St. Louis & Clayton • **BRINKMAN-CLEARY** Cleveland • **DIX, LTD.** Nashville • **HARVEY LTD.** Providence
ARTHUR L. JOHNSON CO. Boston • **LARRIMOR'S** Pittsburgh • **PELLER & MURE** Buffalo • **ROSENTHAL-MARETZ** New York City • **WHITE, INC.** New Haven



. . . it's springtime all the time in NASSAU and the Bahama Islands

NATURE was in top form when she created Bahamian weather. Here the difference between the average winter and the summer temperatures is only 10°. Only the pages of the calendar change.

In the winter, the Gulf Stream surging up from the south insulates the Bahamas against the northland's icy blasts. In the summer sea-washed trade breezes cool the islands.

Only in such a climate can such extraordinary beauty flourish. Flowers bloom in every month. Ornamental trees have names like frangipani, golden shower, butterfly plant, poinciana, touch-me-not and woman's tongue. Sunlight filters down through the crystal-clear waters so that skindivers 25 or 30 feet below the surface move in an enchanting world of liquid sunshine. Everywhere—throughout the 70,000 square miles of the island-studded Bahamas—there are sweeping expanses of pink beaches, the most beautiful, many believe, in all the world.

Nature's bountiful mood has shaped the pattern of life—as well as the beauty—of these happy islands. The leisurely tempo, the gay and gracious ways, the warmhearted welcome and the endless opportunities for relaxing sport ashore and afloat are as changeless as the seasons.

The center of this wonderfully different world is Nassau. Here you find the luxurious hotels and clubs that have made this the annual gathering place of cosmopolitan pleasure seekers from the world over. Here, too, is the springboard for rapid flights or indolent voyages to the vast network of Outer Resort Islands and their easy-going clubs and inns.

Please see your travel agent about arrangements for your Bahamas holiday. He's your expert on transportation and accommodations. Or write Dept. E-1, Nassau, Bahamas, Development Board, 307 British Empire Building, 620 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y. The telephone number is PLaza 7-1611.

NASSAU, BAHAMAS, DEVELOPMENT BOARD
Bay Street, Nassau CABLE: Devboard
OFFICES: Miami • New York City • Chicago • Dallas • Toronto • London, Eng.

A morning swim . . . a lazy breakfast on a sunny Bahamian beach . . . what a happy way to start your day. Photograph by Carroll Seghers II.

easily reached . . .

BY SEA: From New York every Friday on the 24,400-ton, fully air-conditioned S. S. NASSAU. Seven and nine day cruises from $170. Incres Nassau Line (Home Lines), 42 Broadway, New York 4.

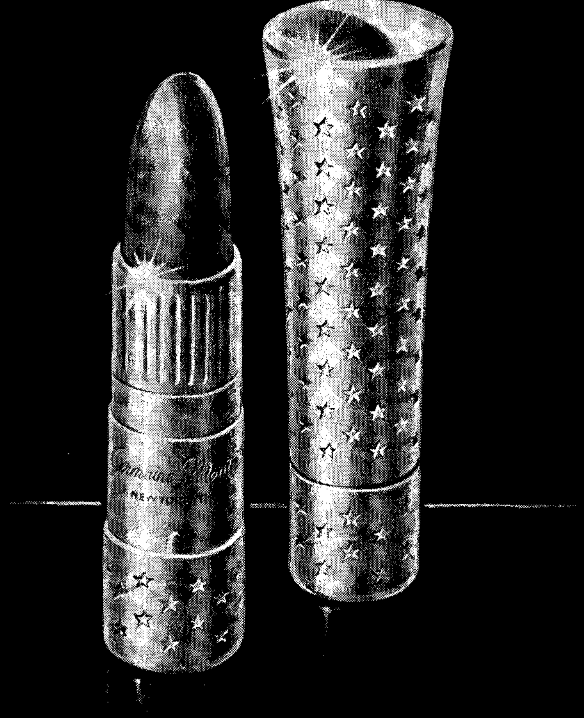
From Miami every Monday and Friday on the S. S. FLORIDA. Round trip $39 up; three-day, all-expense cruises, from $54. P. & O. Steamship Co., Miami 8.

BY AIR: Daily nonstop service from New York (4 hours). Less than an hour from Florida, with direct flights from Miami, Fort Lauderdale, Tampa-St. Petersburg, West Palm Beach. Thrice weekly from Toronto and Montreal, Canada.

SUPER-ROYAL

LIPSTICK

the new quick-change lipstick made with Royal Jelly
in the new automatic "Continental" case.



Germaine Monteil combines Royal Jelly with recently developed emollients
to make your lips incomparably more beautiful.

Germaine Monteil's "Continental" case is all new too,
with a "click-in, click-out" refill cartridge that makes changing lipsticks a pleasure.

in nine new ultra-luminous shades

Germaine Monteil

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE day after the Pope died, the gilded front doors of St. Patrick's were opened wide and a catafalque was erected before the high altar, under the groined crossing. A black pall bearing the Pope's coat of arms covered the catafalque; on the pall lay a pewter-colored triple crown surmounted by a cross. The catafalque was lighted by six candles set in polished brass candlesticks. All day long, people climbed the steps of the cathedral, walked down the main aisle to the catafalque, knelt and prayed beside it for a few moments, and then, as they rose, reached up between the burning candles to touch the triple crown with their fingertips. A curious gesture to be thousands of times repeated, for under the pall there was no coffin, and the crown was a prop, standing for the true crown, in Rome; still, it was a means, half a world away, of bidding farewell to the great Pope in death, and it sufficed.

THE last time we had lunch at the Museum of Modern Art, the Museum burst into flames. That day, when for a while it seemed as if the whole building might be destroyed, was April 15th; in May the trustees of the Museum decided to close it for four months, partly in order to make repairs after the fire but mostly in order to carry out a long-overdue program of modernization. (Programs of modernization are invariably described as long overdue, but this one really was; the building is nineteen years old, and the number of visitors, as well as the size of the staff, has doubled since its original opening.) Last week, well over a million dollars' worth of repairs and improvements having been completed, the Museum was again thrown open, and, needless to say, we hastened up there for a long-overdue lunch and a thorough inspection of the premises. The day being all blue sky and bright sun, we were able to eat out under the hornbeams in the garden, and it all looked as pretty as ever (rust-colored chrysanthemums among the birches, the first fallen plane-tree leaves afloat on the still surface of the pool) and mercifully little changed. We noticed that a windowless six-story gray brick tower had been affixed to the northeast corner of the building, and that the glass bricks that used to light the second-story galleries had been replaced with sheets of clear glass; otherwise, everything was pleasingly familiar. With relief, we saluted the bronze girls on their pedestals and slipped the crumbs of our lunch to the querulous pigeons at our feet.

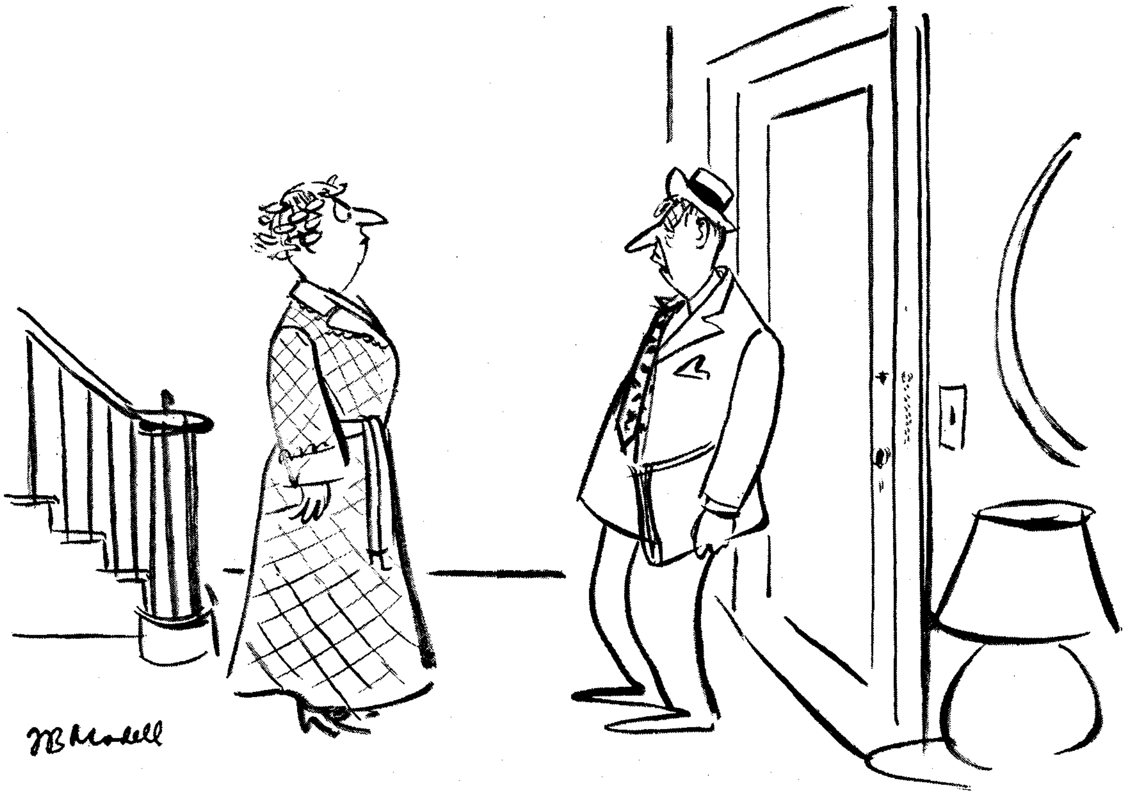
Inside, we discovered the reason for the tower. It contains a broad, iron-railed concrete stairway, supplementing the elevator and the old stairway, and also serving as an additional fire exit. (Hence, in obedience to the fire laws, its lack of windows.) We can't say that we find the stairway beautiful—it is too bleak, too black-widow-spidery for that—but we applaud its utility; in even the smallest museum we tire quickly, and the fact that the Museum of Modern Art, as originally designed, had only one public stairway used to cost us many a weary doubling back on our tracks. Most of the other improvements are in the line of air-conditioning equipment, fireproofed walls, and newly constructed private offices, storerooms, and workshops, and are therefore not to be seen by the casual visitor; of disimprovements, the only conspicuous one is in the remodelled lobby, where the clock that used to be set in the wall by the front door has been removed. We asked a guard how come. "Between you and me," he said, "it's a goof. They were so busy fixing up everything else, they forgot about putting in a clock. They tell me there's going to be one, though, and I hope it's soon. People are driving me bats asking me what time it is. Why should people coming to see pictures care what time it is?" He gave us a terrible look. "Don't *you* do it," he said. "It's ten past one."

Judith Shahn

Evocative

WATCH it! The advertisers are creeping up on your subconscious again. Now they're seeking to gain admittance through the ear canal. N.B.C. Radio is launching a wave of presentations that will introduce a new concept of sound for radio commercials; it is called Memory-Vision—a name any concept should be proud to wear. Stuffing a little cotton into our ears, lest we be seduced, we went up to the R.C.A. Building the other day and talked with Executive Vice-President Matthew Culligan, who said, "People learn by sound more than by any other method. Doctors know—perhaps you didn't—that even unborn children react to noise. Homer recounts how the sirens affected Ulysses. David soothed Saul with a harp. In the Middle Ages, music was used to arouse religious aspiration in the people; in some countries of Europe, especially Eastern Europe, secular music was forbidden. In Russia, it was a criminal offense to own a musical instrument. Yet not until recently, with the growth of the sciences dealing with human perception, have our responses to sound been analyzed at all.

"N.B.C. wants to put some of that analysis to use. We are even planning to set up prizes in leading universities for research work in sound. We think that radio commercials can be made less shrill and repetitive, and more subtly persuasive, through the use of evocative sound. We all have a little TV set in



"I got to brooding about Eddie and Debbie."

• •

our heads; it translates into an image everything we hear or taste or smell. The advertiser who can't afford TV can create a visual effect with sound. Last year, we called this Imagery Transfer; this year we extended the concept and called it Memory-Vision. Its use isn't solely commercial; we employ it in our network programming right now, and, for that matter, it's been used for years. The organ tones, for instance, that permeate a soap opera, or the 'ditta-dit-dit' introducing a news broadcast. These evoke definite images and expectations. We've recently been working on an appropriate sound for a program analysis of news—not just of news but of human relations, art, anything. What would analysis sound like? Well, what is analysis? Isn't it going right to the *heart* of something? Oops, I guess that gives it away!"

Not to us, it didn't, and we were all expectation as he moved to a tape recorder and switched it on. Twittery atonal music shimmered in a high octave while, beneath it, something went "boomp-boomp-boomp" very subtly.

"See?" asked Mr. Culligan. "That's a heartbeat. And the sound above it is rather otherworldly, don't you think?"

We thought so.

Mr. Culligan was visibly, and audibly, pleased. "That's what news has become since the sputniks—otherworldly, somewhat weird, a sense of space opening. There's almost no emotional impression a sound can't be found for—heat, cold, stupor, energy. You can have a doorbell ring many different ways—cheerily, with chimes, or urgently, raspingly, rudely, abruptly. Did you know there's an automobile manufacturer who has built a big-car sound into the doors of a low-priced model? When the door slams, it has the sound quality of a big car. Here." He handed us a booklet, which showed adjectives facing abstractions—"tuneful" paired with pastel dots, "thoughtful" with horizontal bars of black and navy blue, "humorous" with big yellow circles around tiny multicolored ones, "informal" with a pattern of bars that made us feel lopsided, "vital" with a black-on-red pinwheel that made us throb, and so forth. "It's a shame that I don't have the record that goes with these," Mr. Culligan said. "But you'd be amazed by the sound of 'thoughtful' music. 'Vital' and 'tuneful' are easy, but even with something like 'personal'—well, it's astonishingly intimate. We hope to see advertisers exploit this dimension of communication by deciding on the image they want to be associated with their product and having it translated into sound. There's an insurance commercial on the air right now that's very good. Before anyone speaks, they play this music, and you feel, somehow, *reassured*. We even have a man here who's working on the sound of acid indigestion. I've told him to take it easy."

Followup

A STATE DEPARTMENT man of our acquaintance, who is now stationed in Russia, has just forwarded to us a letter he received recently at the American Embassy in Moscow. It was sent to him by Woodward & Lothrop, a large Washington department store, and it begins, "We've missed you and we've been wondering why you haven't been using your Woodward & Lothrop Charge Account. Buying for cash perhaps, or possibly you've been away."

More Candidates

A COUPLE of weeks ago, we paid a round of calls on the chief Republican candidates for state office. We promised on that occasion to grant equal time and space to the Democrats, and now their turn has come. We'll start with Governor Harriman, who was too busy campaigning to be interviewed at headquarters, and whom we therefore caught on the run while he was conducting a vigorous handshaking sortie through the farthest reaches of Queens and Brooklyn. ("On the run" wasn't as taxing as it may sound, since it meant sharing with the Governor the back seat of a glistening black Cadillac limousine—one that bore, by the way, the sublimely diminutive license-plate number 1.) The Governor is, of course, a very handsome man, so Nelson Rockefeller has nothing on him there; where Mr. Rockefeller does have a possible edge is in dress. Both men are well turned out, as befits their purses and stations in life, but the Governor is evidently a man with something of a genius for looking rumpled. He is also uncommonly serious, and we gathered that even while campaigning he has little patience with pleasantries. Accordingly, we informed him at once that his opponent had described him to us as "a very friendly man," and asked if he had any comment on that.

"Humph," said the Governor, and gravely considered the matter. "Well, yes, I suppose I'm friendly enough. Hadn't thought about it. I'd certainly like to be. But my friends who work for me tell me I'm a hard taskmaster. Always getting after them to do more work. Fact is, I'm wrapped up in work."

Continuing our turn-about-is-fair-play policy, we then requested the Governor's opinion of Rocky. "A good fellow," he said. "He did a fine job for Truman. Comes from a charming family. I've met them all, one time or another—John D. the Third, David, Laurance. Met the boy who lives in Arkansas at a recent Governors' Conference. Very amusing chap. My path and Nelson's never crossed much in Washington; we were on different levels."

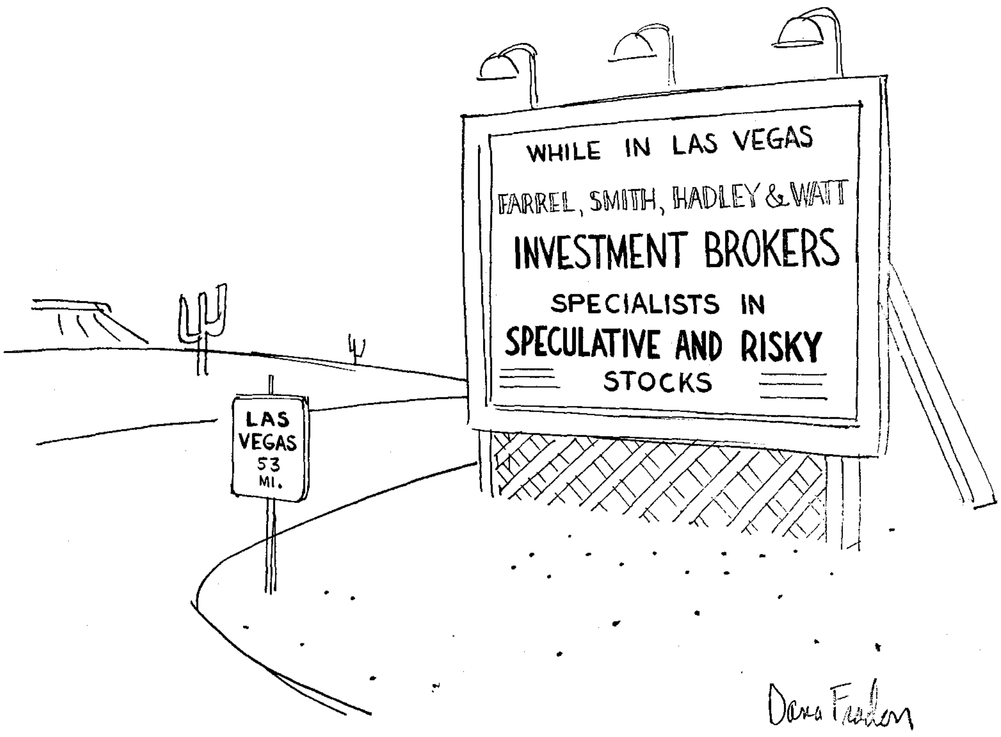
What about the issues on which the good fellow was challenging him?

"Absolutely phony," said the Governor. "All this talk about what's happened to the 'economic climate' of the state is pure bunk. Nelson's really running against Dewey, not against me. In seven years under Dewey, New York dropped from second in per-capita income among the forty-eight states to seventh. In the last three years, we've made up a lot of that loss and are now in third place. Our per-capita income has increased eighteen and a half per cent during my administration. Nelson is being given figures out of context; he ought to know better than to accept them. I've said of Nelson that he likes to be liked by everybody. Let me add that in politics that isn't enough. In politics, you have to choose your enemies as well as your friends—I mean in the sense that you have to make up your mind who it is you're opposed to. They may be nice people who don't beat their wives or steal, but if they're against what you believe in, then you've got to be against them."

The Governor leaned back, as if speaking his mind on that particular subject had relaxed him, and we asked whether he would characterize the campaign as easy or hard. "Every campaign is a tough campaign," he said, instantly leaning forward and hunching his shoulders. "I never take anything for granted. The Republicans used to make fun of me for going all over the state shaking hands. Now they're copying me as hard as they can. But with me it isn't just a stunt. I learn things from the people I talk to. You meet somebody on a street corner and he says the first thing that comes into his head. Multiply that by thousands and you find out what's bothering people. Maybe Nelson will learn things that way, too." The Governor smiled a rather solemn smile. "I think if Nelson's sincere about being a liberal, he'd be a lot happier if he quit the Republican Party. After all, he seems proud of the work he did for Roosevelt and Truman, and he admits he left Washington out of frustration. If the Republicans frustrate him, why doesn't he become a Democrat? That's what I did. I made the switch back in 1928, when I worked to elect Al Smith, so this year marks my thirtieth anniversary in the Democratic Party." The Governor's smile grew distinctly cheerful. "It's much more *fun* to be a Democrat, you know," he said. "I tell my conservative friends that, among other things, you're relieved of the worry of wondering what those cockeyed Democrats will be up to next. I hope you get the notion that I enjoy political life immensely—no sense in being in politics if you don't."

AFTER our pleasant talk on wheels with the possessor of New York State license plate No. 1, we proceeded to get in touch with the possessor of license plate No. 2, who, as you might surmise, is Lieutenant Governor George De Luca. (State Comptroller Arthur Levitt has No. 3, Attorney General Lefkowitz has 4, former Governor Lehman has 5, former Governor Dewey has 6, Secretary of State Carmine DeSapio has 7, and the majority leader of the state senate, Walter J. Mahoney, has 8.) We met Mr. De Luca at the Democratic State Committee headquarters, in the Biltmore, where the party keeps a permanent hold on twelve stately rooms, and where, for the duration, it has expanded its holdings to forty-four. The atmosphere at headquarters is one of calm confidence, and no less calmly confident is the Lieutenant Governor. Sixty-nine years old, with thinning gray hair, a gray mustache, sharp gray eyes, and a courtly manner, Mr. De Luca summed himself up for us by saying, "My friends claim I look more like a banker than a politician. I'm afraid they mean this as a reproach, not a compliment; they don't think I've ever been political enough. A couple of weeks ago, I read in a column in one of the papers that I'm 'just an old-fashioned machine politician.' I cut out the column and showed it to my friends. We all enjoyed a good laugh."

Mr. De Luca was born in the Bronx and has lived in that rural retreat ever since. Having graduated from City College and Columbia Law School, he practiced law until 1920, when he was named an Assistant District Attorney of the Bronx. "All I knew about politics was that I was a Democrat, but somehow I managed to get the appointment," he said. "After that, my life falls into the neatest pattern imaginable. First, ten years as an Assistant D.A., then twenty years on the bench, starting as magistrate, going on to Justice of Special Sessions, and ending as Chief Justice of Special Sessions. In 1949, I was elected District Attorney of the Bronx. I resigned from that post when I was elected Lieutenant Governor. What I'd really have liked to be was Justice of the New York Supreme Court, but by the time I was eligible there never seemed to be any vacancies. Not that I don't enjoy being Lieutenant Governor. I'd say the best part is pre-



siding over the state senate during the three months it's in session. At the moment, of the fifty-eight senators only twenty-one are Democrats, but I think even the Republicans would agree that I deal out impartial justice."

How does a Lieutenant Governor occupy himself when he's not presiding over the state senate? Mostly by attending public gatherings and speechifying. "In three and a half years in office, I've attended four hundred and seventeen functions and made three volumes' worth of speeches," Mr. De Luca said. "In my youth, I hesitated to become a lawyer, because I feared I wouldn't be glib enough. Now I'm equally glib in front of labor conventions and Chamber of Commerce luncheons. I glibly dedicated the searchlights on top of the Empire State Building and the floodlights at Niagara Falls. A committee of the Bar Association of the City of New York made a study of public service a few years ago and, to some people's surprise, found that the Lieutenant Governor's duties are of some significance. What they boil down to is that I represent the Governor here, there, and everywhere. When he's out of the state, I inherit all his powers except that of calling out the National Guard. I've signed a few urgent bills in my time and sat out a few deathwatches, waiting for last-minute appeals. Our opponents have made some reference to the Governor's age and mine. I don't hold with that argument at all. Look at Chancellor Adenauer. Look at Senator Green. For energy and endurance, I put the Governor ahead of any man on the slate. As for myself, I don't want to boast, but I can still play a pretty good game of golf."

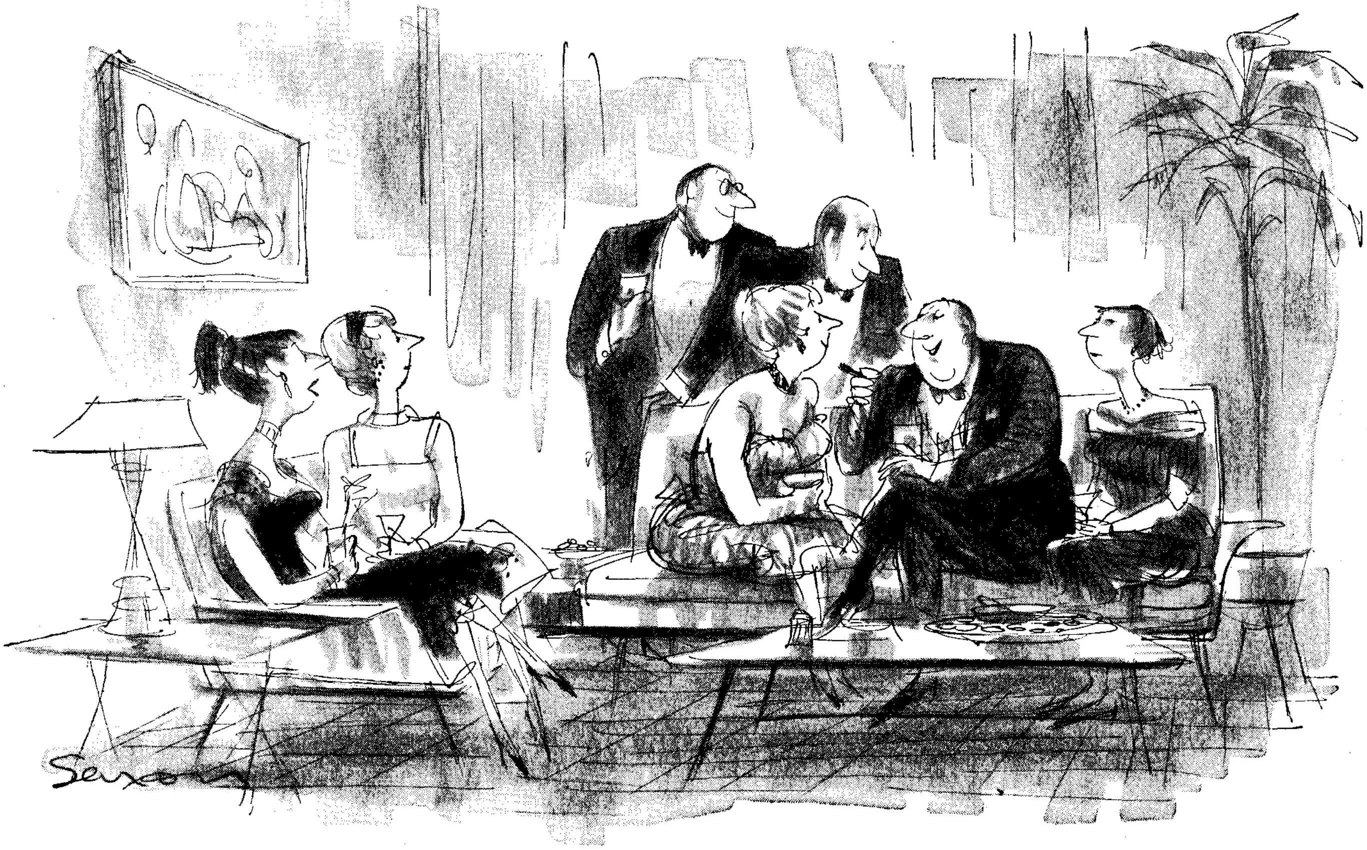
BESIDES the regular Democratic headquarters at the Biltmore, there's a sort of rump, or cadet, headquarters at the Shelton, occupying some fifty rooms, on six floors. The largest single group sheltering at the Shelton is the Independent Citizens' Committee for Harriman, De Luca, and Hogan. Everything else being equal, the Messrs. Harriman and Hogan are more apt to turn up at the Shelton than at the Biltmore, though everyone in both establishments is quick to say that they breathe and think as one. We went to the Shelton for our interview with Mr. Frank S. Hogan, and an agreeably overcrowded and busy political beehive it proved to be; scrawled on a piece of paper tacked to a door was the disarming legend "If you can keep a level head in all this confusion you just don't understand the situation."

As we approached the Hogan office, a Hogan worker thrust a mimeographed handout upon us, from which we learned that the Democratic candidate for United States senator was born in Waterbury, Connecticut, in 1902, the son of a watch polisher, and worked his way through Columbia College and Law School by dint of a flabbergasting variety of jobs, including grocer's clerk, timekeeper, nickel-plater, carpenter's helper, Pullman-car conductor, steward on the Leviathan, steamfitter's helper, and head of commissary for a gold-dredging outfit in Guatemala. After being admitted to the bar, in 1928, he practiced law for seven years and then worked for Thomas E. Dewey, first when Dewey was serving as a special prosecutor and afterward when he was District Attorney of New York County (which is to say Manhattan). Hogan succeeded Dewey and has been our District Attorney here for seventeen years—far longer than anyone else has ever held the post.

Suitably awed by this record, we stepped up to the former nickel-plater and Pullman-car conductor just as he was inquiring, over a babble of voices, "What is the emergency of the moment?" His voice was soft but carried an almost uncanny authority; the babble died away, and within a few seconds it was decided that *we* were Mr. Hogan's emergency of the moment. He greeted us benignly—a slender, blue-eyed man, with dark brows, whitening hair, and a presence more like that of a judge than of a prosecutor. "This political commotion is new to me," he said. "In running for District Attorney, I've always had the endorsement of the major opposing parties. All I had to do in a campaign was to make a few genteel appearances—none of this baring and gnashing of teeth. I've made thirty speeches in the last four days—fourteen of them in a single day. Since I wasn't nominated until late August, I've had to dig up, practically overnight, a lot of first-rate people who'd be kind enough to pitch in and help me, not only here but in the sixty-one other counties of the state. One big problem for me is that in the thirty-eight years since I came down from Waterbury to study at Columbia, my world has been Manhattan. Now I'm learning just how big a state is moored to this island."

Mr. Hogan said he was sure that his belated exploration of the state was more cordially welcomed now than it would have been ten or fifteen years ago. "In those days, they tell me, there were parts of the state that a Democrat needed a visa to enter," he said. "Now a number of upstate cities have Democratic mayors. They're seeing the light more with every passing year. I thought I might be unknown up there—that they wouldn't have heard of Gurrah, for example, or Lepke, or Johnny Dio, or any of the other gangsters I've helped send to jail—but luckily my record appears to be pretty well known. My office handles forty thousand cases a year—a third of all the cases that come up in the state. I've seventy-seven lawyers in my office, and over the years a couple of hundred other lawyers must have taken what I call their postgraduate course with me. I think I've done a good job with the lot of them. Several have become judges, and one is the present Attorney General of the United States. Incidentally, we've a softball team in the office, which plays an annual game with an all-star team from counties all over the state. We won last year, eight to three. I'm a permanent fixture at second base. That'll be one of the things I'll miss if I go to Washington."

BACK at the Biltmore, we were granted brief audiences with Peter J. Crotty, the Democratic candidate for Attorney General, and Arthur Levitt, the incumbent Comptroller, who is a candidate for reëlection. Mr. Crotty's office was full of the traditional cigar smoke and milling minions; Mr. Crotty himself—a pink-faced man of forty-eight, with wavy graying hair, bespectacled brown eyes, and a penchant for sonorous sentences—was evidently enjoying the commotion. It turned out that, unlike Mr. Hogan, he was in his element. "This happens to be a very gratifying and significant day to me," he said, quickly shaking and no less quickly relinquishing our hand. "In Buffalo, exactly four years ago, I was elected Democratic County Chairman. I have been interested in politics all my life. I come of an immigrant family, both my parents having emigrated from County Clare. My graduation from Canisius College and the University of Buffalo Law School eventuated as a consequence of my working an eight-hour shift at the post office every night. From 1937 to 1945, I was employed by the National Labor Relations Board. It wasn't until after my retirement to private practice, in Buffalo, as a member of the firm of McMahon & Crotty,



"It's sad. He's grown, but she hasn't."

• •

that I was able to realize my long-held dream of serving the people as best I knew how. In 1947, I ran for President of the Buffalo Common Council and served four years, the limit vouchsafed me by law. Previous to that election, there had been only one Democratic councilman out of fifteen. Today there are eleven. Moreover, I am glad to report that in 1954 we elected to the Council a Negro woman Democrat, from a district that had never before elected anyone but a white male Republican."

Following the drift of the candidate's remarks, we reflected that the unwritten law of the balanced ticket, which requires a scrupulous weighing of candidates in respect to age, religion, occupation, geographical appropriateness, and family status, made Mr. Crotty—a middle-aged upstate Catholic, state counsel to the United Steel Workers, and father of seven—a political figure of formidable size. What, we asked, was Mr. Crotty's opinion of the principle of the balanced ticket? "I consider it a practice consonant with the society in which we live," he said. "My nomination is a profound challenge to educate the people to comprehend that the Attorney General is the Governor's counsel and, as such, must be philosophically equipped to provide him with legal implementation suitable to each problem."

GIDDY with Crotty eloquence, we proceeded to the rather lonely office of Comptroller Levitt, who is a good-looking, muscular man of fifty-eight, born and raised in Brooklyn, educated at Columbia College and Columbia Law School, and a partner in the local law firm of Levitt, Rosenberg, Stone & Notkins. Levitt, a former president of the New York City Board of Education, was a colonel in the Second World War and still answers to that title. In the campaign of 1954, the Colonel replaced a candidate who had withdrawn after the convention, so this is his first full-length campaign. He admitted to us that he found it wearing. "I have to go on being Comptroller, campaign or no campaign," he said. "Whenever they give me a respite on the road, I beat it right straight back to Albany. I'm not a handshaker by nature, but it seems there's no other way. All the time I'm shaking hands I'm worrying about such things as where to get a better rate of interest on the Thruway bonds. Or take the state employees' pension fund—it amounts to a billion three hundred million dollars, and I'm the sole trustee. That money just can't lie around supine. I have to keep an eagle eye trained on the gyrations of the market and strike at exactly the right moment, sometimes as a borrower, other times as a lender. Until four years ago, I was perfectly content to follow Polonius's advice and be neither. I had a lot to learn, and for six months I stayed up half the night doing financial homework. My studies soon paid off. Since I became Comptroller, I've saved the state enough in interest payments alone to pay three-quarters of the overhead of my entire office. But it's hard to maintain that sort of record and run for reëlection, too."

At that moment, the office door swung open and a party worker said, "Sorry, Colonel, but there's a crowd here from Staten Island that wants to shake your hand." The Colonel made a gesture of despair, then straightened his shoulders and, working up a smile, marched off to his doom.

Unrewarding

NOW that the tumult and the shouting of the World Series has died, we wish to report a seven-year-old lad's reaction to the display. "It went on for a million years at Yankee Stadium," he remarked, "and I didn't get any good prizes in the Cracker Jack."

MORE OLD TALES ABOUT MEN AND WOMEN

I

NOT everybody's heart and mind reside in their body. There was a girl whose feelings and ideas led so separate a life that they were to her always like a younger brother and sister whom she cared for anxiously, as if they had to be watched, and might, the moment she turned her back, fall and skin their knees, or wander, picking flowers, too close to the edge of some terrible cliff. When she fell in love with a young fisherman who went out every day, whether it was storming or fine weather, with five other men in a sturdy boat, and came in the evenings to sit beside her on her father's doorstep and plead with her to marry him, she consulted both her heart and her mind, for she didn't want to leave them behind when she went to live with the fisherman, and she didn't want them to be unhappy. Her heart was willing. It said, "Oh, let us go and live with the fisherman and keep his house clean and the fire burning all day on his hearth and have a good supper waiting for him when he comes home at the end of the day, half frozen with the cold. Let us go, by all means. The fisherman needs us. The very sound of his voice pleading is more than I can bear." But her mind was skeptical. It would not take a stand, not believing in one thing more than another.

After the girl and the young fisherman were married, and the girl kept his house clean for him and the fire burning brightly on the hearth and the kettle ready to boil the moment he came in at night, her mind gave them no peace. First it set upon the fisherman, who was a simple creature, not used to doubting, and when he drew the girl on his lap after supper, her mind came between them and said "Do you really love her, fisherman, or are you only pretending?" until the poor man grew vague and absent-minded in his answers and sought comfort in sleep. Then her mind, not being at all satisfied with this small triumph, plagued and pestered the girl. When the fisherman lifted her in his arms and carried her off to bed, her mind said, "Why are you here? How did it ever come about? Weren't you happier before, in your father's house, sleeping in your own narrow cot? Wasn't that what you really wanted?" And the poor girl, not being able to answer, lay awake hour after hour, listening to the sound of the fisherman's heavy breathing by her side. Her only comfort at such times was her heart, with its steady beating.

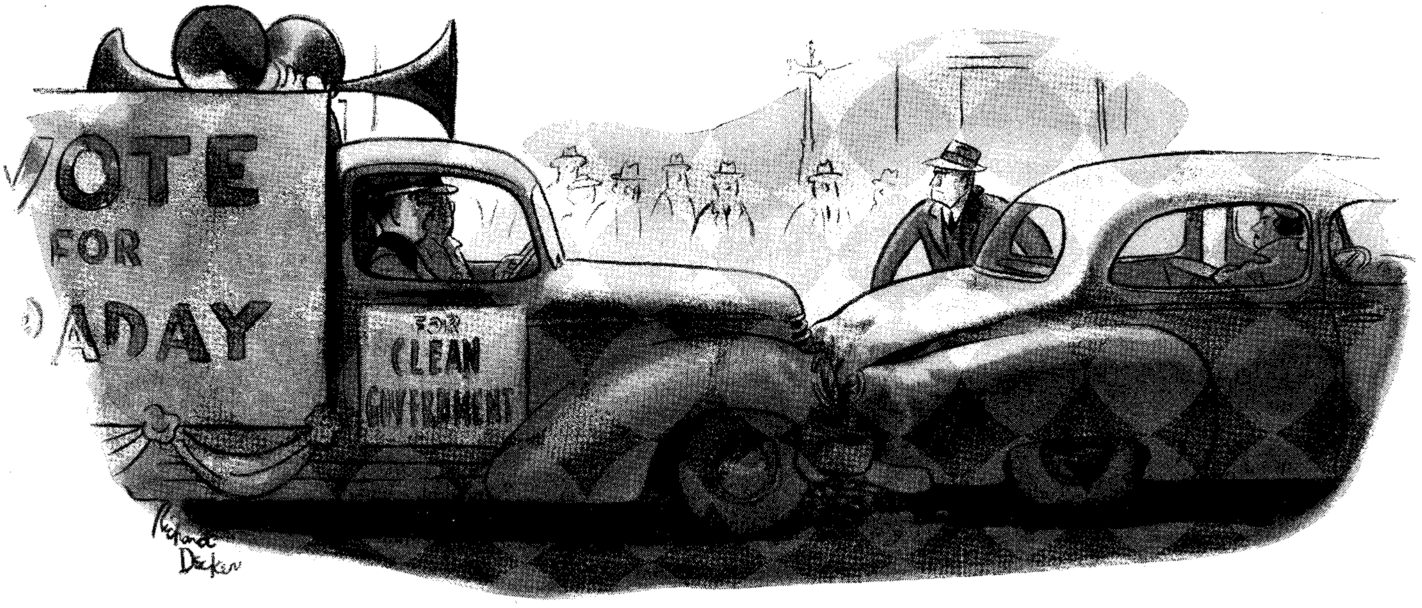
"Heart, are you there?" the poor girl would ask. "Heart, do you feel anything?"

"Yes, I feel something," her heart told her patiently. "Go to sleep. It's only your mind filling you with doubts. In the morning, in broad daylight, everything will be all right. Have trust in me."

And finally, out of weariness, the girl fell asleep. But even with the fisherman's arm around her, and his heart beating against her ribs, she had troubled dreams and cried out unintelligibly in her sleep and woke up exhausted in the cold morning light. The color left her cheeks and she grew thinner, and the fisherman quarrelled with the other men, his boat companions, and cut himself with his knife because his hands were unsteady, and neglected to mend his nets, so that the best fish sometimes got away. And when he got home at night, the fire on the hearth had gone out, the house was dark, and no voice answered his call, and he had to go wandering off over the moors, tired though he was, until he found his wife, her hair damp with mist and her lips tasting of salt spray, and a lost look in her great dark eyes.

If he didn't come back, the girl thought, walking home with him hand in hand—if some night it got dark and I were waiting with supper all ready on the hearth and I didn't hear his step outside but only the wind howling and the branches scraping against the window and no sound indoors but the ticking of the clock, and if I put on a shawl finally and went outside and found the other women waiting on the cliff, their faces stiff with fright, their eyes intent on the darkness, and no boat on the sand, then I would know beyond all doubt whether I loved him or not. Then I would know if my heart is feeling. And when her husband, noticing her silence, asked her what she was thinking about, she shook her head or told him some small lie: she was worrying about the peas, which had a burnt taste because the water had all boiled off while she was getting wood for the fire, or about the postman's little girl, who had rheumatic fever. But actually it was his own face that she was thinking of, when they brought him in, lifeless, his hair matted and wet, and laid his body across the bed—his beautiful, loving, dead face.

And when he suddenly gave up going out in the early morning with the men in their boat, and took a job with the peat cutters and came home at night smelling of the marsh grass instead of the sea, she felt that there was no hope of her ever being happy, no way that she would ever know whether she loved him or not. And things might have gone on this way all her life if her body, which had no traffic with either her heart or her mind, hadn't rebelled finally and said, "You silly girl, I will now show you. I will give you an answer that you can't argue yourself out of. You are already with child, do you understand? The fisherman's child is growing inside of you, and has the fisherman's eyes and hair



"If we lose this district by just two votes, God help you!"

• •

and his patient, loving disposition. You can go home to your father now or you can stay with the fisherman. Now is the time to decide."

The voice of her body was so stern and uncompromising that the girl began to weep. "O mind," she cried, "what are you thinking? O heart, what are you feeling now?"

There was no answer. She thought for a moment that both mind and heart had deserted her and that she was a madwoman. But then she put her hand to her side and felt her heart beating there, like her husband's heart inside his rising and falling chest, and her thoughts came now from her head, not from outside her. She threw her arms around the fisherman so wildly that he woke and made a warm nest for her in the curve of his naked body.

"Go to sleep," he said. "You've been dreaming. You've had a bad dream. While I'm here, no harm shall touch you." She smiled in the dark at his childish pride and thinking about the child inside her, which had his sea-blue eyes and his clustering dark hair, she fell into a dreamless sleep.

When he woke in the morning and put out his hand, she was gone. His heart beat in terror until he heard her moving about in the next room, setting the table for breakfast, and singing softly so as not to wake him.

II

AFTER dark on the evening of the twenty-fourth of December, an old woman and an old man got off the train at a little wayside station on the Trans-Siberian Railroad and hurried across the snow to the only lighted shop in the village, which was a pet shop. In their excitement they left the door open, which annoyed the proprietor, who was deaf, and they had a hard time making him understand what they wanted. They had come from Venice, they said, on the strength of a rumor that he had a pair of blue finches. The proprietor shook his head. He had had *one* blue finch, not a pair, and he had sold it that morning.

"Tell us who you sold it to!" the old woman cried.

"We'll give you a thousand dollars," the old man said, "if you'll just tell us his name."

"I didn't ask him."

"But how could you *not* ask him his name?" the old man and the old woman cried.

"Did I ask yours when you came in just now and left the door wide open?" the proprietor said. "Besides, it was the common blue finch of Africa, and not the one you are looking for."

"You know about the blue finch of Arabia?" the old man shouted.

"Certainly," said the pet-shop proprietor.

"But I daresay you have never seen one?" said the old woman slyly, in a normal tone of voice, hoping to test the pet-shop proprietor's hearing.

"A pair only," the proprietor said, turning off his hearing aid. "Never just one."

"We'll give you two thousand dollars," said the old man, dancing up and down, "if you'll just tell us where you saw them."

"Very well," said the pet-shop proprietor. "Where is the two thousand?"

"What's that?" asked the old man.

"I say where is the two thousand dollars?" the pet-shop proprietor shouted. "This is a very good hearing aid I am wearing. Here—try it, why don't you?"

The old man looked at the old woman, who nodded, and then he reached in his pocket and took out his checkbook, and she opened her purse and took out her pen, and then he turned to the pet-shop proprietor. "Name?" he shouted.

"Make it out to cash," the pet-shop proprietor said.

When the old man had finished writing out the check for two thousand dollars, he put it on the counter between the pet-shop proprietor and him, and he and the old woman leaned forward with their eyes bright and their mouths open and said, "Now, tell us where you saw them. They're worth half a million dollars."

"The pair of blue finches?"

"Are we talking about canaries?" asked the old man, drumming his nails on the counter.

"I saw them—" the pet-shop proprietor said, closing his eyes; "I saw them—" he repeated, looking tired and ill, and older than he had looked when they first came into the shop; "I saw them—" he said, suddenly opening his eyes and looking happier than the old man and the old woman had ever seen anybody look, "*in a forest in Arabia.*"

The old man shrieked with anger and disappointment, and the old woman reached for the check for two thousand dollars, which was already in the pet-shop proprietor's wallet in his inside coat

"You're giving me ulcers!"

pocket, though nobody saw him pick it up, fold it, and put it there.

The old man and the old woman ran out into the deep snow, crying police, crying help, and leaving the door wide open behind them. As it happened, there were no police at that wayside station on the Trans-Siberian Railroad. They rattled the door of the railway station but it was locked. On the outside, the schedule of trains was posted, and they lit matches, which they shielded with their hands and then with the old man's hat, trying to make out how long they would have to wait in the cold before another train came along that would take them back to Venice. When they did see, finally, they couldn't believe it, and went on lighting more matches and looking at the timetable in despair. The next train going in either direction was due in nine days. In the end, since all the other houses were closed and dark, they had to go back to the pet shop, and this time the old man pulled the door to after him. The pet-shop proprietor, seeing that they were about to speak, adjusted his hearing aid; but though they opened their mouths again and again, no sound came out, and after shaking the apparatus several times, the pet-shop proprietor put it in his pocket and said in a normal tone of voice, "If you don't mind the conversation of birds, and if fish don't make you restless, and if you like cats and don't have fleas, there is no reason why you can't stay here until your train comes."

SO they did. They stayed nine days, there in the pet shop, among the birds of every size and color, and the cats of all description, the monkeys and the dogs, the long-tailed goldfish, and the tame raccoons. At first they were restless, but they had promised not to be, and gradually, because whatever the pet-shop proprietor did was interesting and whatever he had in his shop was living and beautiful, they forgot about themselves, about the passing of time, about Venice, where they had a number of important appointments that it would cost them money not to keep, and even about the blue finch of Arabia, which they had never seen but only heard about. What they had heard was how rare and valuable it was, not that its song is more delicate than gold wire and its least movement like the reflections of water on a wall. The old woman helped the pet-shop proprietor clean out the cages, and the old man brushed and curried the cats, who soon grew very attached to him, and when the pet-shop proprietor said suddenly, "You have just time to walk from here to the railway station at a reasonable pace before your train pulls in," they were shocked and horrified.

"But can't we stay?" the old woman cried. "We've been so happy here these last nine days."

The pet-shop proprietor shrugged his shoulders. "It's all right with me if you want to spend the rest of your life in a wayside station on the Trans-Siberian Railroad," he said, "but what about the appointments you have in Venice?"

The old woman looked at the old man, who nodded sadly.

"Before you go," said the pet-shop proprietor, "I would like to present you with a souvenir of the establishment." He opened a wire door just large enough to put his hand through, and reached into a huge cage that went all the way up to the ceiling and the whole length of the room and was full of birds of every size and color, and took out two small ones, both of them blue as the beginning of the night when there is deep snow on the ground. "Here," he said, thrusting the birds into a little wire cage and closing the door on them.

"But won't they get cold?" the old woman asked. "Won't they die on that long train ride?"

"Why should they?" asked the pet-shop proprietor. "They came all the way from—"

At that moment they heard the train whistle, the train that was taking them back to Venice, and so the old man rushed for the door, and the old woman picked up the cage with the blue birds in it and put it under her coat, and they floundered through the snow to the railway station, and the conductor pulled them up onto the train, which was already moving, and it was just as the pet-shop proprietor said: the birds stood the journey better than the old man and the old woman.

At the border the customs inspector boarded the train, and went through everybody's luggage until he came to the old man and the old woman, who were dozing. He shook first one and then the other, and pointing to the bird cage he said, "What kind of birds are those?"

"Bluebirds," the old man said, and shut his eyes.

"They look to me like the blue finch of Arabia," the customs inspector said. "Are you sure they're bluebirds?"

"Positive," the old woman said. "A man who has a pet shop in a wayside station of the Trans-Siberian Railroad gave them to us, so we don't have to pay duty on them. The week before, he sold somebody a blue finch, but it was the common blue finch of Africa."

"We had all that long trip there," the old man said, opening one eye, "and this long trip back, for nothing. When do we get to Venice?"

"If they had been the blue finch of Arabia," the customs inspector said, "you would have been allowed to keep them. Ordinary birds can't cross the border."

"But they do all the time," the old woman said, "in the sky."

"I know," the customs inspector said, "but not on the Trans-Siberian Railroad. Hand me the cage, please."

The old man looked at the old woman, who stood up stiffly, from having been in one position so long, and together they got off the train, missing their appointments in Venice, and spent the remaining years of their life in a foreign country, rather than part with a pair of birds that they had grown attached to on a long train journey, because of their color, which was as blue as the beginning of night when there is deep snow on the ground, and their song, which was more delicate than gold wire, and their movements, which were like the reflections of water on a wall.

III

ONCE upon a time there was an old woodcutter who lived in a hut in a clearing in the forest, far from any town. Behind the hut there was a pond with carp in it, and in the forest there were wild apple trees and blackberry brambles and rabbits and deer. With all this to draw upon, the woodcutter and his wife lived well enough until, on the doorstep of their old age, a young King, hunting in the forest, became separated from his court and rode up to the hut and saw the pond and the circle of tall pine trees around the clearing and said to himself, "Here if anywhere I shall find the meaning of life."

He got down off his horse and knocked on the door of the hut and explained to the old woman that he was lost.

"Now, isn't that a pity," the old woman said. "Come in out of the cold and warm yourself. I have lived so long in this hut that I don't remember any more how to get out of the forest, but my husband is cutting wood and when he comes home for his supper he will show you the way."

She was embarrassed to find herself alone in the company of the King, and so while he was warming himself at the fire she took an apple out to his horse, waiting patiently beside the door of the hut. When she came inside she asked, "Aren't you afraid to leave your fine horse without even tying the reins to a sapling?"

"No," said the young King, "the horse is well trained. He will not run away, and if he did, it would not matter. I have other horses."

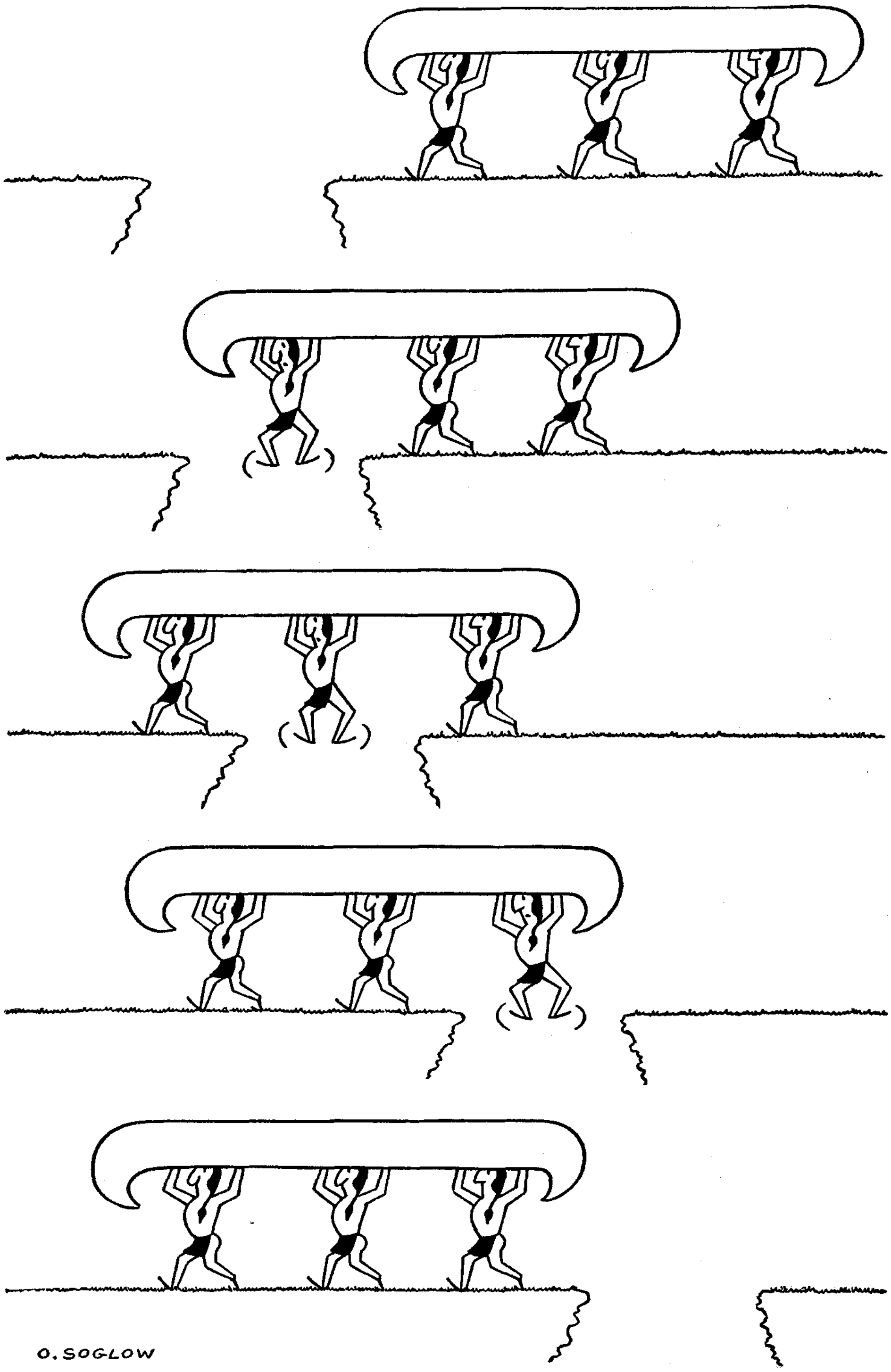
He began to talk to the old woman about the subject that was dearest to his heart—the meaning of life—but she didn't understand a word he said. She saw that the King was sitting too near the fire, and the smell of burning wool was so strong in her nostrils that at last she had to speak to him about it.

"Hadn't you better move away from the fire? Your fine cloak is being scorched and that would be a pity."

"No," the King said, "I like the warmth. The castle I am living in at the moment is on a hill and often cold and drafty. If the cloak is scorched it does not matter. I have other cloaks."

The old woman glanced at the wooden peg by the door where her husband's old cloak of rough homespun hung when he was at home. In the room there was no sound but the crackling of the fire, and the King, glancing around, said, "Aren't you ever lonely here?"

"No," said the old woman. "My husband comes home when the light is



beginning to fail, and I know that I have to get his supper for him, and therefore I am never lonely."

"But what if something happened to your husband?" the young King asked.

"Nothing could happen to my husband that wouldn't also happen to me," the old woman said. "I am not afraid."

"In the castle I am now living in," the King said, "there are many people, all of them ready and anxious to wait upon me and be near me. If one of them gets sick and dies, there are always others ready and anxious to take his place."

The old woman noticed the wrinkles in the young King's forehead and the pallor of his face.

"You are not married?" she asked.

"No," the King said.

"That is a pity," she said, shaking her head.

"No," the King said, "it doesn't matter. If I could have two queens, I would have married long ago, but the archbishop will not permit me to have two queens, and I do not wish to be dependent on any one person, and therefore I have never married."

Just at dark the woodcutter came into the cottage, and the old woman, when the two men stood side by side, saw that the King, in spite of his crown, was not as tall as her husband nor as broad in the shoulder.

The three of them sat down to supper, and afterward the woodcutter lit his lantern and the King got on his horse and they went off through the forest. As soon as they were out of sight of the hut, the King began to speak to the old woodcutter about the meaning of life. The woodcutter listened respectfully, and when the King had finished he waited for the woodcutter's reply, for he was genuinely concerned about the welfare of his subjects and liked to hear their views on matters of importance. But instead of answering him, the woodcutter raised his arm and pointed. There in the distance the King saw the lights of the castle.

EARLY the next morning, the forest rang with the sound of marching feet, the trample of ox teams, and the creak of cart wheels. A thousand workmen surrounded the hut in the forest. They had brought their tools with them, and they began to dig a deep ditch around the woodcutter's hut and to widen the forest paths for roads. When the old woman came out of the hut and remonstrated with them, the workmen shrugged their shoulders.

"It is the King's will," they said.

"But why does he have to dig his ditch here?" the old woman asked.

"It is for a moat," the workmen said.

"But what good is a moat where there is no castle?"

"When we are finished there will be a castle where your hut now stands," the workmen said.

"But the King already has another castle," the old woman said, "and this poor hut is the only home we have under the sky."

"The King has many castles," the workmen said. "This castle is for him to come to when he needs solitude to consider the meaning of life."

Since she could get no better reason from them, the old woman threw a shawl over her head and ran off through the forest. By nightfall the moat was completed and the water from the pond let into it. The carp from the pond swam round and round the woodcutter's hut, and the rabbits and deer crossed and recrossed the new road that led out of the forest. It had taken the old woman all day to find her husband, and she was half crazed with calling and searching for him. When they saw their hut surrounded by a moat over which there was as yet no bridge, the woodcutter could not speak for despair, but out of habit the old woman gathered sticks for a fire, and they got ready to pass the night with neither food nor shelter.

"At least the forest is still the same," she said. "We still have the stars in the sky," and she fell asleep with her head in her husband's lap. The woodcutter stayed awake to tend the fire, but he was worn out from his day's work and from grief at losing his home, and his head began to nod and the heat of the fire made him drowsier and drowsier.

At midnight a procession of horsemen and men carrying torches came into the forest and arrived at the clearing. The two figures beside the ashes of their fire did not stir, and the King, dismounting from his horse, thought for a moment that they were statues brought by the workmen for his new castle. Then he realized his mistake and shook the woodcutter, but there was no response. The woodcutter had gone where no king's touch would waken him, and what had happened to the the woodcutter also happened to his wife. In anger the King turned to the court chamberlain and asked, "Why didn't the men build a bridge so that the two old people, who, after all, were kind to me, could get to their hut?"

The court chamberlain hemmed and hawed and said, "The royal order was to build a moat. Nothing was said about a bridge over the moat."

"No," the King said thoughtfully. And then, "It doesn't matter. I have other woodcutters. Tell them to come and cut wood in this forest. If I don't hear the sound of the axe ringing in the distance I will be lonely here."

But it turned out, strangely, that there were no more woodcutters. All the wood in the kingdom was cut by the old man who now sat with his chin resting on his breast, his gray hair whitened by new-fallen snow.

The King stood and looked at him a long time, while the torches burned down and the courtiers shivered with the cold and waited for their royal master to be of one mind or another. At daybreak he turned to them and said, "I have found the meaning of life."

They stood waiting for him to announce that life is good or that life is bad, but instead he took off his crown and handed it to the court chamberlain.

"From now on I will be the woodcutter," he said, "and live in this hut."

"But you are our king," the court chamberlain said.

"No," the King said. "And in any case it doesn't matter. There are many kings and many people ready and anxious to be kings. I am the only one who is ready and anxious to take the place of this poor woodcutter."

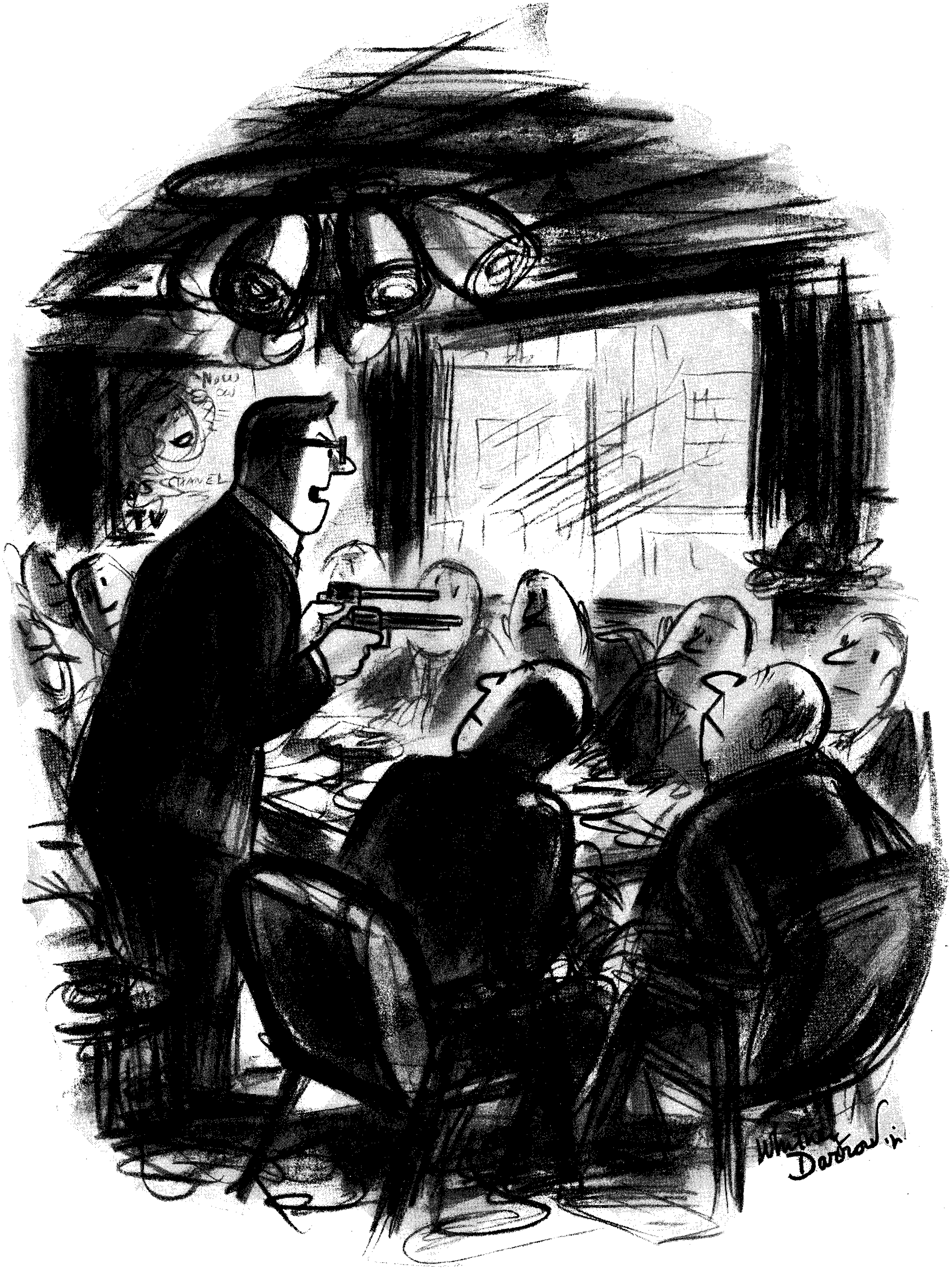
Bearing the crown carefully in his left hand, the court chamberlain mounted his horse and rode back into the forest, and the courtiers, in the order of their rank and according to established precedence, mounted their horses and followed him.

—WILLIAM MAXWELL

•

GIVE DETAILS IN ORDER—Before you give a message to anyone, know exactly what you want to say, then think it through in a logical and systematic way, and then give the message in clear, unambiguous language that no one could understand.—*From "Handling Barriers in Communication," a course for administrative personnel, Department of Public Works, State of New York.*

Not even your own mother.


NOW ON
CHANNEL
TV
Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"All right, let's cut the palaver! Does 'The Pecos Kid' stay in the 7-to-7:30 time slot or doesn't it?"

THE BROTHER

IF it hadn't been for the two Irish priests I saw that night, the name of the man I'll call Owen Loughran might never have cropped up in my mind, and I probably wouldn't have gone to Dublin. I had been in London for about a week, and was having dinner by myself in a little restaurant in the theatre district when the priests came in. The older of the two, a man in his fifties, was rather stern and forbidding-looking; the other was considerably younger, with pale-blue eyes and a fresh, ruddy face, which reminded me at once of Owen. It had been years since I'd heard from him, and I didn't even know whether he had stayed in Ireland after going back there from France, but his address, barely legible now, was still in the little book I carried. Was he a contented priest at last, I wondered, with a parish somewhere in Dublin, or had he been sent to another part of the country? Or had he, perhaps, changed his mind again, and given up the idea of the priesthood entirely? Not likely, I thought—unless the girl (Was it Anne? Yes, Anne) was stronger than his brother Emmett. In a matter of minutes, I was caught up in Owen's terrible turmoil again, and by the time I left the restaurant I had made up my mind to fly over to Dublin the next morning and look him up.

I had met Owen Loughran in 1945, about seven months after the end of the war in Europe, while we both were students at the Army University in Biarritz. Although the university was set up and run by the American Army, it was open to all members of the Allied forces. Students were billeted in hotels that had been requisitioned from the town for the duration of the school—three terms of eight weeks each. At the hotel where I stayed, maid service was provided; excellent meals, prepared under the supervision of French chefs, were served in the dining room; all military formalities were dropped. It was as close as anyone could get to Heaven and still be in the Army. I had a small room to myself, with a single window looking out on a stretch of sandy beach and the waters of the Bay of Biscay. Owen shared a larger room in the same hotel with a British soldier from Glasgow named Andrew MacNaughton. I had seen them both nearly every day, either in the dining room at mealtime or walking along the streets of Biarritz; then, at dinner one night during the fourth week of the term, the three of us happened to sit at the same table, along with two other students, who, like me, were American. We were all in a good mood, and the meal went off pleasantly, with Andrew MacNaughton contributing most in the way of conversation. He was a tall, rawboned man in his thirties, with an apparently endless stock of jokes and anecdotes, and the gift of telling them in a way that seemed fresh and spontaneous. Owen was about ten years younger, and far more sombre. When he laughed, his whole face lit up, the pink cheeks turning a deep crimson, the blue eyes glistening as they watered, yet somehow the laughter didn't seem real. Essentially, I could see, he was serious and introspective—too much so, perhaps. In off-guard moments during the meal, his eyes had an almost agonized look in them. He spoke with a distinctly Irish accent, and since he wore a British Army uniform, I assumed that he came from Northern Ireland.

The two other Americans left the table after coffee, but I stayed on to talk a while longer with Owen and Andrew. "Where are you from?" I finally asked Owen. "Belfast?"

"No," he said, with a smile. "I'm from Dublin."

"Dublin!" I exclaimed. "What are you doing in the British Army?"

"He's a bloody idealist," Andrew said, laughing. "He doesn't see eye to eye with the government of Eire."

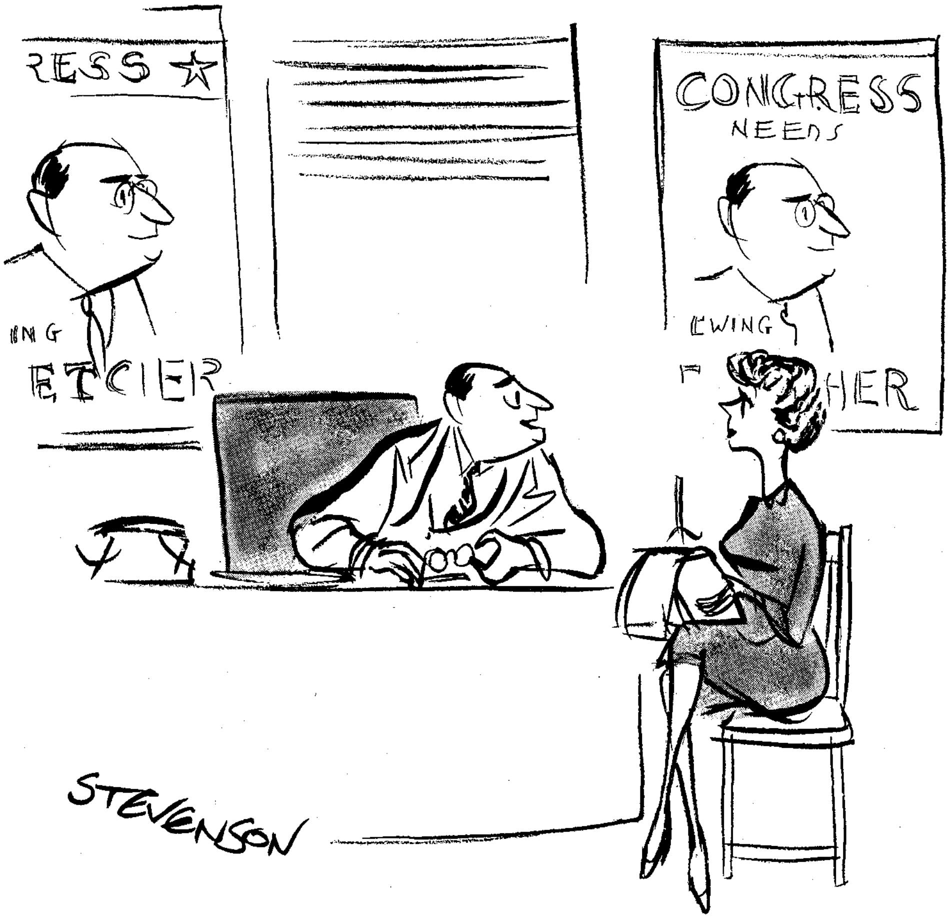
"I was visiting in London when the war broke out," said Owen. "Most of my friends, including another Dubliner, were joining up, so I decided to go along."

"Was your family upset about it?" I asked.

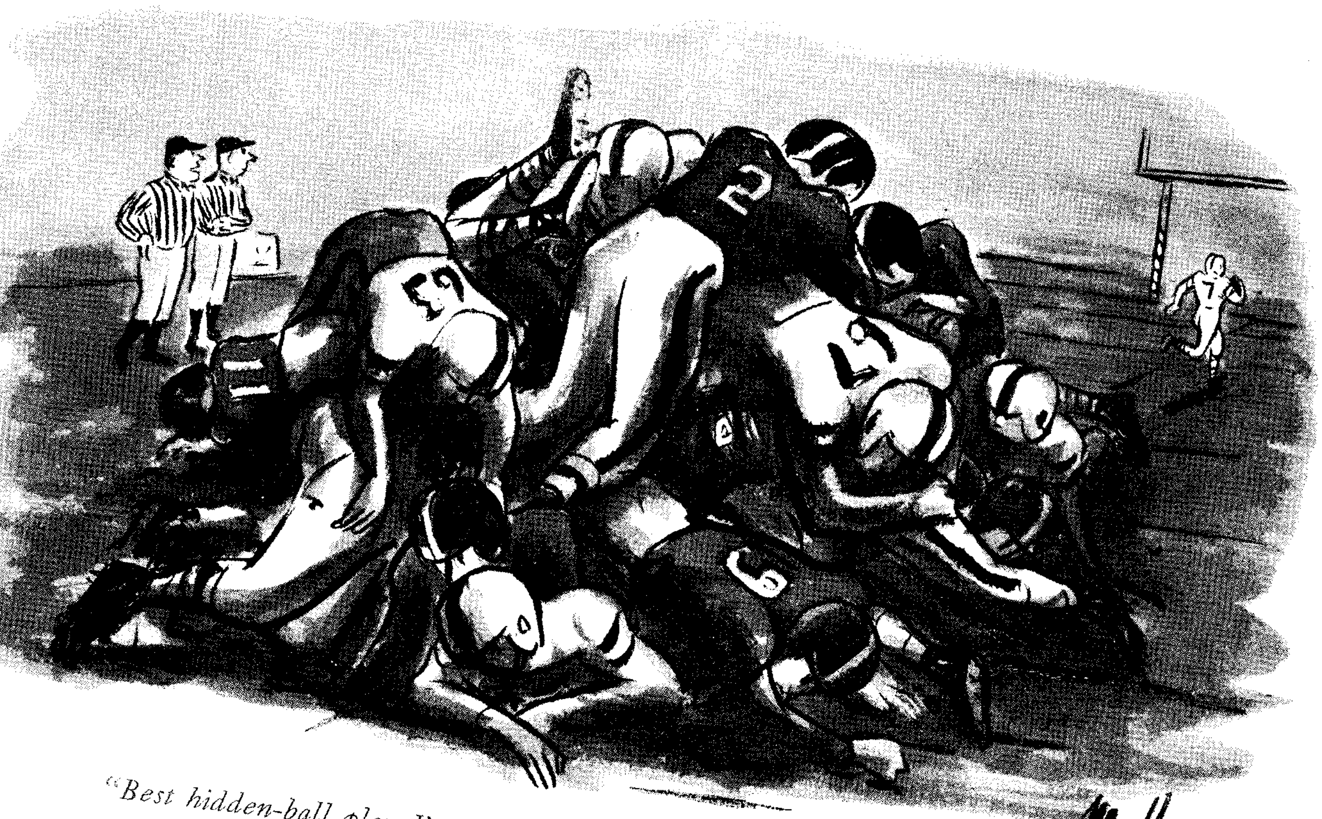
"I suppose a little," said Owen.

Andrew glared at Owen in mock outrage. "Listen to him!" he said. "He supposes a little! Wait until Emmett gets his hands on you. He'll pull you back in line." Then, giving me a broad wink, he added, "His older brother's a priest, and full of the fire of Heaven."

Owen didn't say anything; from the way his eyes narrowed and his jaw set, it was obvious that a topic he'd rather not discuss had been brought up. I stopped asking questions, and after talk-



"*Miss Crosby, I want you to know that highway construction, tax relief, rezoning, and tariff changes aren't the only things in my program for '59.*"



“Best hidden-ball play I've ever seen.”

ing for a while about the courses we were taking we went up to our rooms.

• •

AFTER that evening, the three of us made a point of sitting at the same table for meals whenever possible, and by the end of a week I had pieced together a good deal of Owen's past. What I didn't know, I found out from Andrew one day when Owen wasn't able to be with us for lunch; he hadn't been feeling well, Andrew told me. It seemed as good a time as any to ask the question that was on my mind.

“Owen always looks troubled,” I said. “Is there something that's bothering him?”

Andrew looked at me for a moment, and then said, “At least three things. His religion, his brother, and the girl he wants to marry. Of course, they're all part of the same problem.” He paused, deliberating, then took a deep breath and went on. “His father died when Owen was a baby, and the mother raised the family. There were three children, all boys—Emmett, the oldest by about ten years, then Brian, then Owen. The mother was a devout Catholic and wanted the three of them to enter the priesthood. She died a few months after Emmett became a priest, and on her deathbed she made him swear he'd have Brian and Owen follow him. Brian followed along all right—he became a priest about a year ago—but Owen didn't. Or at least he hasn't yet.”

“Is he going to?” I asked.

“I don't think he wants to, but if Emmett has anything to say about it he will.” Andrew stared angrily at the tablecloth.

“What about the girl?” I asked. “Is Owen in love with her?”

Andrew shrugged. “As much as he can be under the circumstances. First it's a letter from her, saying how much she misses him, then a letter from his brother, reminding him of his mother's dying wish. They're both putting extra pressure on him now, because he'll be going home after he finishes here.”

“No wonder he looks troubled,” I said.

“I try to joke with him about it to make him relax a little,” said Andrew. “He's too damned tense. We've been in the same outfit for three years, and I've watched him get worse and worse. I'm not the one to pass judgment on matters of religion, but I do know it shouldn't do that to a person.”

“Have you ever met his brother?” I asked.

Andrew shook his head. “No, but I can imagine what he's like. A hard rock of a man, full of unblinking devotion. Hope without heart, form without feeling. No, thank you. Not for me.” He opened his mouth as though about to say more, then changed his mind. “Come on,” he said, throwing his napkin on the table and getting up. “Let's take a walk before class.”

One night at dinner a few weeks later, Owen was more cheerful and talkative than he'd been since I met him, and after coffee he suggested that the three of us go to one of the local cafés for a drink. The place we went to was one I hadn't known existed, half hidden, as it was, behind another building and down a long flight of steps. It was dimly lit and quiet, with about a dozen wooden tables scattered about, and a small bar in one corner. A group of men and women sat around one table; they were the only customers. From the cordial way the bartender-owner greeted us, I gathered that Owen and Andrew had been coming to the place frequently. At the occupied table, a young man wearing a beret and a basque shirt was playing an accordion softly, providing just the right background for languid talk. The three of us had several glasses of cognac. As we downed them, we passed the time in an amiable discussion of some of the people we had met at the university. The term was nearly over now, and in spite of its shortness, we found ourselves looking back on it with nostalgia.

At the end of a couple of hours,

Andrew announced that he had to leave, because there were letters he wanted to write before going to bed. "You two can get a skinful if you like," he said, getting to his feet. "I'm too old for that sort of thing."

"I think I'll stay a little longer," said Owen. He looked at me. "How about you? Would you like another drink?" I said I would, and Andrew left us.

"He worries too much about me," Owen said after we had ordered another round of drinks. "Thinks I'm going to crack up, I suppose. Everything went along fine tonight, didn't it? No signs of cracking up, were there?" He smiled at me. "I hear Andrew's told you all about my little problem."

"Enough," I said. "Have you made any decision yet?"

He watched sadly as the waiter placed two more glasses of cognac before us. Then he said, "The closer I come to going back to Dublin, the worse it gets."

"If you really love the girl, it shouldn't be any problem," I said. The drinks had reduced everything to simple terms for me. "What's her name?"

"Anne. Anne Devlin."

"She seems to be in love with you," I said. "At least, judging by what Andrew tells me, she is. How long have you known each other?"

"Years," said Owen. "We went to school together."

"Your brother must have known her, then."

"Emmett? Of course." Owen laughed nervously. "But you know how he feels about the matter. For him, it's the Church I'm to marry."

I took a sip of my drink. "It's your life, not Emmett's," I said. "I don't think anyone should become a priest if there's any doubt in his mind. And, from what I've seen, you have considerable doubt." As soon as I'd spoken the words, I was sorry. Owen said nothing. He just sat there, carefully turning the glass of cognac around and around, the old look of doom in his eyes. "I shouldn't be giving advice," I added quickly. "I wouldn't be doing it if I hadn't had a few drinks."

"I don't mind," said Owen. "It's just that I'm not used to talking about it. Maybe that's my trouble, keeping it shut up inside myself. Andrew tries to help, but he's—" Owen stopped, half smiling, and made no attempt to go on. I knew what he meant. Andrew had made no bones about the fact that he followed no religion.

"Why don't you try to forget about the whole thing until you get home?" I said, realizing as I spoke how foolish the advice was. "Maybe you're pushing yourself too much."

"I've got to decide before I go back," said Owen. "I want my mind made up when I get there." His voice sounded lost and desolate, completely out of keeping with the lively polka that the accordionist was then playing. We sat for a long while, without speaking, listening to the music. Then, suddenly turning to me, Owen said, "I'm planning to go down to Lourdes next weekend. I was wondering, would you like to come with me?" The unexpectedness of the invitation caught me off guard, and I was silent for a moment. "You don't want to come," he said. "I can tell."

"It isn't that," I said. "I hadn't thought of Lourdes, that's all. I'd like to go." Owen's face lit up with pleasure. "Only I'm not a Catholic, you know," I added, feeling that I had to make everything clear.

"Yes, I guessed that," Owen said, smiling. "But you're still a tourist. And who knows? Maybe I can convert you."

"Not a chance," I said, and we both laughed. Just seeing him look relaxed again made me glad that I had accepted his invitation.

It was pouring rain when we left the station at Biarritz the next Saturday evening, and the four-hour train ride to Lourdes was cold and dismal. Owen didn't talk much on the way. He was in one of his sombre moods, and spent most of the time staring out the window at the rain. I felt sure that the trip had taken on a momentous aspect for him. He felt crippled by his inability to make a decision, I reasoned, and he hoped that somehow a visit to the shrine at Lourdes would clarify things for him. I tried twice to get him to talk about his problem, on the assumption that airing it would help a little. But he only smiled at me in a vague, abstracted way, and turned his face again to the rain-streaked window. After the second rebuff, I began to feel guilty about all I had said to him previously. Instead of helping, I had probably only intensified the situation for him. I decided now to keep quiet, and let him work things out for himself.

We arrived at Lourdes around nine-thirty, and were billeted in a small hotel set aside for Biarritz students. It was still raining heavily, there was no heat in the hotel, and the room we were given was cold and clammy. Its gray walls were cracked, and there were splotches on them where the paint had peeled. Ragged curtains that had once been white but were now

READ ME, PLEASE!

If, as well may happen
On an autumn day
When white clouds go scudding
And winds are gay,

Some earth-bound spirit,
A man lately dead
(Your fellow-clerk), should take it
Into his crazed head

To adopt a more venturesome
Shape than a dead leaf
And wish you a good morning,
Abrupt and brief,

He will come disguised
As a sheet of newspaper
Charging across the square
With a clumsy caper,

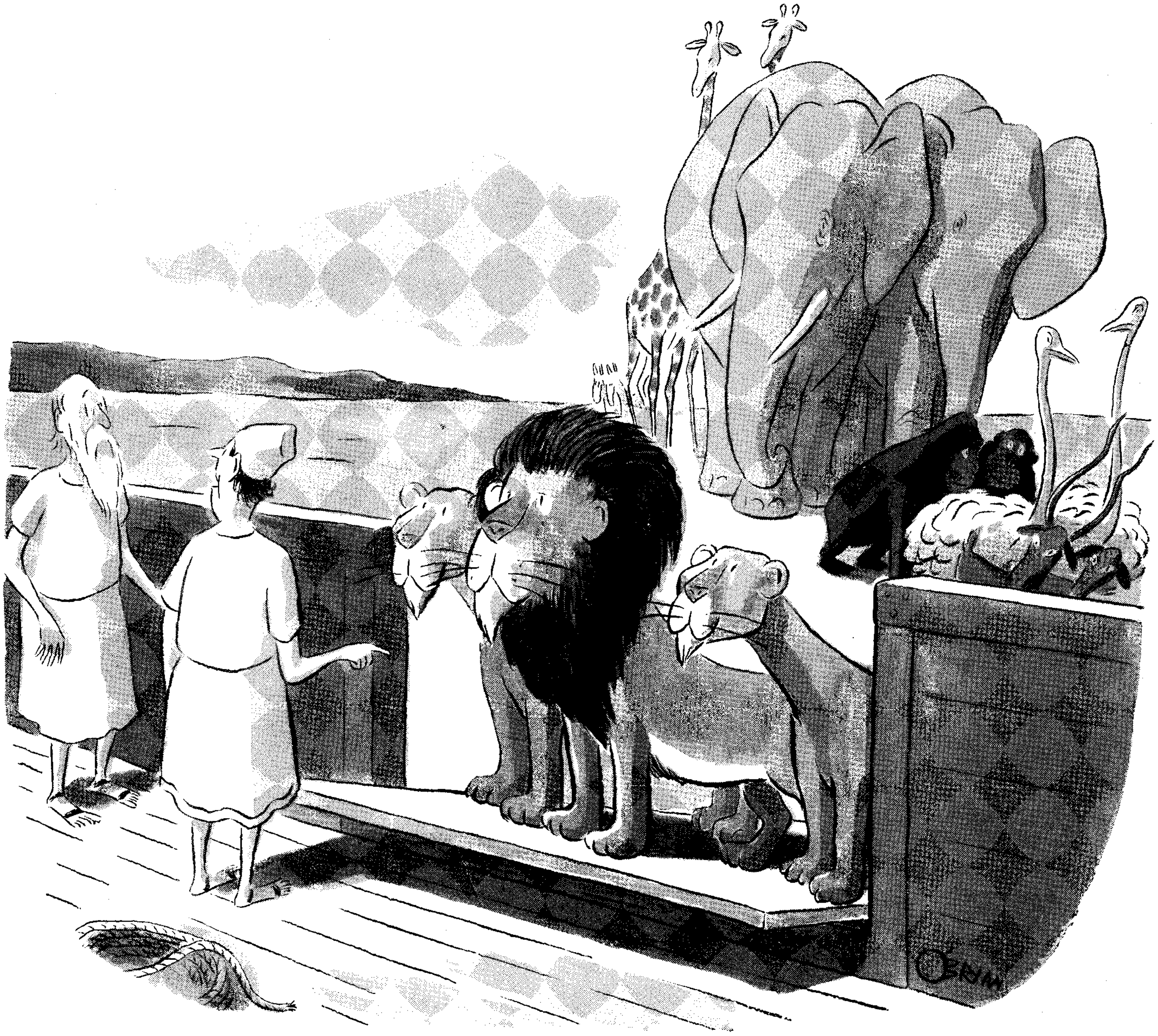
To flatten himself out
Across your shins and knees
In a suppliant posture:
"Read me, please!"

Then, scanning every column
On both sides, with care,
You will find the clerk's name
Printed somewhere—

Unless, perhaps, in warning
That sheet comes blown
And the name which you stumble on
Is, alas, your own.

—Robert Graves

• •



"Hey, Pop, what's the rule on this?"

• •

streaked with dirt hung limply at the one window in the room. On the floor in front of the window was a small pool of water where the rain had seeped through. The furniture consisted of two narrow beds, a stained and scratched mahogany chest of drawers, and a chair with a broken back. A single, unshaded electric bulb set in the high ceiling cast a wan, unearthly light over everything.

After we had unpacked, I went over to the window and looked out. Except for a few dim street lamps, the town of Lourdes was buried in darkness, and its cobblestone streets seemed to be rushing with water. My head ached, I felt chilled to the bone, and as far as I could make out, I wasn't going to be of any use at all to Owen, who had by now withdrawn completely into another world. At the moment, I was sorry I had come.

"I guess it's too late to go out," said Owen finally, from the other side of the room. It was the first time he had spoken since we arrived, and his words, tentative and forlorn, fitted in perfectly with the atmosphere of the room.

"I'm afraid so," I said, trying not to let the irritation I was feeling show. "I don't imagine there's much night life in Lourdes."

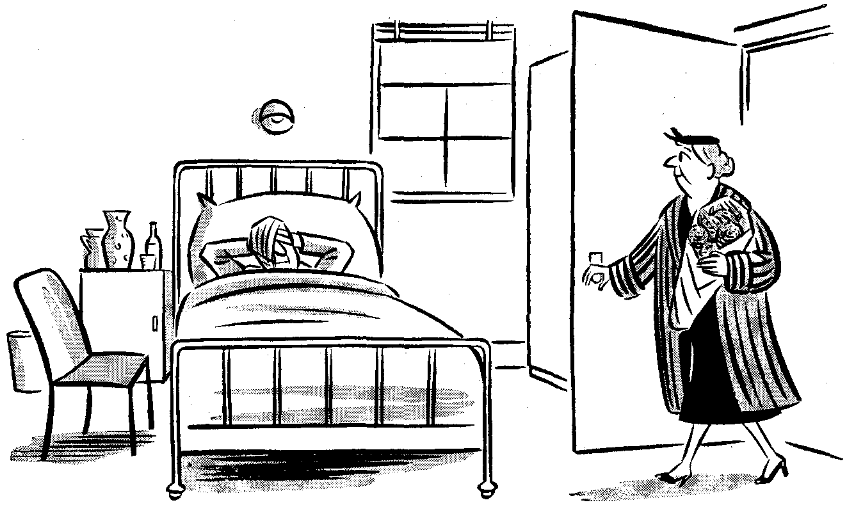
Owen looked at me with a puzzled expression. "I didn't mean that," he said.

"I know you didn't," I said, angry at being angry. "Come on. We'd better get some sleep."

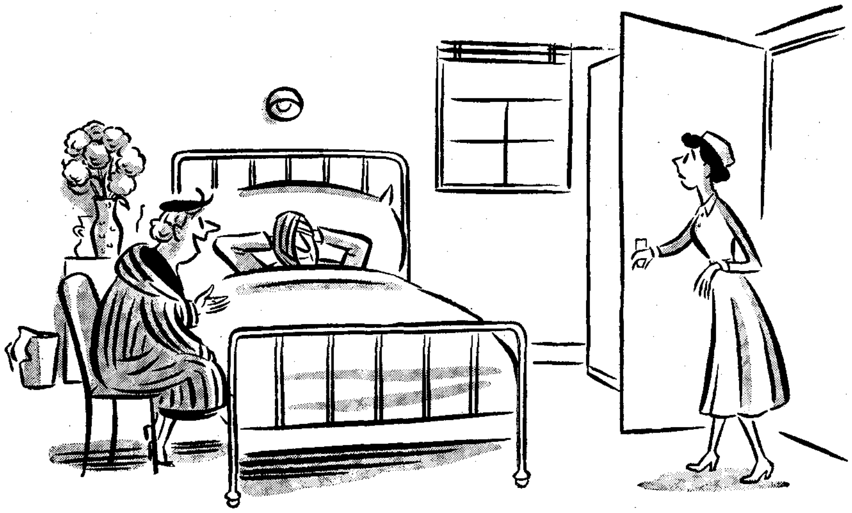
If I thought that going to bed would make things any better, I was wrong. The mattresses we had were damp and full of lumps, and there was only one threadbare blanket for each of us. I threw my raincoat on top of the blanket, and crawled underneath the thin double covering, hugging myself to keep warm.

I don't know what time it was, or how long I'd been sleeping, when I woke up with a start. The rain was still coming down, I remember—I could hear it beating against the window—and I remember the soft, whistling sound of the wind. Then Owen's voice came out of the darkness. "I've had sinful thoughts," he said, almost wrenching the words from his mouth. At first, I thought he was talking to me, but then I realized that his voice sounded different. There was a strange, detached quality to it, as though it were

1



3



5

coming from a great distance. I propped myself up on one elbow and looked across the room. It was difficult to see in the dim light, but Owen's bed seemed to be empty. "In my heart I have lusted for Anne." It was Owen's voice again, and as he spoke I could make him out, kneeling at the foot of his bed.

"Owen?" I called softly.

There was no answer, but after a short silence Owen began speaking rapidly in Latin. When he fell silent, I called again, but there was still no answer, and I realized he was talking in his sleep. After whispering for a while, he crossed himself, and, still asleep, got on his feet, and climbed back into bed. He lay there for a long time, his face to the wall, crying quietly. Finally he stopped, but just as I thought he had fallen into untroubled sleep again, he turned violently on his back and shouted at the ceiling, "No, Emmett! I can't! I can't!"

I leaned partly out of the bed. "Owen," I called, louder than before. He lay still, breathing heavily for a moment, then turned toward me.

"Did you call me?" he asked.

"Yes," I said. "You were dreaming."

"I'm sorry," he said. "Did I wake you up?"

"I wasn't really asleep," I said.

"I'm sorry," he said again. Then, after a moment, "Was I talking in my sleep?"

"Just mumbling," I said.

"I was dreaming about home, I think," he said drowsily. "I'll be there in two weeks, you know."

"Yes," I said. "I know you will."

In a few minutes he was asleep again, breathing contentedly now, like a lost child that has found its way.

THE rain stopped during the night, and when I woke up in the morning the room was bright with sunlight. Owen wasn't in his bed, and the clothes he had thrown over the chair the night before were gone. I lay for a while listening to the slow tolling of the bells of the basilica, and then got up. Just as I finished dressing, Owen came in, greeting me happily.

"It's a beautiful day," he said. "I went to early Mass. I wondered, would you like to walk down to the grotto with me?"

"Yes," I said. "I want to see it."

"Fine," said Owen. "We can have something to eat afterward. There's a good restaurant not far from here. A priest I was talking to after Mass told me about it." He half walked, half danced about the room with light, bouncing steps.

"You're certainly feeling better than you did when we got here last night," I said, putting on my necktie.

Owen smiled at me. "Much better," he said. "My mind's made up at last. You don't know how good it feels."

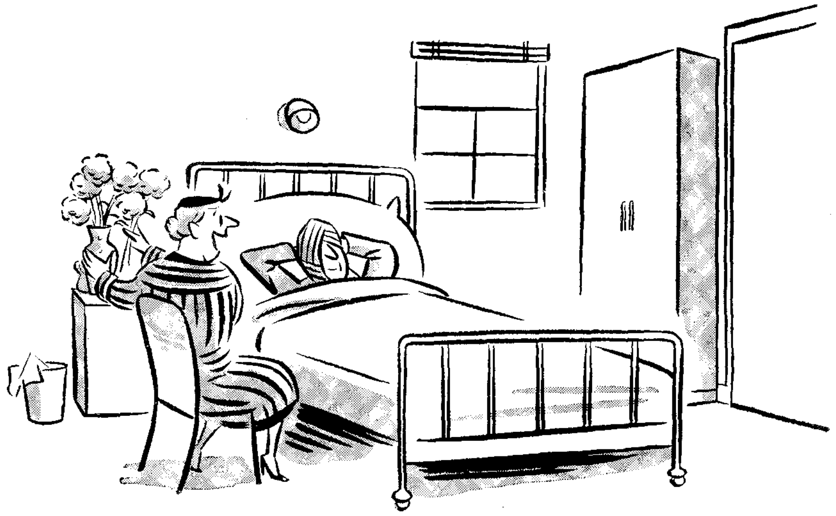
"What did you decide?" I asked.

"Not to become a priest. I don't have the vocation. I'm going to marry Anne when I get back to Dublin." He looked at me carefully. "Does that surprise you?"

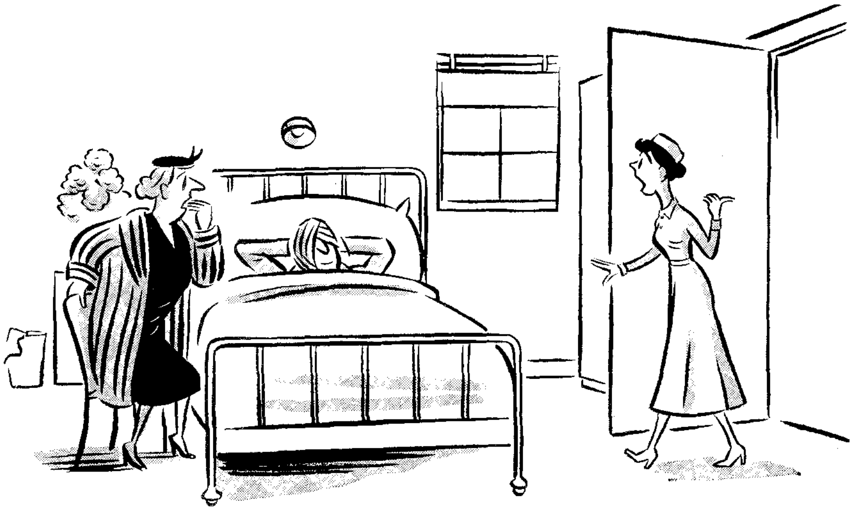
"No," I said.

"Do you think I'm right?"

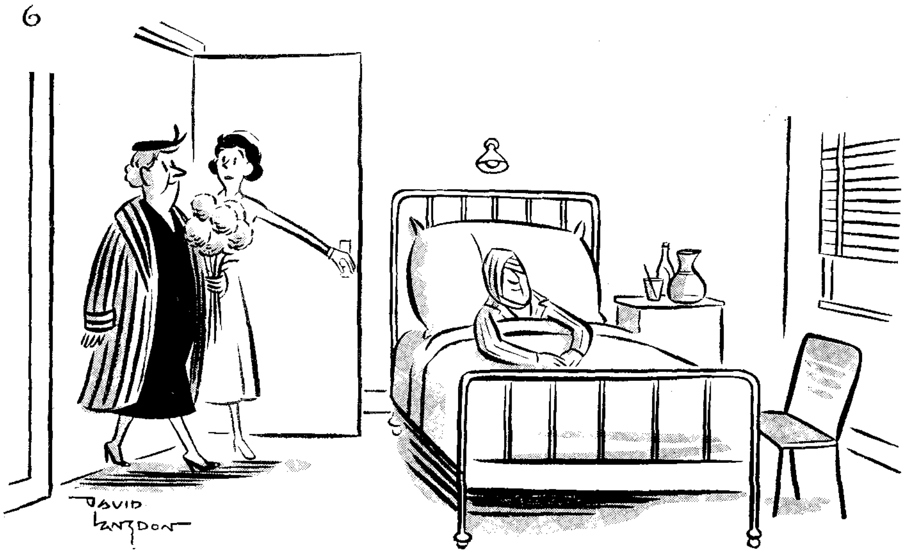
2



4



6



"Sure," I said. "If that's what you want."

"It's what I've wanted all along," said Owen. "It seems so clear to me now—I can't understand why I wavered all this time."

"What about your brother?" I asked.

"He'll just have to accept it, that's all," said Owen. "He can't have his own way about everything."

It was easy to believe him, as he stood there by the window, with the sunlight pouring over him. The agonized expression in his eyes, the taut lines in his face were gone. He looked absolutely sure of himself, immune to all doubt and pain.

I SUPPOSE I should have known that it couldn't come that easy, that the struggle wasn't really over for him; still, the picture of Owen that morning in Lourdes was the one I carried in my mind for a long while afterward. I saw him a few times before he left Biarritz the following week, but he was busy with last-minute things, and there were always other students around, so I never really had a chance to talk with him alone. I got a postcard from him after he returned to Dublin. It reached me in Munich, where my company was stationed, a day or two before I was to leave for Le Havre, on my way back to the States. He didn't say much—only that he had arrived home, was happy to be there, and missed us all very much. No mention of Anne or his brother Emmett. About a month after I had been discharged from the Army, I received a letter from him, in which he went on at great length about how much he had enjoyed Biarritz and how pleasant it would be if he and Andrew and I could all get together sometime. He said almost nothing about his life in Dublin, and again made no mention of his family or of Anne. In my answer to him, I asked when he and Anne were to be married. Two months went by before I heard from him again. Since getting back to Dublin, he said, he had thought things over carefully, and had decided to enter the priesthood, if they would accept him after all the doubts he had had. He had talked about it with Anne, and she understood his position perfectly, for now he was absolutely sure he had the true vocation. He hoped I wouldn't be disappointed by his change of plan, but it was really for the best for everyone concerned. The joy he felt now was of a deeper kind, because it embraced others besides himself. As I read the letter, I had the feeling it had been written with someone looking over his shoulder. It was hard to convince myself that Owen really believed what he was saying. I wanted to write back telling him exactly what I thought, but I decided against it. Instead, I wished him happiness in his new life, and asked him to let me know how things worked out. He never wrote again. I sent him a card at Christmas for a couple of years, and then stopped doing that as everyone and everything—Owen and Andrew, Lourdes, even Biarritz itself—began to recede in my memory. Now, years later, they were all back again, sharply outlined in a new perspective.

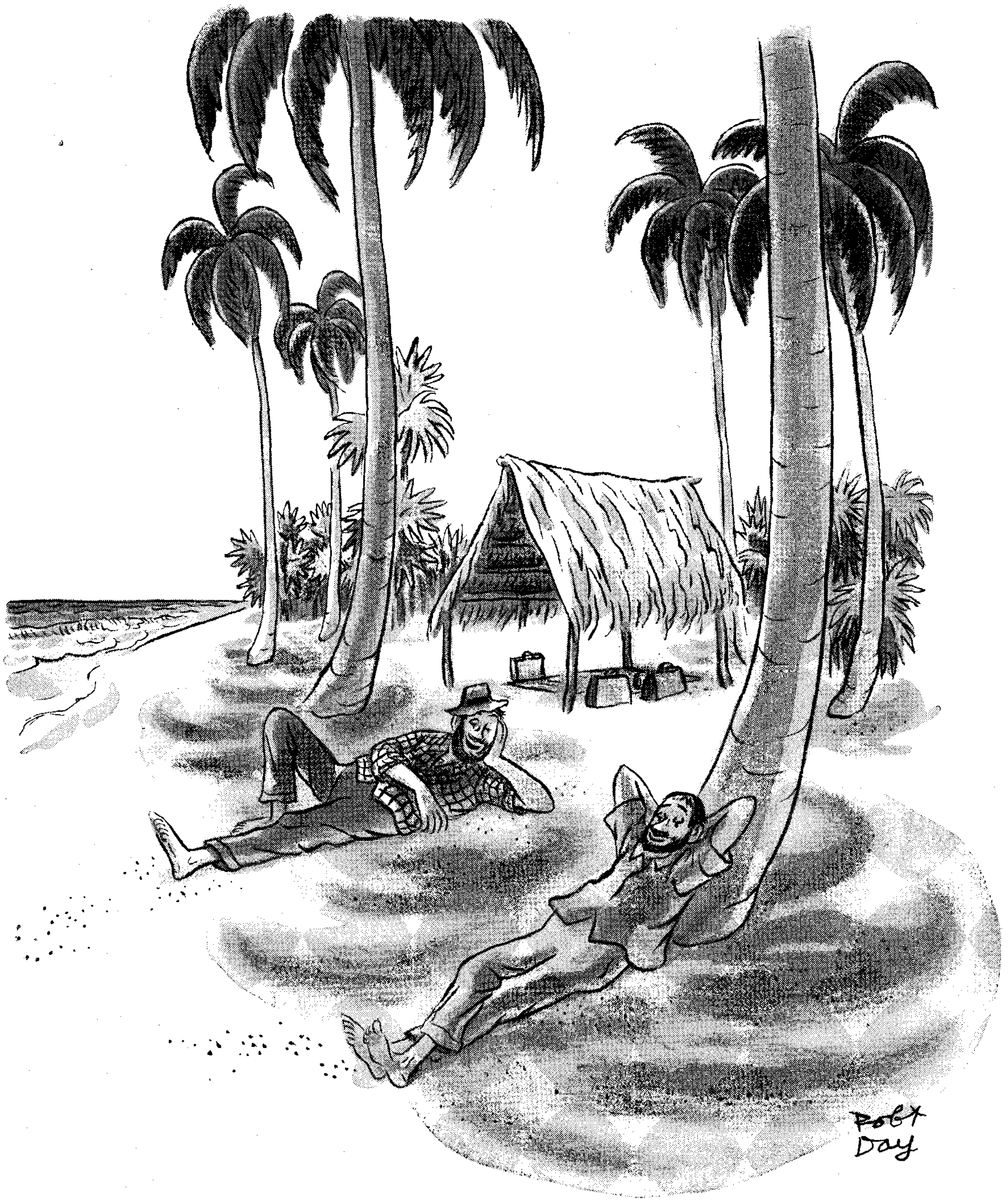
THE flight to Ireland next morning took about two hours, and by the time I had reached Dublin and got a hotel room, it was nearly noon. I telephoned the number Owen had given me, but got no answer, and I decided to take a walk and have lunch before trying again. It was a cold and windy spring day, with hundreds of thick, low-bellied clouds racing across the sky. I had never seen a sky that loomed so large over a city, or one that changed its aspect so often. There would be intensely bright sunlight for a short while, then everything would rapidly dissolve into darkness, and rain would swirl about for a few minutes. Then, just as suddenly, the sky would clear and the sun would shine again. It even snowed at brief intervals. That it wasn't at all the sort of weather to be expected was obvious, for the city was decked out with banners and signs proclaiming the An Tóstal, or Ireland at Home, festival, which was to begin the following week. Colored paper lanterns had been strung on wires between the lampposts, and boxes of flowers had been placed beneath the lights at the tops of the posts, but the weather was so wintry that many of the lanterns were torn, and the flowers drooped over the sides of the boxes, withered and unfestive. Crowds surged endlessly up and down O'Connell Street and across the bridge over the River Liffey; they looked smaller than life under the vast, low sky.

I walked down to the bridge, crossed over to the other side, and stopped at a restaurant a few blocks farther on to have lunch. Then I went up to St. Stephen's Green. This wasn't far from where Owen lived—I remembered his saying so—and as I walked I looked up at each sign until I came to his street, Camden Row. As long as I was this close, I thought, I might as well go directly to the house, instead of telephoning again. It wasn't far down the block—a severe gray brick building, with a short flight of stone steps going up to the door. I rang the bell, and waited. In a moment, the door opened part way, and a small, furtive-faced woman peered out.

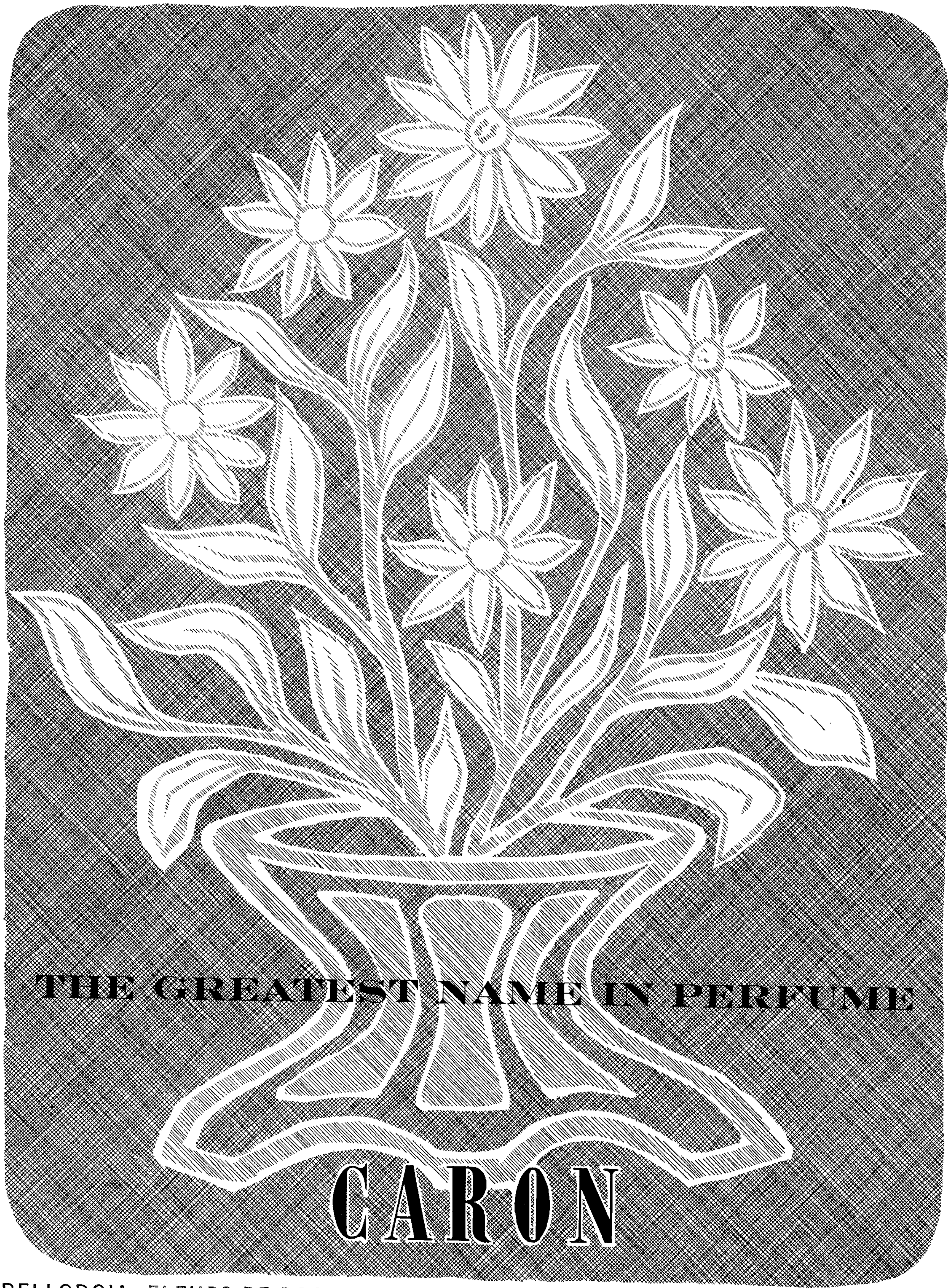
"What is it?" she demanded.

"Does Owen Loughran live here?" I asked. She looked at me blankly. I gave her my name, explaining that I had known Owen years ago.

"Wait here," she said, and, leaving the door ajar, she disappeared down the hall. A few minutes went by, and then I heard footsteps in the hallway—this time the heavy steps of a man. When the door swung open and the man revealed himself, I knew at once that it must be Owen's brother Emmett. He was tall and powerfully built, with a large head topped by thick gray hair, and he had piercing blue eyes and a small, tight-lipped mouth. The clerical collar he wore pinched his neck, giving his heavy-jowled face a purplish cast. He had on a lightweight black coat over his black suit, and he was carrying a hat in one hand, as though he were ready to go out. "I'm Emmett

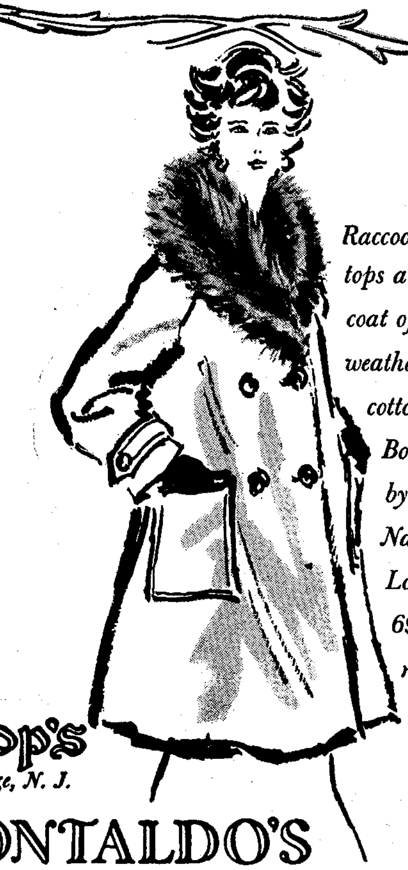


"I'll tell you someone else who's wondering what happened to me—the record club that sent me all nine Beethoven symphonies for only $3.98 as an inducement to join."


THE GREATEST NAME IN PERFUME
CARON

BELLODGIA • FLEURS DE ROCAILLE • NUIT DE NOEL • MUGUET DU BONHEUR • POIVRE

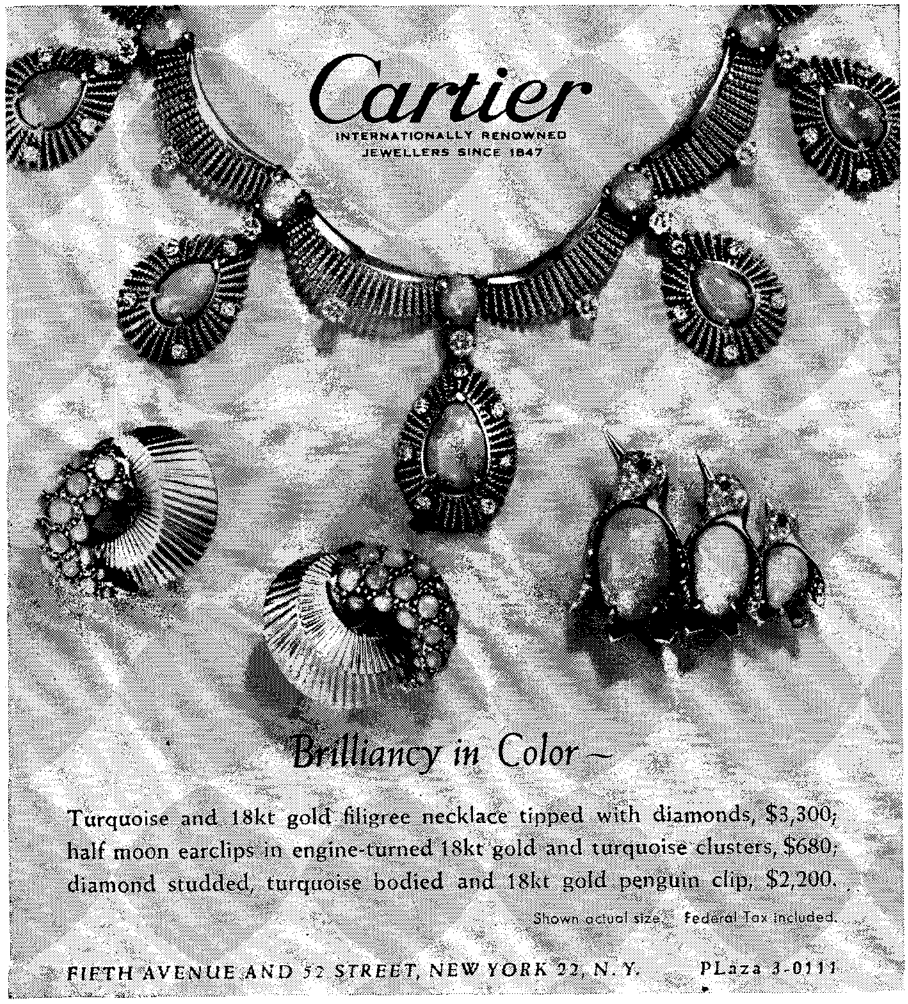
© Caron, 1956



Raccoon tops a good-time coat of weather-resistant cotton poplin, Borg Orlon lined, by Sandy Smith. Natural or Loden-green 6-16, 69.95. Order from nearest Montaldo's, or Doop's

Doop's
East Orange, N. J.

MONTALDO'S
Charlotte, Winston-Salem, Greensboro, Durham, N. C. • Richmond, Va. • St. Louis
Denver • Colorado Springs • Bartlesville, Okla. • Hot Springs, Ark. • Columbus, Ohio



Cartier
INTERNATIONALLY RENOWNED
JEWELLERS SINCE 1847

Brilliancy in Color—

Turquoise and 18kt gold filigree necklace tipped with diamonds, $3,300; half moon earclips in engine-turned 18kt gold and turquoise clusters, $680; diamond studded, turquoise bodied and 18kt gold penguin clip, $2,200.

Shown actual size. Federal Tax included.

FIFTH AVENUE AND 52 STREET, NEW YORK 22, N. Y. PLaza 3-0111

Loughran," he said. "What did you want with Owen?"

I explained again who I was, and how I had known his brother. When I had finished, he looked at me, his face completely expressionless, and said, "Owen's dead."

"Dead?" A kind of crazy feeling swept over me, a sudden conviction that I had known all the time that this was what I was going to hear, that I was simply verifying something I had already taken for granted.

"Yes," said Emmett. "He died of pneumonia five months after he came home." There was no trace of emotion in his voice. He could have been answering a census-taker.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't know." I stood there on the doorstep, wondering what to say next.

"I was just on my way out," said Emmett. "I'm going down near O'Connell Street. If you're going that way, we can walk together."

"All right," I said. He put on his hat and slammed the door shut, and we started toward St. Stephen's Green. The sky had darkened again, and the wind was whirling the flakes of a light snow flurry in thin veils down the street. I tried to think of something to say, but the news of Owen's death had numbed my mind. I hadn't expected even to see Emmett, much less carry on a conversation with him, yet, as we were walking, I had the odd feeling that it was expressly for this encounter with Owen's brother that I had come to Dublin.

"It's strange weather to be having, isn't it?" Emmett said after we had walked in silence for a few minutes.

"Yes," I said. "It's not much like spring."

"And not very good for our An Tóstal," Emmett said, with an amen-like finality. We lapsed into silence again. When we reached St. Stephen's Green and started walking down toward the Liffey, he turned to me and said, "So you were with Owen at Biarritz. From what he told me, it was a pretty elegant thing for the Army to be having. Or perhaps that's not unusual. I've noticed you Americans have a tendency to make everything as pleasant as possible for yourselves." At first I thought he was poking fun at me, but he wasn't. His face was deadly serious, and he spoke with an almost savage relish, as though this were something he had wanted to get off his chest for a long time.

"It wasn't typical," I said.

"I'm glad to hear that," Emmett said. "Life in the Army isn't supposed to be a fancy ball. I don't think Owen was helped much by his stay at Biarritz."

"He seemed to like it," I said.

"I didn't say he didn't like it," said Emmett. "I said I didn't think it helped him. He wanted to become a priest, you know. He would have entered the seminary in another month."

"He wasn't sure about becoming a priest," I said.

"He was," said Emmett, "when he left Dublin. He knew he had a promise to keep, and he intended to keep it."

"And you think his being in the Army changed that?" I asked.

"Not the Army," said Emmett. "Most armies have discipline—and Owen needed discipline. As long as there was a strong hand somewhere, he was all right. But this Biarritz foolishness—that was something else again. No firm rules or regulations. Everything out of hand. That sort of nonsense isn't good for anyone. It's no wonder Owen came back to Dublin half sick and full of soft ideas."

"Biarritz didn't last long enough to have that much effect on anyone," I said. "Besides, Owen had doubts long before he went there."

"Not while he was in Dublin, he didn't," said Emmett. "He knew what he wanted—you can be sure of that."

I thought of the Owen I had known, and wondered if he could ever have been the way Emmett pictured him. It didn't seem likely. Emmett was describing an Owen he had conjured up, an Owen he could live with comfortably through the years. I wondered what he would say if I told him about that night in Lourdes. It would make no difference, probably. "What became of the girl?" I asked.

"What girl is that?" said Emmett, looking straight ahead.

"The girl Owen liked so much. Her name was Anne, I think."

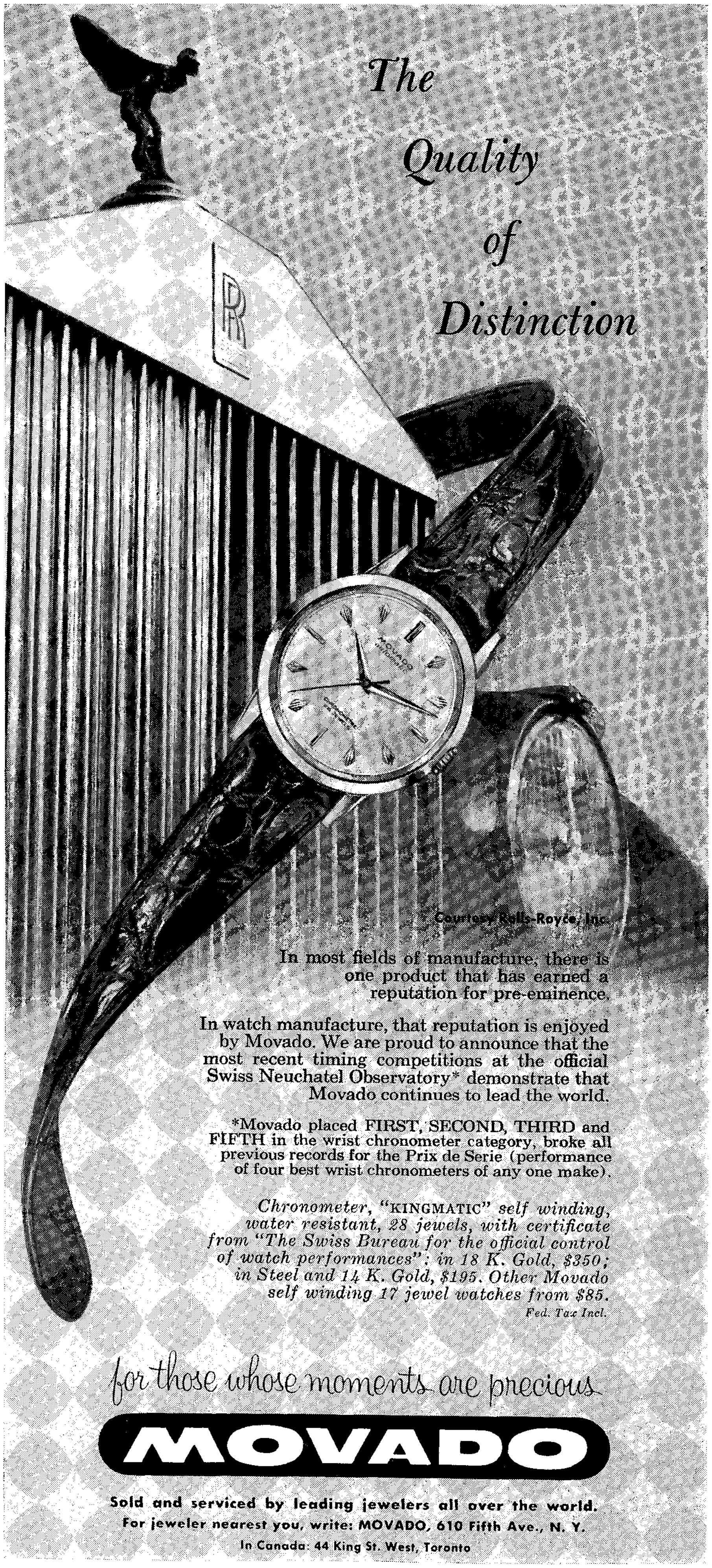
Emmett knit his brows. "Let me see," he said. "Oh, yes. It's Anne Devlin you must be thinking of. They went to school together. It was nothing serious at all between them. She went off to America years ago."

"Owen was serious," I said. "He wanted to marry her."

Emmett laughed. "Of course he did—at Biarritz. That's a very good example of what I've been talking about. The undisciplined atmosphere affected him, and perhaps for the moment he lost his head a bit. But it wasn't his true intention."

"It was when I last saw him," I said.

"Really?" Emmett smiled faint-



The Quality of Distinction
Courtesy Rolls-Royce, Inc.
for those whose moments are precious
MOVADO

In most fields of manufacture, there is one product that has earned a reputation for pre-eminence.

In watch manufacture, that reputation is enjoyed by Movado. We are proud to announce that the most recent timing competitions at the official Swiss Neuchatel Observatory* demonstrate that Movado continues to lead the world.

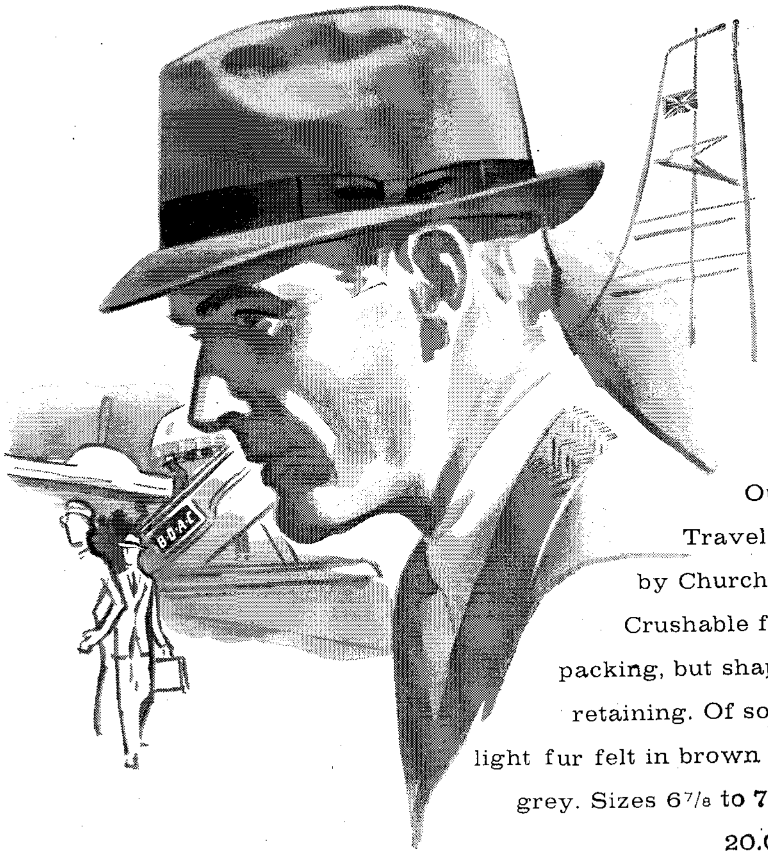
*Movado placed FIRST, SECOND, THIRD and FIFTH in the wrist chronometer category, broke all previous records for the Prix de Serie (performance of four best wrist chronometers of any one make).

Chronometer, "KINGMATIC" self winding, water resistant, 28 jewels, with certificate from "The Swiss Bureau for the official control of watch performances"; in 18 K. Gold, $350; in Steel and 14 K. Gold, $195. Other Movado self winding 17 jewel watches from $85.

Fed. Tax Incl.

Sold and serviced by leading jewelers all over the world.
For jeweler nearest you, write: MOVADO, 610 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
In Canada: 44 King St. West, Toronto

Neiman-Marcus



Our Traveler by Churchill. Crushable for packing, but shape retaining. Of soft, light fur felt in brown or grey. Sizes 6⁷/₈ to 7⁵/₈

20.00

Mail orders to Dallas   Add 50c for mailing

GANT
OF NEW HAVEN

Men of uncompromising good taste prefer our authentic button down shirt in stripings . . . a varied selection in fine oxfords, broadcloth and madras.

Paul Stuart, Inc., **New York** • Lord & Taylor, **New York** • Beckley's, **Athens, Ohio** • Mickelson's Mens Shop, **Sioux City, Iowa** • Nelms & Blum, **Greenville, Miss.** • Nelson & Gwatkin, **Richmond, Va.** • Sheraton Mens Shop, **High Point, N. C.** • Herm Siegle, **Studio City, Cal.** • Lanes, **Coral Gables, Fla.** • McManus & Riley Inc., **Albany, N. Y.** • M. V. Moore Co., **Asheville, N. C.** • R. C. Watts, **La Jolla, Cal.** • Wilson's, C. J. Of Course, **Delaware, Ohio** • Youngs, **Birmingham, Mich.** • Yockeys, **Evansville, Ind.** • Varsity Shop, **Baton Rouge, La.** • McDonnell & Co., **Tulsa, Okla.** • Baskin Clothing Co., **Chicago, Ill.** • John Charles Ltd., **Tarrytown, N. Y.** • R. H. Stearns, **Boston, Mass.** • E & W Clothing Co., **Rockford, Ill.** • Gentry, **Warren, Ohio** • Greens, **Okoboji, Iowa** • James Campus Shop, **Granville, Ohio** • Webbs, **Utica, N. Y.** • Whitlows, **Davenport, Iowa** • Wills Camp Co., **Lynchburg, Va.**

GANT OF NEW HAVEN, 162 JAMES ST., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

ly. "Well, I'm sure one of the students put him up to it. Kept forcing the idea into his mind, so to speak. You know how it is."

It was no use trying to get him to see any Owen other than the one he wanted to see. "You make it sound as though the whole student body was plotting to corrupt him," I said, laughing.

"Corruption's an elusive thing," said Emmett, looking at me coldly. "You're not a Catholic, are you?"

"No," I said.

"Then there's no use talking about the matter. You wouldn't understand." We were approaching the O'Connell Street bridge, and Emmett walked off to one side of the pavement, out of the way of passersby. "I'll have to leave you here," he said, stopping abruptly. "I'm going this way." He nodded toward the part of Dublin that lay along the Liffey east of the bridge. Apparently he had said all he intended to say. It was just as well. I had no desire to wage a post-mortem battle over Owen.

"I'm sorry we had to argue," I said. "It's kind of foolish, now that Owen's dead."

"Yes, he's dead," said Emmett, looking down at the water. "It's over and done with." There was a slight catch in his voice as he spoke, and when he turned to me I caught what seemed to be a fleeting shadow of doubt on his face. For an instant, I thought he was going to relent and tell me that he hadn't meant to sound so harsh, that perhaps he had been wrong about Owen. Then he raised his eyes to the bridge and watched a group of young priests walking to the other side. They looked strong and fresh-faced in the late-afternoon sun, and their black robes fluttered wildly in the wind. "Yes, it's a great pity," he said, narrowing his eyes and pursing his lips defiantly. "Owen would have made a fine priest."

—FREDERICK L. KEEFE

•

DEAR MR. W———:

The Forvm of the Twelve Caesars is pleased to welcome yov as a Roman Emperor in New York.

With the enclosed signatvre card, credit is being established in yovr name. Vpon receipt of the card yovr accovnt will be opened.

We look forward to greeting yov soon. It will be ovr pleasvre to serve yov.

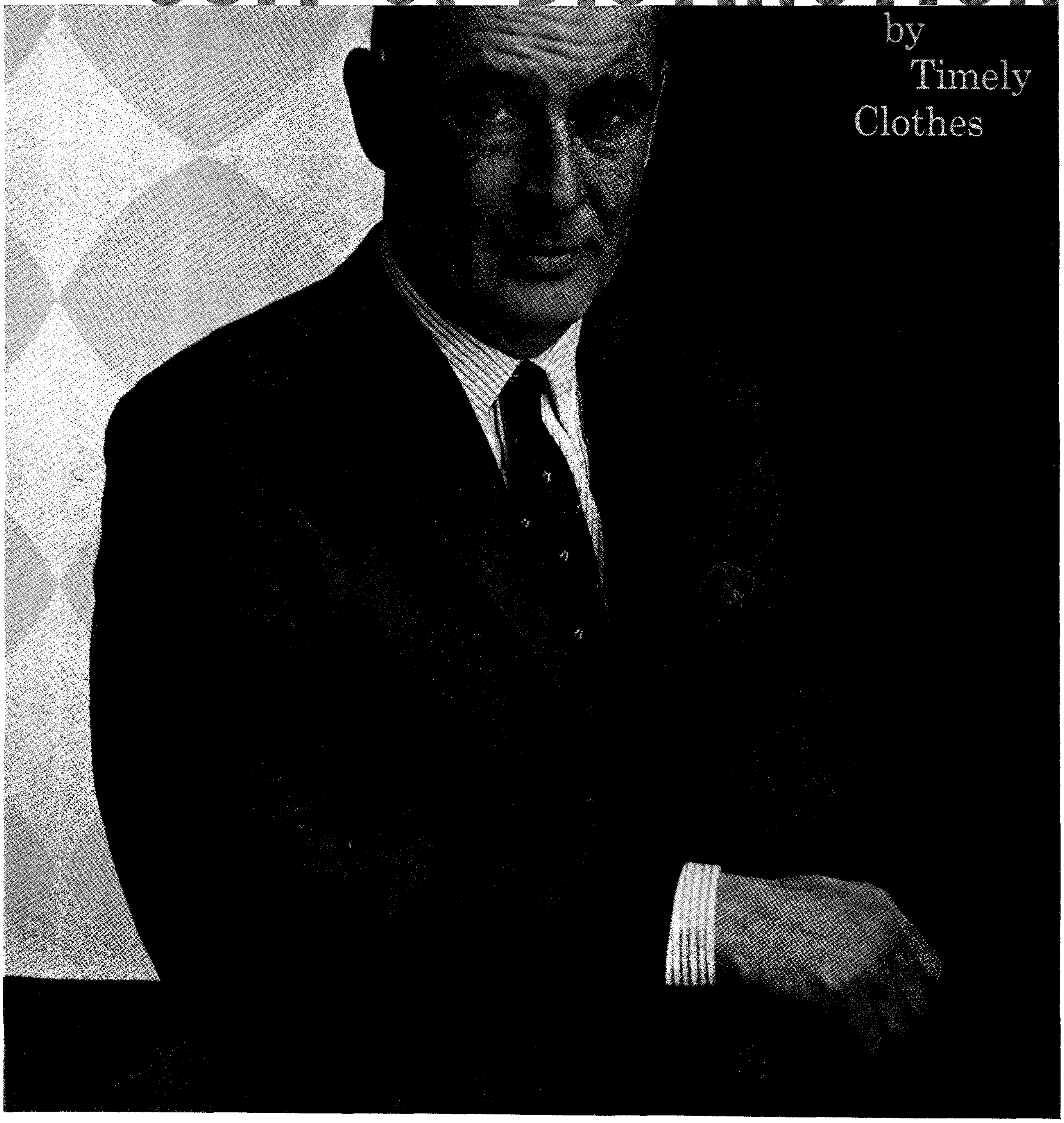
Sincerely,
ALAN LEWIS
General Manager

—*Letter from an eatery on West Forty-eighth Street.*

Do you accept I.O.V.s?

the man has arrived...he wears a

SUIT OF DISTINCTION



Here are all the earmarks of success: Imported fabrics from Britain's best mills. Fluent, understated lines. And a wealth of important detail — luxury linings, ram's horn buttons, and other fine touches that show only in the superlative effect when you wear this suit!

Balanced Tailoring® *makes*
TIMELY® CLOTHES
look better... longer!

FREE! 28-page booklet, "How To Choose Clothes To Improve Your Appearance." Write Timely Clothes, Dept. Y-1, Rochester 2, N. Y. Dress Right—You Can't Afford Not To!

STRAIGHT VODKA
SMIRNOFF
VODKA

BENNY GOODMAN, WORLD-RENOWNED KING OF SWING

"IT LEAVES YOU BREATHLESS!" says Benny Goodman

Smooth, flawless Smirnoff gives you everything you ask for in a vodka. And nothing you *don't* want! Having virtually no taste of its own, it never "takes over" in your drinks. It has no "breath"... leaves no whisper of liquor on your lips. Let nobody tell you all vodkas are the same. Make sure you get the one and only *Smirnoff*. Just mention our name!

the vodka of vodkas

Smirnoff®
THE GREATEST NAME IN VODKA

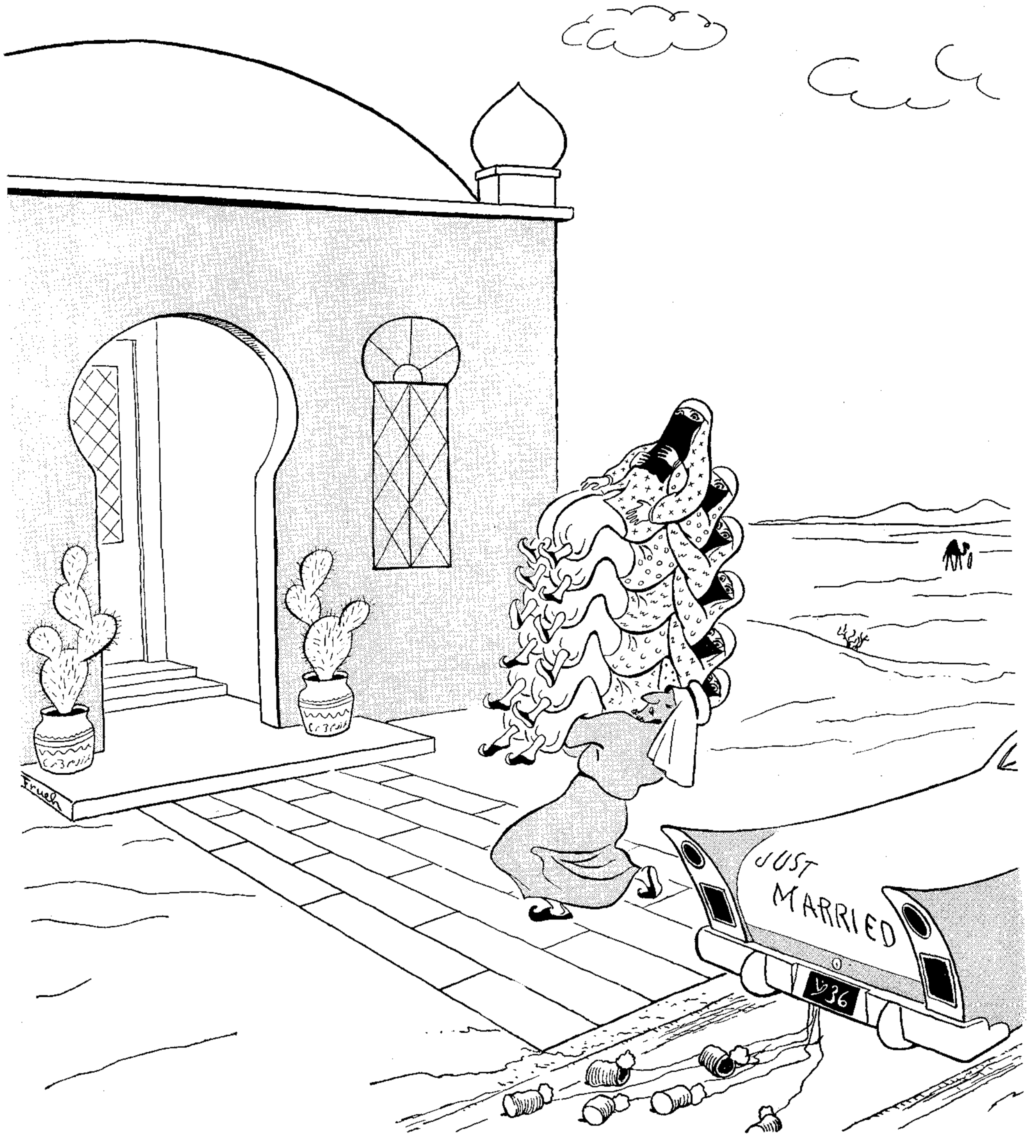
80 AND 100 PROOF. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. STE. PIERRE SMIRNOFF FLS. (DIVISION OF HEUBLEIN), HARTFORD, CONN.

THE THEATRE

EXPERIMENTS, WORTH-WHILE AND OTHERWISE

EVEN in the age of theatrical innocence, the construction of a musical comedy was an artful and synthetic enterprise, a kind of elaborate parlor trick. You assembled as many crowd-pleasing elements as possible, and hoped that they looked as though they belonged together. Given luck and skill, you wound up with a whole that was greater than the sum of its parts—a play, as the saying went, with songs, dances, and laughs. In any case, you provided the public with songs, dances, laughs, and a plot, and an opportunity to buy tickets. In the old days, you did all this from professional habit, so to speak—because you were in the musical-comedy racket. Today, musical comedies sometimes spring from an even less natural cause. Artifice has been compounded; in short, people occasionally write musical comedies in order to prove that they can write musical comedies. "Goldilocks," which opened at the Lunt-Fontanne Theatre last Saturday night, has the air of being the sort of arbitrary project I have in mind. Like a number of other post-Second World War musicals, it seems to have been created to meet the challenge of an old tradition. The tradition is a fine as well as an old one, and I'm glad to say that "Goldilocks" does it justice. The pace of the show is gay and brisk. The songs, though they smack a little of the laboratory, are tuneful and sensible. The performers are more than competent, and the staging and direction are first-class. The book—it was written by Walter and Jean Kerr, who also collaborated with Joan Ford on the lyrics—belongs in the true line of musical-comedy books, in the sense that it leaves one thinking that another story might have suited the authors' purposes just as well. The title is open to the same suspicion.

The heroine of "Goldilocks" is an actress who has trapped herself into working for a pioneer producer of movies in the year 1913. The producer is described—anachronistically, I should think—as being "on the make," and as a "hustler" (meaning a crook). However, there is a strain of idealism in him, as there is in all musical-comedy male leads; with the unpaid-for scenery and equipment at his disposal, he would like to film an epic of ancient Egypt instead of one-reelers about cowboys, Indians, and pirates. As this quirk of character demonstrates, the tone of "Goldilocks" is satirical. It is also conventional and conciliatory, in that the actress learns to love the incipient D. W. Griffith, and eventually throws over a wealthy suitor to marry him. In their treatment of this situation, Mr. and Mrs. Kerr have achieved a judicious blend of the cynical and the wholesome, as well as a nice balance between wild action and romantic pause. The lines they have written are now funny, now sentimental, but mainly the former. The score of the show, by Leroy Anderson, is mixed in somewhat the same proportions. By old-fashioned musical-show standards, Mr. Anderson is a cautious and almost academic composer. Still, some of his tunes have a grace that, combined with the simpler lyrics of the Kerrs and Miss Ford, reminded me of certain Jerome Kern-P. G. Wodehouse songs of the period of "Oh, Lady, Lady!" and "Leave It to Jane." The lighter numbers, including patter songs like "Bad Companions" and "Two Years in the Making," are uniformly good. The love songs have a tendency to languish into artiness, like Noël Coward's. Lyric love in "Goldilocks" is overpoweringly dactylic—"merest smile . . . dearest smile," "play around . . . stay around," "why, my love . . . goodbye, my love." (There is a dactylic rhyme in one of the comic songs that Lorenz Hart might have steered clear of—"the mess I'm in" and "specimen.") By far the best of Mr. Anderson's music is the dance music. As staged by Agnes



SAN FRANCISCO • OAKLAND • PALO ALTO • SACRAMENTO • FRESNO • LOS ANGELES • BEVERLY HILLS
PASADENA • SANTA BARBARA • LA JOLLA • SANTA ANA • SEATTLE

I. Magnin & Co. likes the softened fit of this Vanguard suit in flower-printed wool challis; red, blue or green in 10 to 20 sizes 139.95

mail orders (add 55¢ for shipping) to 3240 Wilshire, Los Angeles or telephone your nearest I. Magnin store

high fashion in *fragrance*

robe d'un soir
carven
ma griffe
carven

robe d'un soir • ma griffe

carven-parfums
paris

de Mille and performed by Pat Stanley and a supporting chorus, two of the dance routines, "The Pussy Foot" and "The Town House Maxixe," are splendidly exciting and evocative.

Elaine Stritch, in the role of the actress who becomes involved in an infant medium against her better judgment, is as golden and vigorous as the sound of a trombone. Don Ameche and Russell Nype do expert work as two standard masculine types of the musical stage, the lovable rascal and the sweet stuffed shirt. Mr. Kerr has displayed high skill in the direction of a show that strikes me, as I've said, as being an intellectual exercise in musical-comedy writing, rather than a low-down, aged-and-charred-in-the-barrel sample of the form.

BROADWAY history suggests that possession of a quick idea for a farce is a seductive experience, like owning a race horse or a piece of a prizefighter. That is, the owner, no matter how well he knows the world, tends to see his property's chances as surefire, and to hurry them on to the test. "There's a hell of a play in the maternity-dress business," he says to himself, or "Woman trouble in a military academy—it writes itself!," or "This hayseed picks daily-double winners in his dreams. All it needs is a second-act curtain!" Sometimes his instinct turns out to be sound, sometimes it doesn't. Either way, the urge to get the notion onto the stage is obviously hard to resist, and encouragement seems to be readily forthcoming, as often as not from George Abbott. I would guess that it was the unsettling influence of a sudden, neatly shaped comic idea that led Abram S. Ginnes and Ira Wallach, a pair of seasoned and responsible playwrights, to write and market "Drink to Me Only," which took its slightly unsteady stand at the Fifty-fourth Street Theatre (formerly the Adelphi) last week. There is no other plausible explanation for the play. The thought that appears to have inspired it is, tersely stated, this: Young guy, a lawyer, drinks two bottles of whiskey in twelve hours, in the presence of an unimpeachable witness, to prove a point in a client's case. Probably there was a nugget of merit in this whim, because there is merit in one scene of "Drink to Me Only"—Act III, Scene 1, a funny, efficient passage set in a courtroom, in which Mr. Ginnes and Mr. Wallach have been able to state the gist of their hypothesis and to show how it works out. The rest is moral trimmings, unnecessary to the spirit of

See the big show
at the Waldorf…
OCT. 16-22

Imagination in motion

General Motors' exciting new Motorama features GM's new line of design for '59 in the new Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick and Cadillac. In addition, there's a magnificent stage spectacular produced by Maurice Evans. Plus an exciting new experimental car that introduces a whole new method of car control, the fabulous Firebird III. Lots and lots of exhibits to see, and many you can operate yourself. Admission is free—Waldorf-Astoria, New York. (Use 49th Street entrance only.) Oct. 16-22. Open 9 A.M. to midnight every day, Thursday from 1:00 P.M., Sunday from noon. Youngsters must be accompanied by parents.

FREE
ADMISSION

GM MOTORAMA

Rays of Gold

Bracelet, diagonal gold rays edged with scallop of diamonds $3,300

Earclips, graceful overlapping leaves with diamond centers $1,250

Ring, swirling dome topped with diamonds $850

Clip, twin leaf of golden rays rimmed with diamonds $950

VAN CLEEF & ARPELS

World-Famous French Jewelers

744 FIFTH AVE., N.Y. · Palm Beach · Paris · London · Monte Carlo · Cannes · Deauville · Caracas

© *Jewels actual size. Prices include Fed. Tax.*

I turn to silk

when I see him—

a softly tied shirtdress,

incredibly feminine.

A Craely design, ours alone,

in silk broadcloth—black,

taupe, or blue. 8 to 16, 29.95

Spectator Dress Shop,

Lord & Taylor

the play, and a protracted drinking scene that would be wholly tedious if it were not for the physical attributes of Tom Poston, who plays the part of the young lawyer.

Mr. Poston is a long, lean, acrobatic actor, and therefore a long, lean, acrobatic drunk. An angular drunk—one who bends sharply at the knees, hips, elbows, and neck—is funnier and more spectacular, visually, than a squat, rolling drunk. Mr. Poston—lurching, leaning, hanging from phantom cliffs, describing straight, pure, reckless lines in the air—extracts the ultimate in entertainment from his condition. I doubt if Mr. Abbott (who, naturally, directed the play) has ever handled a more rewarding souse. To consider the story from a physiological standpoint, it's likely that if Mr. Poston had been stouter, he would have been not only less comical but also less intoxicated. As it was, he was barely able to prove his argument—a safe one, given a subject of suitable age and normal width and thickness—that drinking two fifths of Scotch in half a day will not necessarily kill or stupefy a man. "Drink to Me Only" also has the benefit of amusing performances by Paul Hartman, as a sprightly and hollow-headed playboy, and by John McGiver, as a one-bottle lawyer.

—JOHN LARDNER

OFF BROADWAY

Man Overbored

ONE raw evening last week, on a street called Bleecker, in the village of G——, passersby might have seen a pale young man, shabbily dressed and quite distracted in appearance, standing outside the Renata Theatre. His eyes burned with excitement as he hailed a cab. "How bored I am!" he exclaimed to the driver. "*Tfoo*, how tiresome everything is!"

Profoundly incurious, like most of his class, the driver merely asked the young man where he wished "to be dropped at." "Yes, yes," the young man stammered in confusion, "to be sure, my destination—forgive me! As to that . . . My dear sir, only fancy, I have spent a very Russian evening at the theatre, watching 'Ivanov,' by Anton Chekhov, who was, as you must know— *A-ach!* how I wander!" The taxi slowly moved off, but in a direction contrary to the young man's lodgings. "It is because I am a coward that I say nothing," he muttered, biting his lips. Then, more loudly, to the driver: "I beg you attend to me, for I firmly believe in educating the lower classes." The older man made

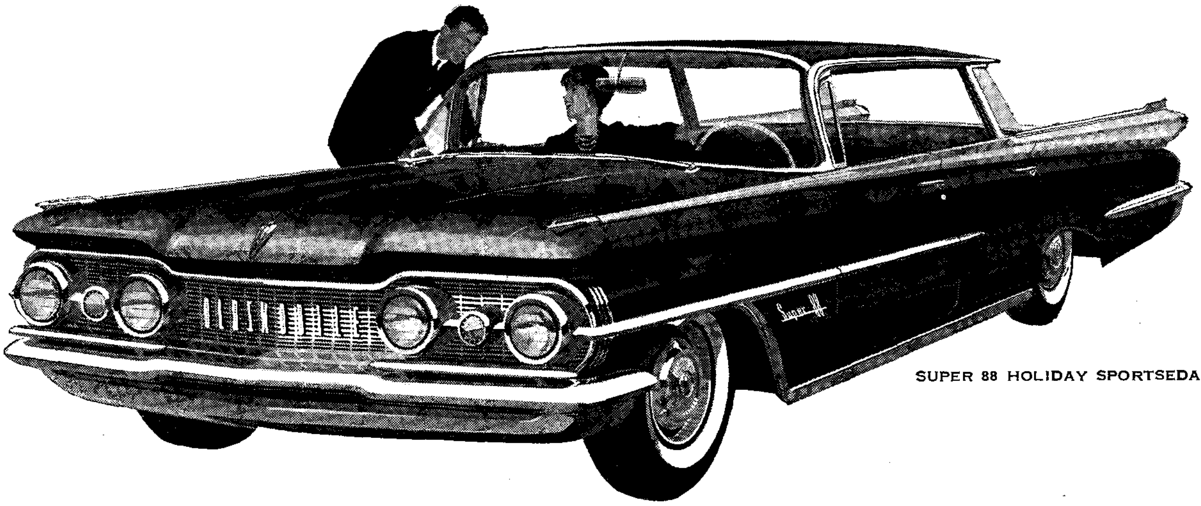
You are invited to see the
start of a new styling cycle

OLDSMOBILE
FOR '59

at the

GM MOTORAMA

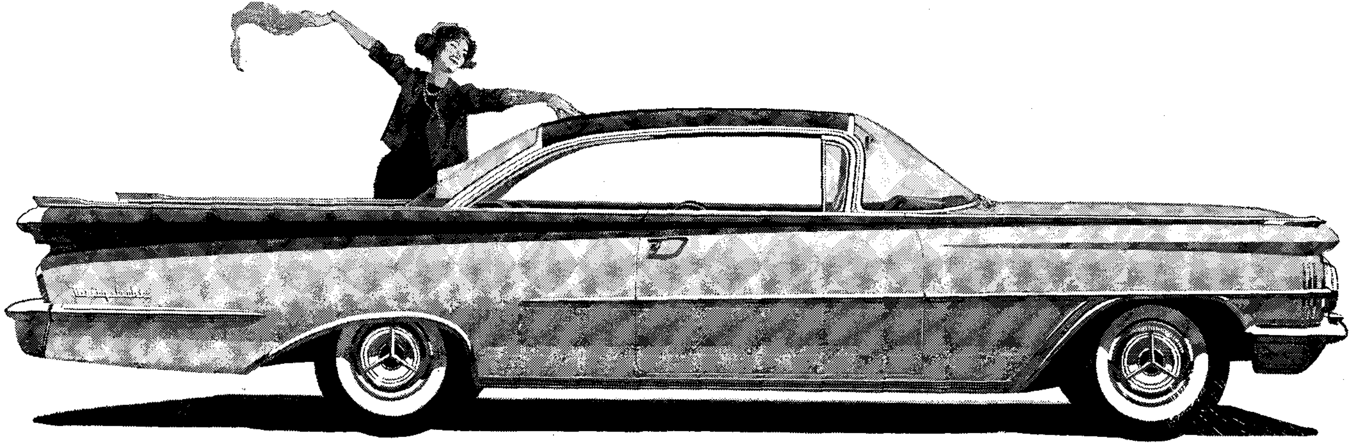
WALDORF-ASTORIA, OCT. 16 THRU OCT. 22



SUPER 88 HOLIDAY SPORTSEDAN

So totally NEW...
so typically OLDS!

This is Oldsmobile's new "Linear Look"... sweeping expanses of glass for vision and beauty . . . spaciousness and stretch-out roominess for comfort! And beneath the gleaming hood . . . the smoothest, quietest, most economy-minded Rocket Engine ever! You'll see dozens of new safety and convenience features at the Oldsmobile exhibit where you'll meet the cars that herald the start of a new styling cycle—Oldsmobile for '59!



NINETY-EIGHT HOLIDAY SCENICOUPE

VISIT YOUR LOCAL AUTHORIZED OLDSMOBILE QUALITY DEALER

For Crystal Connoisseurs

The bright sweeping lights of the meteor in flight are captured by Daum in the "Orion" bowl. Named for the Great Hunter constellation, it's made by hand in France of heavy, clear leaded crystal. Used decoratively or practically, its beauty is unmatched. Diameter is eight inches. $18.50

Add 70c beyond our delivery area

Write or Telephone Orders to Jean Tree PLaza 7-8100

BLACK STARR & GORHAM

FIFTH AVENUE AT 48TH STREET, NEW YORK 36, N.Y.
MANHASSET MILLBURN WHITE PLAINS

Don't wait to *inherit* Spode

LUNEVILLE
Place Setting $13.40

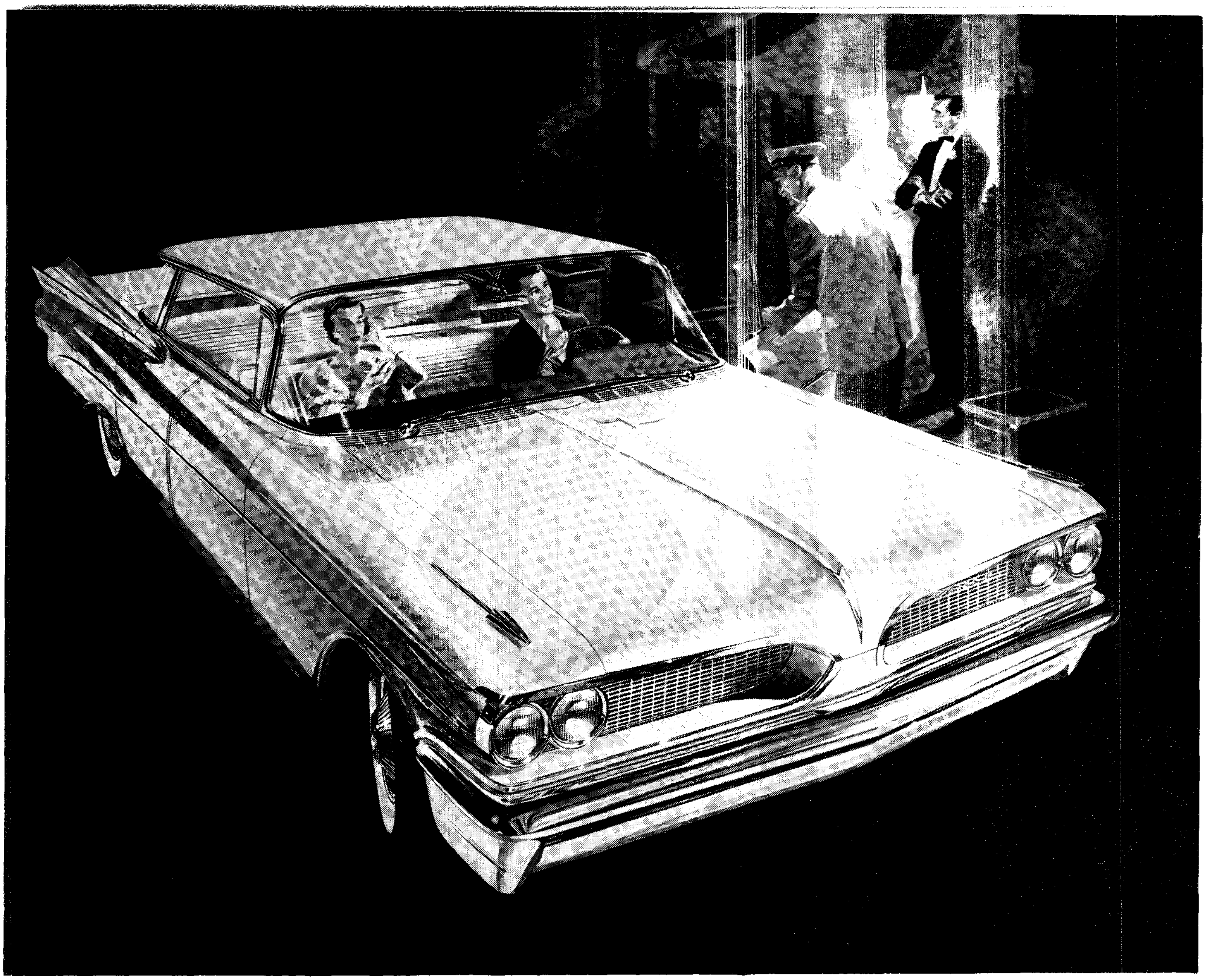
Spode
THE FINE ENGLISH
DINNERWARE

Don't deny yourself the civilizing pleasure of owning and using Spode now. This fine English dinnerware is exceptionally sturdy, relatively inexpensive and, of course, too beautiful to do without. See Spode at nearby stores or send for Booklet 71 to help you select the pattern best suited to your taste and needs.

wholesale distributors: COPELAND & THOMPSON, INC. 206 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 10, N.Y.

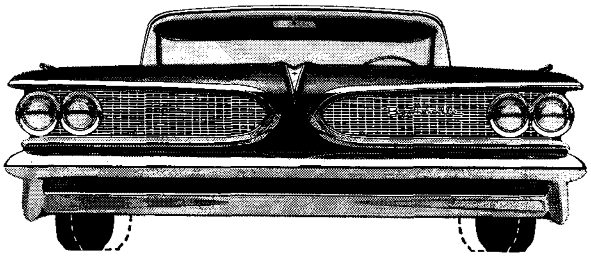
no reply to this, but in his simple heart he felt a certain pity for the youth, surmising that he had been to the University, where, like so many of our students today, he had been misled by the new ideas.

"Listen, then," the young man said, as the driver swiftly bore him across the Brooklyn Bridge. " 'Ivanov' is by no means one of Chekhov's great plays, but that does not prevent its being one of the best productions to be seen off Broadway just at present. He-he-he, on the contrary, my dear sir! Now the plot, I must tell you, involves a provincial gentleman named Nikolai Aleksyeevich Ivanov, who once was full of fire and enthusiasm for work but who now is drowsy, listless, and bored. He has married one Anna Petrovna, who is dying of tedium and tuberculosis. Ivanov knows he is a scoundrel, under the circumstances, to accept the love of a young lady named Sasha, who is romantically attracted to his weakness, but he has sunk so deeply into despondency and indifference that he lacks the will to resist or reform. Indeed, when Anna Petrovna finally does die, God rest her soul, Ivanov almost permits himself to be married to Sasha out of sheer apathy, but in the final moments of the last act he recovers just enough strength of character to shoot himself, in the best Russian manner. Of course, this mere skeleton can give you no idea of the merit of the play, which consists mainly in the touching yet irresistibly comic depiction of the wearisome life of the provinces. The second act, which takes place in the drawing room of one of Ivanov's neighbors, is particularly good, and owes a great deal to Sada Thompson, who plays Marfootka, a plump, bored, and voluptuous young widow; to James Goldsmith, who plays a fatuous devotee of card games; to Anne Fielding, who plays Sasha, an excruciatingly Slavic young lady; and to a quartet of limp young men, who say



You get the solid quality of Body by Fisher.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CHANGE OF ALL!



EXCLUSIVELY YOURS—*WIDE-TRACK* WHEELS

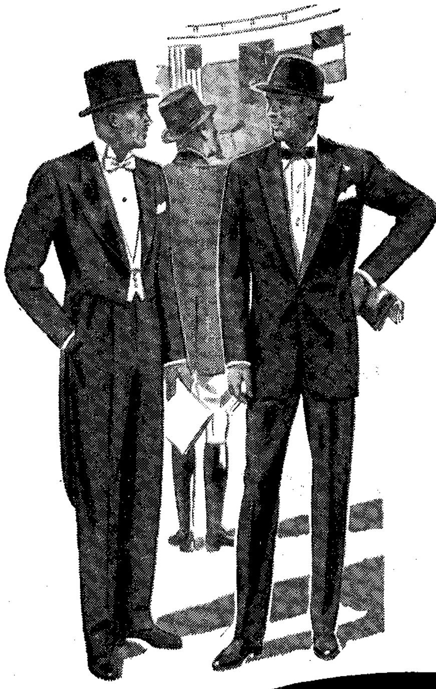
The wheels are moved out five inches for the widest, steadiest stance in America—better cooling for engine and brakes—lower center of gravity for better grip on the road, safer cornering, smoother ride, easier handling. *You get the most beautiful roadability you've ever known in America's Number One Road Car—Pontiac for 1959!*

See It At The Motorama. One look at Pontiac with exclusive Wide-Track Wheels tells you that here is something beautifully different in automobiles. Conventional cars *without* Wide-Track Wheels simply can't imitate the low, trim look of a '59 Pontiac or give you Pontiac's superb roadability. And there's more that sets Pontiac apart from all other cars—so much more in fact, we promise you your visit at the Pontiac exhibit will be the high point of the entire show. Come to the Motorama and discover why no car can possibly be so new as the new Pontiac.

SEE YOUR LOCAL AUTHORIZED PONTIAC DEALER

PONTIAC!

AMERICA'S NUMBER ① ROAD CAR



R S V P

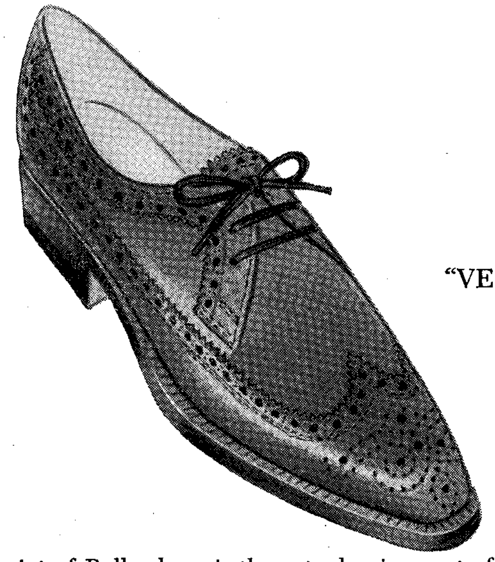
The upcoming National Horse Show is the starting signal for the formal season. The immaculate details and design of the dinner coat and more formal tailcoat deserve your calling on Rogers Peet for the ultimate in satisfaction and quality. We are past and present masters of men's apparel.

Rogers Peet company
NEW YORK BOSTON

In New York:
600 Fifth Avenue *at* 48th Street
479 Fifth Avenue *at* 41st Street
258 Broadway *at* Warren St.
In Boston:
104 Tremont St. *at* Bromfield St.

BALLY

SHOES THAT CREATE INTERNATIONAL TRENDS



"VERCELLI"

The strong point of Bally shoes is the actual enjoyment of wearing them. This shaped, square-toe blucher brings new honor to a good wardrobe. Black or Brown Moose Calf. Bally shoes start at 27.50.

At ROGERS PEET *new york & boston*/HESS *baltimore*/NORDSTROM *seattle*/FRANK WERNER *san francisco*/BULLOCK'S WILSHIRE *los angeles*/RICH'S *washington d.c.*/ JORDAN MARSH *miami*/MORRIS BOOTMAKERS *beverly hills*. For other shops, write BALLY, INC., 444 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

nothing and merely droop over the furniture. But how I run on! Doubtless you wish to hear my criticism of the play."

The honest fellow made no reply, but returned to the city by way of the Triborough Bridge, and headed downtown once more. "Ah yes, my criticism . . . As to that . . ." The young man wound his watch, polished his spectacles, hooked his thumbs in the armholes of a greasy vest, and generally behaved as a man of substance about to deliver an important judgment. "Well, it seems to me, my dear man, that the character of Ivanov is the flaw of the play. We are required to take it on faith that he was once a capable, energetic person, for he shows no evidence of it, and we are given almost no explanation of his fall from greatness. Consequently, he is not as interesting as he might have been, and, in fact, it is largely due to the talent of his impersonator, Paul Stevens, that we do not find him as tiresome as he finds life. Still, I would not have you stay home and debase yourself with television on that account. The play is well worth seeing, and if it is not wholly characteristic of Chekhov at his best, it is nonetheless characteristically Russian. One sees in it glimpses of Turgenev, perhaps Gogol, too, and the devil only knows who else."

The taxi had by then returned to Bleecker Street, and curious passersby might have seen the driver demand his fare, which ran to several figures. They might also have seen the young man remove an axe from his jacket and test its edge with his thumb. Observing the sudden expression of horror on the driver's face, the youth hastened to reassure him. "Have no fear, my friend. I do not mean to sacrifice the orchard in order to pay you." His lips worked in an ugly, meaningless grin, and he set off at once for a nearby pawnshop.

—DONALD MALCOLM

•

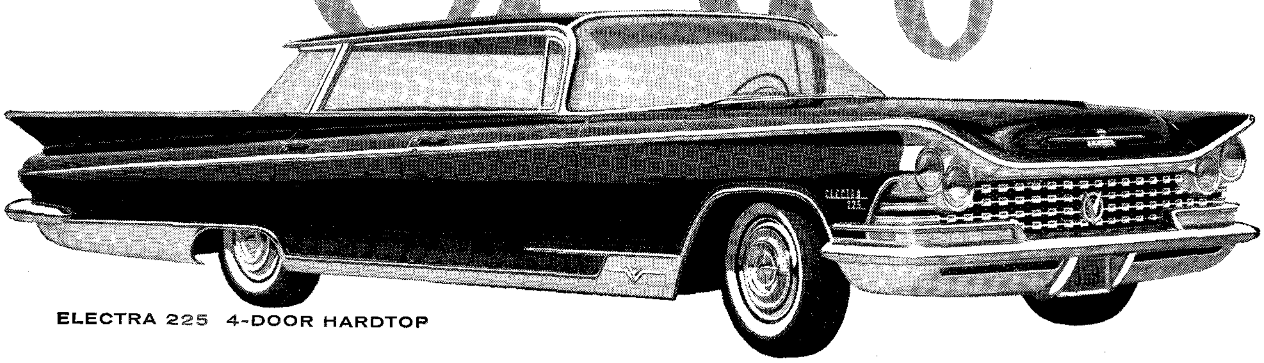
There's a way to flavor a tossed green salad with garlic without "flavoring" your dinner guests as well. Just moisten a piece of dry bread with a cut of clove of garlic, and toss the bread with the salad. Before you serve the greens, remove the bread. Your salad will have a delicious whisper of garlic flavor, and your guests will be "socially acceptable."

Of course, for those who like their garlic at any cost, try rubserving them right in the salad.
—*Northport (L.I.) Journal.*

It might work the first time.

SEE IT AT THE MOTORAMA OCTOBER 16-22
IN THE BUICK MAGIC MIRROR SALON,
WALDORF-ASTORIA HOTEL ... BUICK '59

THE
CAR



ELECTRA 225 4-DOOR HARDTOP

A NEW CLASS OF FINE CARS WITHIN REACH OF 2 OUT OF 3 NEW CAR BUYERS

LE SABRE
The thriftiest Buick

INVICTA
The most spirited Buick

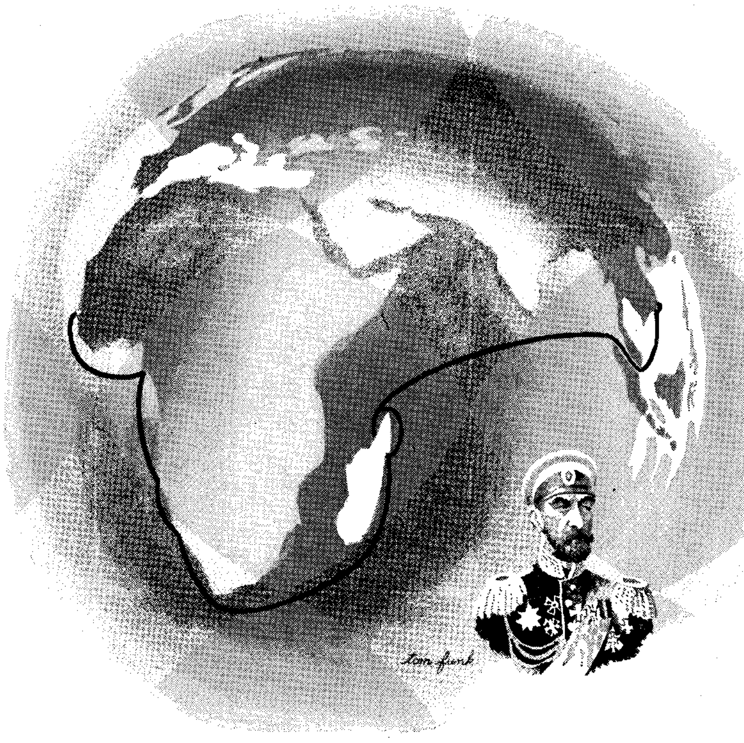
ELECTRA
The most luxurious Buick

Buick Motor Division, General Motors Corporation.

ANNALS OF THE SEA

THE DIFFICULT JOURNEY

II—MAGNIFICENT BUT FOUL



IN the middle of November, 1904, one of the most formidable fleets that Imperial Russia ever put to sea—a fleet that the Czar had dispatched from the Baltic a month before to fight what he called a "holy war"—was steaming slowly along the shores of Africa, headed for the Far East. It was called the Second Pacific Squadron; its commander was Vice Admiral Zinovi Petrovich Rozhestvensky, a tall, bearded man of fifty-six, who was noted for both his long naval experience and his volcanic temperament; its final destination was Port Arthur, a Russian naval base in southern Manchuria, almost halfway around the world; and its mission was to join up with the Russian naval forces there and to seek out and destroy the war fleet of Imperial Japan. Nine months earlier, the Japanese fleet, commanded by Admiral Heihachiro Togo, had set off the Russo-Japanese War by staging a surprise torpedo attack on the vessels in the Port Arthur roadstead, and afterward the Japanese had made phenomenal progress both at sea and on land, their infantry swarming into Manchuria and besieging Port Arthur, and their Navy effectively blockading that port and the Russian naval base at Vladivostok, six hundred miles to the north. All those months, the Japanese, the besieged Russians, and the rest of the world had been waiting, with varying emotions, for the Czar's Baltic fleet to sail to the rescue, and now, finally, after a succession of delays, blunders, and misadventures, it was well on its way.

For Russia, which in those days had no naval tradition to speak of, the enterprise—"this difficult journey," as Rozhestvensky described it to his crews, in untypical understatement—presented almost insuperable difficulties, and both before and after departure he had often been driven to extremes of exasperation that approached downright despair. Both his officers and his crews were prone to bungle, and from the start of the voyage he had maintained not only strict, even stinging discipline but a profound secretiveness, letting practically none of his subordinates know what his plans were until the moment arrived to carry them out. (So disgusted was he with some of his top officers that he enjoyed inventing abusive epithets for them, like "double-distilled idiot" and "brainless nihilist.") Although his squadron was powerful statistically—four new and three old battleships and some thirty-five other craft, including cruisers, destroyers, and a large assortment of supply ships and other auxiliaries—it actually had grave weaknesses. The new battleships—the Suvoroff, which was Rozhestvensky's flagship; the Borodino; the Oryol; and the Alexander III—were the pride of the Russian Navy, but Russian shipbuilding at the time was so erratic that even they were top-heavy and slow-moving, and as for the rest of the vessels, they were nearly all antiquated and extremely unreliable. Moreover, the squadron had undertaken its long voyage in the face of a problem that would have daunted any navy in the world. The ships would need half a million tons of coal just to get to the Far East, and Russia did not have a single supply base or coaling station along the entire route. In the face of practically universal skepticism, Rozhestvensky had made arrangements to coal at sea, if necessary. The Hamburg-Amerika Line, which had a large fleet of colliers, had agreed to meet the squadron at various predetermined rendezvous points; these were mostly just off various harbors owned by Germany, France, Morocco, Spain, or Portugal, and the hope was that the authorities would permit the warships to coal in the shelter of the ports, but, failing that, Rozhestvensky was prepared to try the vastly more difficult operation of coaling in the open ocean.

Britain had plenty of colonies along the route, but Rozhestvensky had no hope of using their ports. To begin with, the British favored the Japanese cause, and then, while steaming through the Dogger Bank, in the North Sea, Rozhestvensky had opened fire on some unarmed British trawlers, under the impression that they were Japanese torpedo boats. The British were thoroughly indignant, and so were their allies. As for the French, there was no telling how they would receive the squadron; at one harbor they might overwhelm it with kindness, and at the next they might sternly order it on its way. Of the nations whose possessions the Russian vessels skirted, only two were unequivocally friendly—Morocco and Germany. At Tangier, the Sultan gave Rozhestvensky a rousing reception and asked him to stay as long as he liked. He was in a hurry, though, and left soon after divulging one of the most momentous decisions of the voyage. That was to send two of the older battleships, three cruisers, nine destroyers, and a few auxiliaries to the Far East by way of the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal, while the rest of the vessels proceeded around the Cape of Good Hope. The Mediterranean detachment was to be under the command of Admiral Dmitri Gustavovich von Felkerzam, and it was to meet the main force at Diego Suarez,

Cadillac

cordially invites you to attend the formal presentation of

MOTORING MAJESTY

on display at the

GENERAL MOTORS MOTORAMA

Waldorf-Astoria • October 16-22 • Admission Free

Make your plans now to attend this fabulous and entertaining show—*Imagination in Motion!*

Highlighting this famous automotive spectacular for 1959 are the newest, most majestic Cadillac motor car creations of all time.

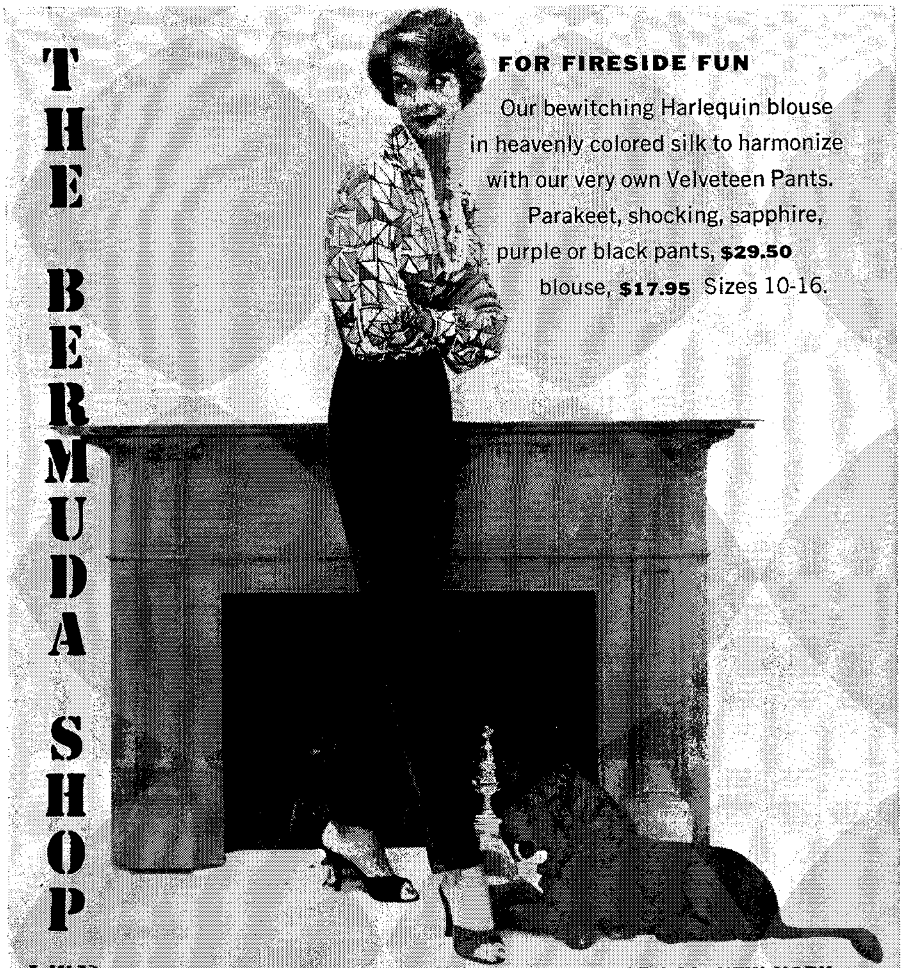
You will have every opportunity to inspect and appraise the dramatic new concepts of design and engineering presented in the latest "car of cars". And we feel certain you will agree that only from the great traditions of Cadillac could there come a motor car so surpassingly fine in every way.

We sincerely hope you will add a visit to the Motorama to your calendar of events.

And we hope, too, that you will see your authorized Cadillac dealer at an early date—to take the wheel of your favorite Cadillac model for 1959.

For an inspiring sixty minutes at the wheel . . .

VISIT YOUR LOCAL AUTHORIZED CADILLAC DEALER



THE BERMUDA SHOP

FOR FIRESIDE FUN

Our bewitching Harlequin blouse in heavenly colored silk to harmonize with our very own Velveteen Pants. Parakeet, shocking, sapphire, purple or black pants, **$29.50** blouse, **$17.95** Sizes 10-16.

LTD 545 MADISON AVENUE AT 55TH STREET, NEW YORK 22, NEW YORK

India land of Festivals

The dramatic splendor of DUSSEHRA, man's victory over evil... Serene DIVALI, the festival of myriad lights... An exotic XMAS... Rare harvest of Folk Dances, rejoicing in the birth of a Republic... Colorful, buoyant HOLI, which mirrors the frolic of the Gods of Spring and Love...

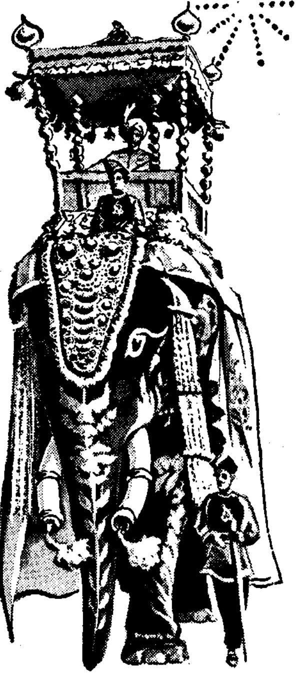
Excellent modern hotels, expert guides, Springtone climate, all travel comforts...

For illustrated brochure on Festivals, contact your Travel Agent or address Dept. NY.

GOVERNMENT OF INDIA TOURIST OFFICE

19 East 49th Street, New York 17
MUrray Hill 8-2245

685 Market Street
San Francisco 5
EXbrook 7-0066



in Madagascar—one harbor that France had flatly promised the Russians they could use.

AFTER taking on vast amounts of coal at Tangier and again (though under protest from the vacillating French) at Dakar, in French West Africa, the squadron's main force moved deep into the tropics. Its vessels were so heavily overloaded—the bunkers were full of coal, and stray sacks were stowed in the cabins and on deck—that their lower decks were almost awash; they looked as if they might capsize with the slightest beam wind. Luckily, the weather held fair, and the vessels were able to steam along at nine and a half knots, except on the frequent occasions when they were stopped dead by such obstacles as sandbars and engine breakdowns. The Kamchatka, which, being a repair ship, should have been one of the most resourceful vessels in the squadron, had long since proved to be one of the least, and on November 22nd she began falling farther and farther astern. Finally, she signalled "Dangerously damaged—cannot proceed." The Suvoroff signalled back an offer to dispatch one of her own engineers to look into the matter, whereupon the Kamchatka responded shamelessly, "Trouble trifling." The Kamchatka was given to false alarms.

Around this time, too, the crew of the Kamchatka became infected with restlessness—a restlessness that was to spread to several of the other ships and eventually flame into mutiny. What with the heat of the tropics and the heat of the stokehold, the Kamchatka's stokers were having a wretched time of it, and one day they put down their shovels and refused to work. Rozhestvensky threatened to put the lot of them off in open boats, and they changed their minds. There was insubordination on some of the other ships as well, but at this stage of the voyage it tended to be fairly lighthearted. At two o'clock one morning, the Suvoroff's searchlights picked out one of the boats from the cruiser Dmitri Donskoy making its way to the squadron's hospital ship, with, as Rozhestvensky said in an order of the day, "three dissolute officers and a Sister of Mercy aboard." "An example of extreme depravity," Rozhestvensky added, "and tomorrow we may reap the consequences." The three dissolute officers were ultimately sent back to Russia for court-martial; there is no record of what happened to the nurse. (Most of the nurses were daughters of noble-

"We British simply insist on quality!"

You'll love the *Vauxhall* for the same reasons the British do!

MADE IN ENGLAND
VAUXHALL

Only the British could craft so trim a station wagon . . . give it so much room . . . and such easy parkability. The Vauxhall Estate Car brings to America a new kind of motoring practicality with full 5-passenger roominess, 4-door convenience, flat-folding rear seat and 45 cubic feet of cargo space. Its compact British-engineered power plant cruises you easily at highway speeds—with fuel economy remarkable even by austere English standards. Above all, it carries the proud stamp of meticulous British craftsmanship, admired around the world. Priced below any American 4-door wagon, the Vauxhall Estate Car makes it easy to widen your horizons with a wagon.

For colour catalogue, write Pontiac Motor Division, Dept. 29, Pontiac, Mich.

SOLD AND SERVICED IN AMERICA BY YOUR PONTIAC DEALER

men, and two of them were nieces of Rozhestvensky's.)

As the vessels went on, Rozhestvensky ordered them to try simple exercises—practice attacks on the ironclads by the cruisers, and the like. "The confusion that is bound to take place during the first exercises must not be minded," he said benignly, in a fleet order, "but the task must be completed and repeated." At the start of each exercise, as Rozhestvensky stood on the Suvoroff's bridge, gripping the rail and watching the ships maneuver, he seemed resolved to be tolerant; he would quietly give instructions to his Chief of Staff—Commander Konstantin Konstantinovich Clapier de Colongue, a tall, slim, fastidious man of about forty-five, who was utterly devoted to Rozhestvensky and was almost always at his side. But later, as the fleet committed blunder after blunder, the Admiral would turn pale with anger, and eventually he would shout, for instance, "Signal the captain of the Borodino 'You don't know how to command your ship'!" Then he would pace the bridge, pausing to turn his binoculars on one fumbling ship or another and ask what sins he had committed that he should be cursed with a horde of incompetents. "I have sent four messages to you, all without response," he signalled an ironclad during one maneuver. "Four days' arrest for the officer of the watch."

THE little French port of Libreville, on the estuary of the Gaboon River, two thousand miles southeast of Dakar, had no telegraph, and on the morning of November 26th, its Governor was startled to see a practically endless column of Russian battleships, cruisers, and auxiliaries steam into the harbor. The Governor hastened out to the flagship in a launch, prudently taking flowers, tropical fruit, and a case of champagne, and he raised no objection when Rozhestvensky told him, "There will be some German colliers here the day after tomorrow, and if the weather permits, we shall take on coal." Indeed, the exchange of courtesies between the French and the Russians bordered on the extravagant, and in the prevailing cordiality the Governor invited the crews to come ashore. The next day, hundreds of men were granted shore leave—their first in Africa—and alighting from the ships' boats, they gazed in astonishment at the tropical trees, the luxuriant undergrowth, and the exotic flowers. Nothing could have been more different from Russia; there were monkeys high in

ARROW Sport Shirts
win top marks for country or campus.
In muted ombre stripes of Fall-weight
Galey & Lord Cotton. Galey & Lord
Burlington QUALITY
A MEMBER OF BURLINGTON INDUSTRIES
1407 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.
FOR YOUR NEAREST RETAILER WRITE US AT 1407 BROADWAY, N. Y.

IN THE
Homestead Manner

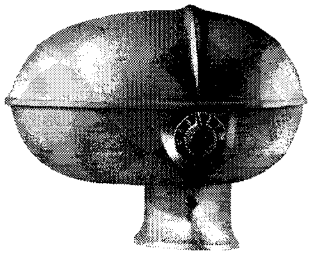
The Homestead way of doing things comes from generations of practice in serving the first families of America at this 17,000-acre Resort and Spa, high in the beautiful Virginia Alleghanies. Come for the sports, the social life, the relaxation—all distinctively in the Homestead manner.

Tray Race Champion
Samuel Hamilton

THE *Homestead*
AND COTTAGES
Hot Springs, Virginia

New power headlight control for the '59 Cadillac

WITH A TWIST OF THE DIAL AUTRONIC-EYE LETS YOU CONTROL THE AUTOMATIC DIMMING OF YOUR LIGHTS!



AUTRONIC-EYE

POWER
HEADLIGHT
CONTROL

Forget headlight control on your 1959 Cadillac with Autronic-Eye. This electronically operated marvel of General Motors research will automatically lower the beam of your headlights from bright to dim at the approach of another vehicle after dark. Makes other drivers conscious of your courtesy too, by automatically reminding them to dim their lights.

Autronic-Eye adjusts to your individual driving needs in any kind of weather with a simple twist of the new distance control dial. Just turn to the left to make headlights dim closer to oncoming cars—turn to the right to make them dim at a greater distance.
Be sure to get all that's new on the great, all-new Cadillac. Ask for an Autronic-Eye power headlight control demonstration.

Guide Lamp... BRIGHTEST NAME IN LIGHTS

GUIDE LAMP DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION • ANDERSON, INDIANA

LOWEST
AIR FARES TO
EUROPE

LOFTLEIDIR

LOWER THAN ANY OTHER SCHEDULED AIRLINE

from New York to

BRITAIN
NORWAY
SWEDEN
DENMARK
GERMANY

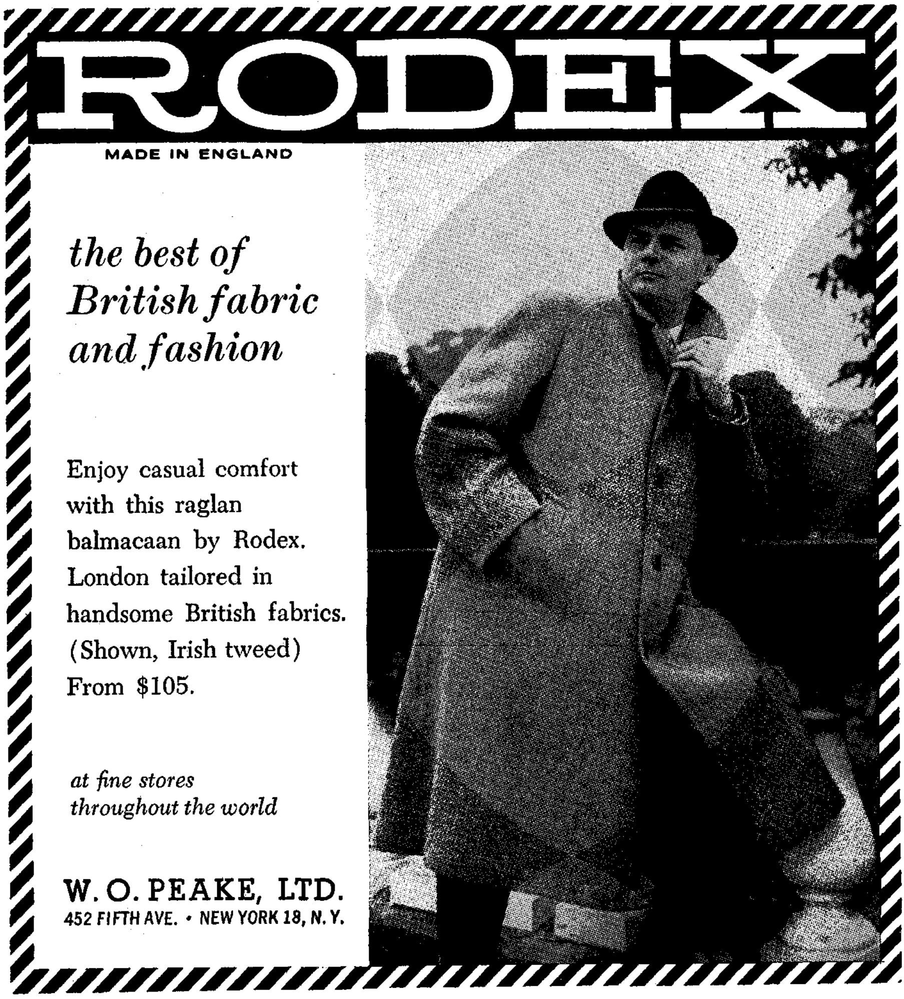
FULL TOURIST SERVICE
2 complimentary full-course meals, Cognac, midnight snack. More space, fewer passengers.

SHORTEST OVER-OCEAN FLIGHTS
never more than 400 miles from an airport.

ASK ANY TRAVEL AGENT

ICELANDIC IAL AIRLINES

15 West 47th St., New York 36
PL 7-8585
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO



RODEX

MADE IN ENGLAND

the best of British fabric and fashion

Enjoy casual comfort with this raglan balmacaan by Rodex. London tailored in handsome British fabrics. (Shown, Irish tweed) From $105.

at fine stores throughout the world

W. O. PEAKE, LTD.
452 FIFTH AVE. • NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

the branches, moths a foot long, turtles in the sand, eighteen-foot boa constrictors, natives without any clothes on—strange sights, strange scents, strange sounds. Many of the sailors returned to their vessels in a state of dazed bewilderment at the weirdness of it all. Then, at night, led by their chaplains, they prayed to Nicholas the Just, the sailor's patron saint, for a calm sea until the colliers could arrive and complete their task. Their prayers were answered; the colliers came up alongside the warships, and although the sailors streamed with perspiration and some of them fainted, the coaling went off without any major hitch.

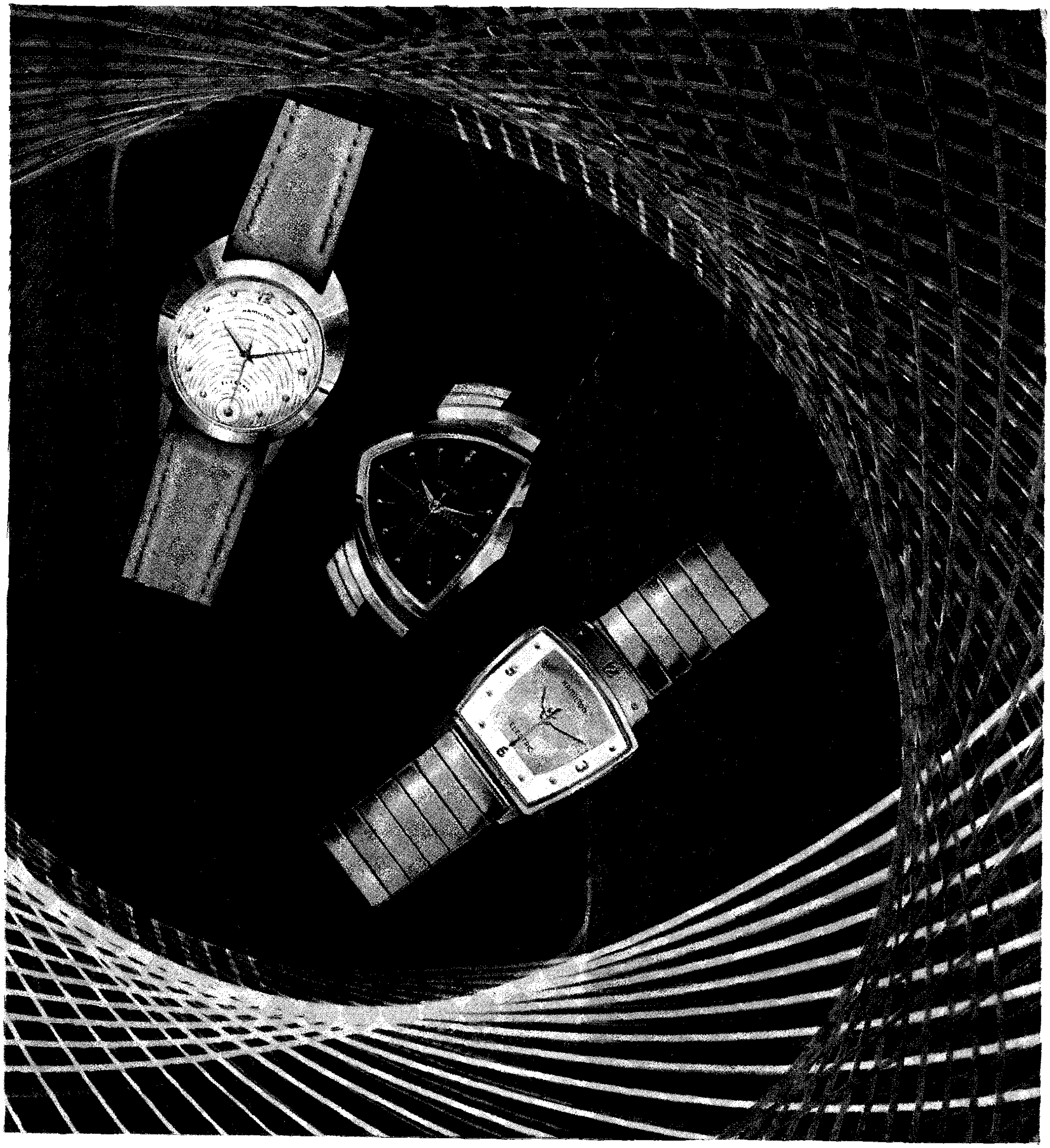
The Russians left Libreville on December 1st, and the next day they crossed the equator, celebrating the event with the traditional high jinks. On the Suvoroff, a procession formed at the stern—devils, barbers with giant razors, half-naked savages, and Neptune and Venus riding in a makeshift carriage—and moved forward slowly, to the music of the ship's band. At the forward gun turret, where the procession halted, there was a great canvas bath, and some of the officers and men were ducked, lathered, and shaved while the rest watched, shrieking and hooting, from the bows, the turrets, the masts, the yards, and the crosstrees. Rozhestvensky, standing on the bridge, looked on tolerantly. The war seemed far away that morning.

As Britain's oldest ally, Portugal had instructed the commandant of its harbor at Great Fish Bay, in Angola, a thousand miles south of Libreville, to keep the Russians out. On December 5th, when three Hamburg-Amerika colliers arrived, the commandant telegraphed for naval support, and the next day, when Rozhestvensky's ironclads steamed in and dropped anchor in the bay, a little more than three miles from shore, the Limpopo, a tiny Portuguese gunboat with one three-pound gun, drew up alongside the Suvoroff. The gunboat captain came aboard, and Rozhestvensky offered him a glass of champagne, but the captain was not to be won over. "I order your departure at once," he said.

"But we are outside territorial waters," Rozhestvensky answered. "We can do what we like here."

"You are anchored in the bay," the captain said. "That is the point. Kindly withdraw your fleet at once, or I shall be forced to take drastic action."

Coaling had begun the moment the ships came to rest, and when the gunboat moved away, the Russian com-



PATENTS PENDING

What makes the Hamilton Electric Watch so accurate?

A tiny energy cell inside—a far more efficient power source than winding or wrist motion. Yet for all its amazing accuracy and good looks the American-made Hamilton Electric (the world's first) is not just an easy-chair watch. This man's watch is rugged. See it at your Hamilton Jeweler's. Spectra, $150; Ventura I, $200; Everest, $110. Hamilton Watch Company, Lancaster, Penna.

HAMILTON

CREATOR OF THE WORLD'S FIRST ELECTRIC WATCH

Now there's a full series of elegant Impalas, including the new Sport Sedan shown here.

ALL NEW

It's shaped to the new American taste with a lean, clean silhouette, crisp new contours, beautifully restrained accents. It brings you more spaciousness and comfort. It has a bright new sheen—a new kind of finish that keeps its luster without waxing for up to three years. In fact, Chevy's new right down to its tires!

Never before has an automobile manufacturer made such sweeping changes two years in a row.

The 1959 Chevrolet is more than new—it's *your* kind of car. Shaped to reward your new taste in style. Designed to anticipate your desire for greater roominess and comfort. Engineered to bring you greater safety, economy, ease of handling and smoothness of ride.

Chevrolet's new Slimline design brings entirely new poise and proportion to automobile styling. Inside the new and roomier Body by Fisher you'll find truly tasteful elegance. And you'll see more through the big new Vista-Panoramic windshield that curves overhead.

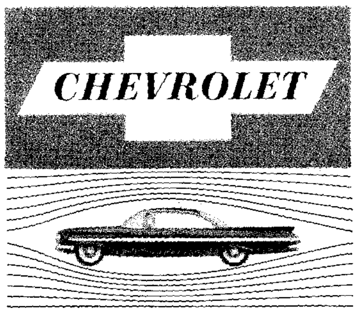
There's much, much more. A new steering ratio makes handling easier. New suspension engineering

'59 CHEVROLET

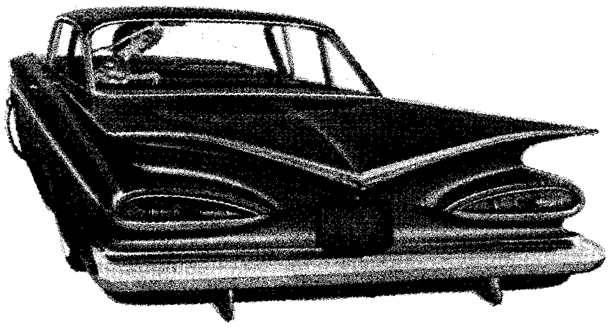
ALL OVER AGAIN!

gives you a new, more stable ride. There's a sweet new edition of Turboglide*. A new, gas-stretching Hi-Thrift 6. New Safety-Master brakes. And with all that's new, you'll find those fine old Chevrolet virtues of economy and practicality. See this fresh new Chevy at your Chevrolet dealer's. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

*Optional at extra cost



What America wants,
America gets in a Chevy!



The new Bel Air 2-Door Sedan—like all '59 Chevies—
rolls on stronger, safer Tyrex cord tires.

1835
SCOTCH WITH A HISTORY
Imported in Bottle from Scotland
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND
OLD Smuggler
Blended SCOTCH Whisky
100% Scotch Whiskies · 86 Proof · Four Years Old
Blended and Bottled by Jas. & Geo. Stodart, Ltd.
Distillers, Forres, Dumbarton & Glasgow
IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY NEW YORK N.Y.
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.

The Fashionable Scotch... Smart and Light

SCOTSMEN, who are supercritical about their traditional drink, describe Old Smuggler as a "fashionable Scotch." Because it is developed with patience and scruple—because it carries on quality traditions that date back to 1835—and because it is distinguished by great softness and delicacy of flavour.

More and more Americans agree with this verdict. Which is why, when Old Smuggler is poured, men frequently say, "Careful, don't waste a drop—that's Old Smuggler."

A Scotch of the choice character of Old Smuggler deserves to be seen in its true color; therefore, the bottle is made of clearest glass.

If you have not yet enjoyed the superb delight of Old Smuggler, why not ask for it by name the next time? You will be richly rewarded.

Fashion Note:
Today's Scotch should be Light in Body, Delicate in Flavour like...

OLD Smuggler

SCOTCH with a History

W. A. TAYLOR & CO., INC. N.Y.C. 86 PROOF manders awaited her first broadside with interest. Instead, the Limpopo signalled that she was going to get support from British naval units that were stationed somewhere up the coast. "Goodbye, little one," Rozhestvensky signalled back. "Pleasant passage. By the time you have crawled to the Royal Navy for help, not one of us will be here."

Not one of them was. The next day, the squadron, fully coaled, headed for Angra Pequena, in German Southwest Africa, another thousand miles to the south. There, for once, it was sure of a welcome. Angra Pequena had a narrow harbor, divided by a rocky peninsula, and offshore were two small islands held by Britain. When the Russian fleet steamed in, on December 11th, the British sent a delegation to the German governor of the colony, known as the Major, to protest. "What squadron? Where is it lying?" the Major is reported to have asked as he stood on his veranda and looked out across empty water. The Russian ships, as he well knew, were on the other side of the peninsula, but when the British suggested that he take a boat and see for himself, he replied, "I'm an Army man. I'm not going cruising around in a native canoe looking for mythical Russian battleships."

Or so the story went among the Russian sailors, who were overjoyed to find a real friend at last. Their delight, however, soon gave way to despondency, for at Angra Pequena the fleet was confronted with the most gruelling coaling operation of the entire voyage. Ahead of the squadron lay the dangerous, three-thousand-mile voyage around the Cape of Good Hope—the whole long shoreline was held by the British—and Rozhestvensky had calculated that the battleships would have to carry more than twenty-three hundred tons of coal

The authentic, imported
MACINTOSH
—the standard by which all other weathercoats are judged

Intriguing English Tailoring results in these superb sun-or-storm coats. Cut with authority from the finest gabardine procurable, woven of choice long staple cotton. Their medium weight is ideal for Fall weather. Both in the new Dover Sand shade. The Lady Macintosh Trencher, in regular and petite sizes, **$49.95.** Matching beret, **$4.95.** Men's Trencher, in regulars, shorts or longs, **$59.50.**

At stores below or write to Robert Appleby & Co., Inc., 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

NEW YORK ....Abercrombie & Fitch
Albany, N. Y. ....W. E. Walsh & Sons
Amherst, Mass. ....House of Walsh
Ann Arbor, Mich. ....Wagner's
Atlanta, Ga. ....John Jarrell, Inc.
Baltimore, Md. ......Wm. H. Lohmeyer
Berkeley, Calif. ....George J. Good
Beverly, Mass. ......Johnny Appleseed's
Birmingham, Ala...Henry Porter, Inc.
Boston, Mass. ....Jordan Marsh Co.
Boston, Mass. ..Arthur L. Johnson Co.
Boulder, Colo. ....Scot's Ltd.*
Boulder, Colo. ....Kinsley & Co.
Brockton, Mass. ....Tonis, Inc.
Burlingame, Calif. ..Robert W. Gates
Buffalo, N. Y. ....L. L. Berger
Cambridge, Mass. ....J. August Co.
Carmel, Calif. ....Robert Kirk, Ltd.
Chapel Hill, N. C. ....Milton's
Charleston, W. Va. ....Peck's Inc.*
Charleston, W. Va. ....Schwabe-May
Charlottesville, Va. ....Eljo's
Chicago, Ill. ....V. L. & A.
Cleveland, Ohio ..The Halle Bros. Co.
Colorado Springs, Colo. ..Gano-Downs
Concord, Mass. ......The Country Store
Denver, Colo. ....Gano-Downs
Detroit, Mich. ....Capper & Capper
Duluth, Minn. ....Harry Allenfall
Evanston, Ill. ....Williams
Grand Haven, Mich. ....Reichardt
Greenville, S. C. ....Halfacre Osborne*
Greenville, S. C. ......Alfred T. Smith
Grosse Pointe, Mich. ....Proper's
Hanover, N. H. ....James Campion
Huntington, W. Va., Anderson Newcomb*
Huntington, W. Va., Geo. H. Wright Co.
Indianapolis, Ind. ..L. Strauss & Co.
Ithaca, N. Y. ....Browning King Co.
Kansas City, Mo. ....Farrar's*
Kansas City, Mo. ....Jack Henry
Lexington, Ky. ....Town & Country
Little Rock, Ark. ....Bauman's
Los Angeles, Calif. ..Boshard Doughty
Los Angeles, Calif. ....Phelps Terkel
Los Angeles, Calif. ....J. W. Robinson
Madison, Wis. ....MacNeil & Moore
Memphis, Tenn. ......Julius Lewis, Inc.
Milwaukee, Wis. ....MacNeil & Moore
Minneapolis, Minn. ....Nicolas, Inc.
Newport, R. I...Thompson Forbes, Inc.
New York ....Abercrombie & Fitch
Norfolk, Va.........Fishback & Lea Ltd.
Omaha, Neb. ....Charles J. Assmann
Orlando, Fla. ....Rutland's
Philadelphia, Pa. ....Jackson & Moyer
Pittsburgh, Pa. ....Surrey*
Pittsburgh, Pa. ....Larrimor's
Portland, Ore. ......M. & H. H. Sichel
Providence, R. I. ..Leopold Feldstein*
Providence, R. I. ......Elsbree-Valleau
Raleigh, N. C. ....James Womble
Richmond, Va. ....Berry-Burk Co.
Roanoke, Va., Smartwear-Irving Saks*
Rochester, N. Y. ....Whillock Bros.
Rochester, N. Y. ......Projansky, Inc.*
St. Louis, Mo. ....Boyd's
San Diego, Calif. ....The Marston Co.
San Francisco ....Robert Kirk, Ltd.
San Francisco ....Abercrombie & Fitch
Seattle, Wash. ....Littler, Inc.
Southport, Conn. ....Jean Allen*
Spokane, Wash...Davenport Sport Shop
Syracuse, N. Y. ....Flah & Co.*
Tacoma, Wash. ....Baker Bros.
Thomasville, Ga. ....Hicks
Toledo, Ohio..Damschroder Berry, Inc.
Tulsa, Okla. ....McDonnell & Co.
Washington, D.C...Lewis & Thos. Saltz
Waterville, Me. ....Dunham's of Maine
Wichita, Kans. ....Petrie's
Williamstown, Mass...House of Walsh
Wilmington ......Mansure & Prettyman
Winston Salem, N. C. ..Bocock Stroud
*Carries "Lady Macintosh" only.

EAU
DE
COLOGNE
CHANEL
POUR MONSIEUR
5.00 PLUS TAX
A
GENTLEMAN'S
COLOGNE
CHANEL

each, their largest load so far. Unluckily, the harbor at Angra Pequena was less sheltered than it appeared, and the wind, which was blowing in squally gusts when the squadron arrived, quickly increased to a full gale; Rozhestvensky waited two days for it to blow itself out, but it didn't. Finally, in desperation, he ordered the colliers alongside the big ships. Time and again, rolling and pitching, the colliers banged against the hulls of the ironclads; the ships' protruding guns pierced them like the prongs of a fork. After an hour, Rozhestvensky called off the operation, and decided to try transporting the sacks of coal in the ships' launches—the standard method for coaling in the high seas. The squadron was trying it for the first time, and it proved, in the gale, to be a slow, backbreaking process; after a day and a night only a few hundred tons had been transferred. Enraged at the delay, Rozhestvensky made life miserable for Clapier de Colongue and the rest of his officers, and they made life miserable for the crews.

At last, on the night of December 15th, the storm died, and the next day, with coaling going on at top speed in the old way, the Major came out to luncheon on the flagship. He brought bad news: 203-Metre Hill, he said, had been captured by the Japanese.

"And what is 203-Metre Hill?" Rozhestvensky asked.

"A hill that overlooks the harbor and roadstead of Port Arthur," the Major said. "It may mean the end of the fortress."

It might also mean the end of the Russian warships there, but at the moment Rozhestvensky could do nothing about that, and he shrugged. He showed more interest when the Major went on to tell him of a report that a flotilla of Japanese schooners, equipped with torpedoes, was lying in wait for the squadron at Durban, nine hundred miles beyond the Cape. Rozhestvensky was not surprised. After attacking him (as he believed) in the North Sea, and after attempting by means of diplomacy to deprive him of coaling bases, the Japanese were going to make one last effort to destroy his fleet before it could reach the war zone. A few minutes after the Major left the ship, Rozhestvensky received a message from St. Petersburg. Britain, it said, had just warned Russia that any repetition of the Dogger Bank Incident in the fishing grounds off Durban would be most undesirable. The Admiral instantly cabled back—not in code but in plain language, so that the whole

Take a Bow, Mr. Tumarkin!

As President, Maurice Tumarkin has long been the guiding light in Baker's pioneering and leadership in men's fashions. Tumarkin-inspired Baker Clothes are available at these and other fine stores:

De Pinna . . . . New York
John Jarrell . . . . Atlanta
Statler Hilton Men's Shop, Buffalo
Marshall Field & Co. . . . Chicago
Neiman-Marcus . . . . Dallas
Neusteter's . . . . Denver
L. S. Ayres & Co. . . . Indianapolis
Jack Henry . . . . Kansas City
Julius Lewis Inc. . . . . . Memphis
Porter's . . . . New Orleans
Sichel's . . . . Portland
Wilkinson's . . . . St. Louis
Littler's . . . . Seattle
Rosenblath's . . . . Shreveport
Wright & Simon . . . . Wilmington

Baker Clothes

Baker Clothes, Inc.
200 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

BAKER'S "MONACO" sports coat, of British Woollen, won 1st prize in international design competition. Her suit is by Ben Zuckerman.

Curtain Calls for the Woollens Buyer!

Rarely seen on stage but most important to the plot, is ... The Buyer!

At the smart store where you buy your new season's wardrobe, he is in the wings. At the exclusive clothing designers' and manufacturers', he may head the cast.

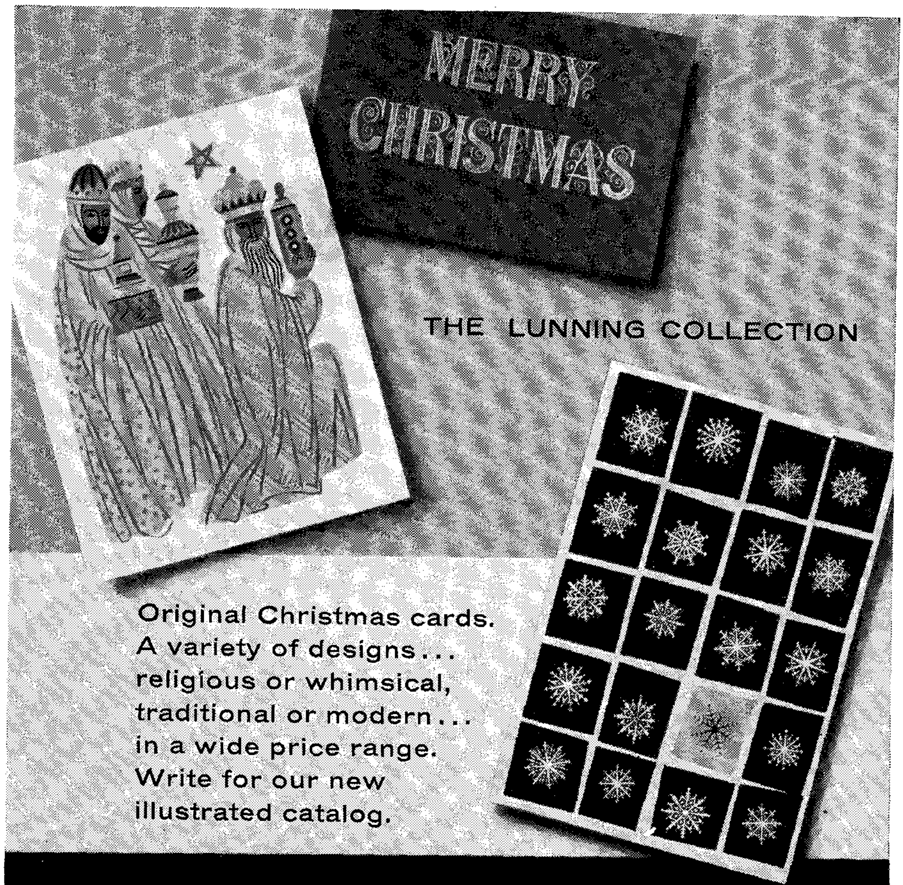
Those who have fabrics to sell ("yardage", in the trade) flock to The Buyer. A hundred mills press their swatches and samples upon him. Woollen men, mill representatives, besiege him.

His big scene comes at a long table, examining weaves and patterns, stripes and checks and tartans, staples and novelties, solid colours, traditional colouring effects.

When the woollens which The Buyer finally selects, reach you, the most desirable of them are entitled to carry the label "British Woollens". *You* are entitled to find that label on the garments you buy.

You will find many a fabric labelled "Imported". That's not enough. Ask and be sure it is *imported from Britain!*

British Woollens *Fabrics Forever in Fashion • 6 East Forty Fifth Street, New York 17, N. Y.*



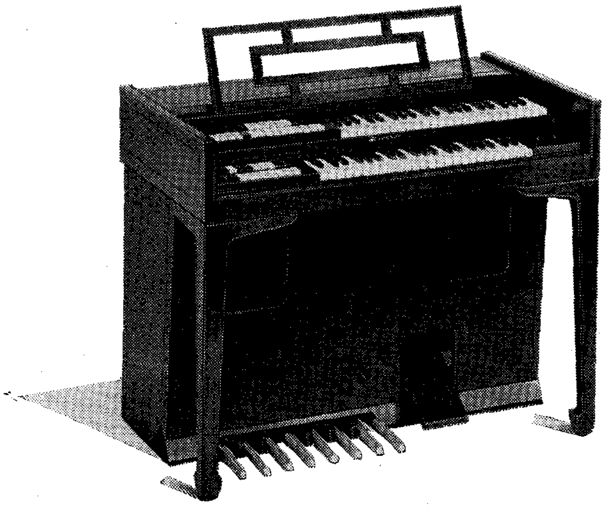
THE LUNNING COLLECTION

Original Christmas cards.
A variety of designs...
religious or whimsical,
traditional or modern...
in a wide price range.
Write for our new
illustrated catalog.

GEORG JENSEN INC.
667 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 22, NEW YORK

Sans égal...

The Lowrey Organ...without equal
in the beauty of its cabinetry, fidelity of
tone, versatility and playing ease...
brings you a wonderful new world
of sound and style. Infinitely
satisfying...for a lifetime.



Lincolnwood "Far East" in teak, cabinet crafted by Baker. One of
several Lowrey models, each the finest in its class.

LOWREY organs

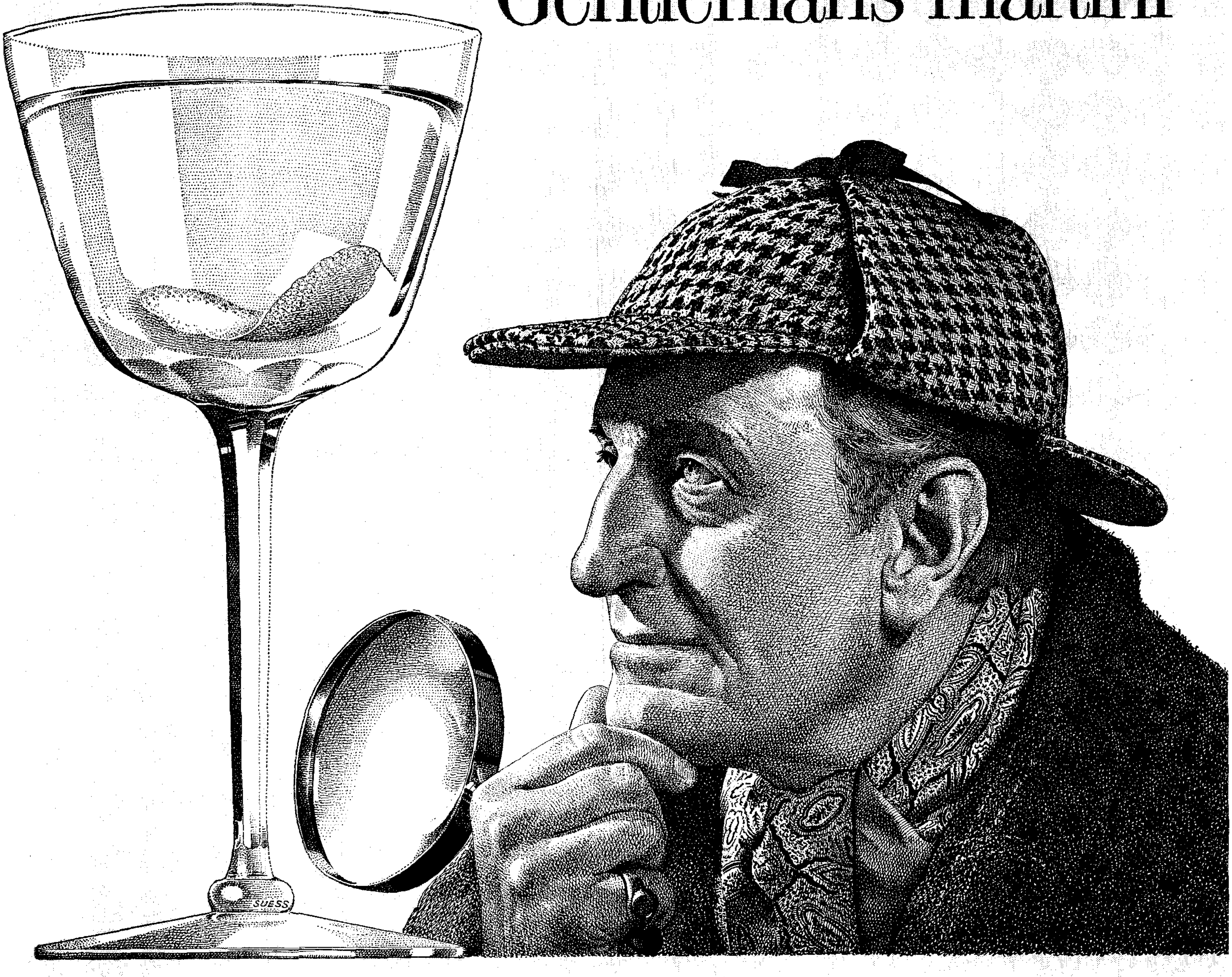
The Lowrey Organ Company • 7373 N. Cicero Ave., Lincolnwood, Chicago 46, Illinois

world would understand—that he would "ruthlessly destroy any Durban fishing craft that attempt to break through my squadron or come within torpedo range."

Loaded more heavily than ever before, the squadron left Angra Pequena on December 17th, and a message quickly followed from the Major: "Happy voyage and all success in your venture." Forty-eight hours later, as the ships steamed along seven miles offshore, the men were celebrating the Feast of St. Nicholas, the Czar's name day, with banquets and vodka, and as the last toasts were drunk, the fleet passed Cape Town. It had been a pleasant day, but it was not to be a pleasant night. The barometer was falling, the wind was rising, there was a heavy sea, and, finally, a full storm broke. It was the kind of storm from which Rozhestvensky would ordinarily have sought shelter, but that, of course, was out of the question. So the fleet prepared to ride it out; everything was battened down, and the loose sacks of coal lying about the decks were secured with cables. Fortunately, the squadron was running before the gale; otherwise, the big ships, overloaded as they were, and with water sweeping across their decks and swirling down into the engine rooms, would have capsized. The smaller ships had an even harder time. The tug Roland could not be found at all, and the ancient supply ship Malay had engine trouble; once, when a wave struck her amidships, her red belly could be seen, and it seemed impossible for her to remain afloat, but her crew succeeded in hoisting makeshift sails. As for the Kamchatka, even at the height of the gale she contrived to strike a bizarre note. "My coal is very poor," she signalled the Suvoroff. "Request permission to throw a hundred and fifty tons overboard." Rozhestvensky, who, in streaming oilskins, was struggling to keep his feet on the bridge of the flagship, read the message incredulously, and instructed his signalman, "Tell the Kamchatka that we're all using the same coal. . . . My orders are that only the culprits are to be thrown overboard."

The Kamchatka was incorrigible. Soon afterward, she signalled, "Do you see torpedo boats?" A torpedo boat could never have survived in those seas, much less have been able to launch its weapons, but Rozhestvensky tended to think, in troubled moments, that the Japanese were capable of anything, superhuman or not; he gave orders to sound the general alarm. A moment

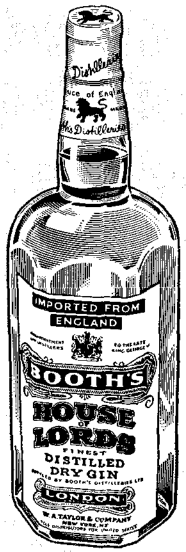
Basil Rathbone probes the
*Gentleman's martini



PROJECTING into his personal life the great detective role for which he is famous, Mr. Rathbone says: "It is elementary that crime does not pay. This is true whether the crime is murder, robbery, arson, blackmail or making an inferior Martini.

"While the last offense rarely results in a man losing his life, it almost certainly carries the penalty of losing his friends. It should be well-known—for ignorance excuses no man—that the Martini of highest social acceptance is the gentleman's Martini. And the key to making it is Booth's House of Lords gin.

"Just why Booth's House of Lords gin has the uncanny faculty of producing the gentleman's Martini—or a gentleman's drink even if served straight, on the rocks—has baffled even me. I suggest you simply look upon it as a fascinating mystery. All we need know is that the Booth's people are willing to part with their delectable product for mere money, and it is available at every bar or liquor store which any self-respecting person would patronize."



**Necessarily made with*

**BOOTH'S
HOUSE OF LORDS
GIN**

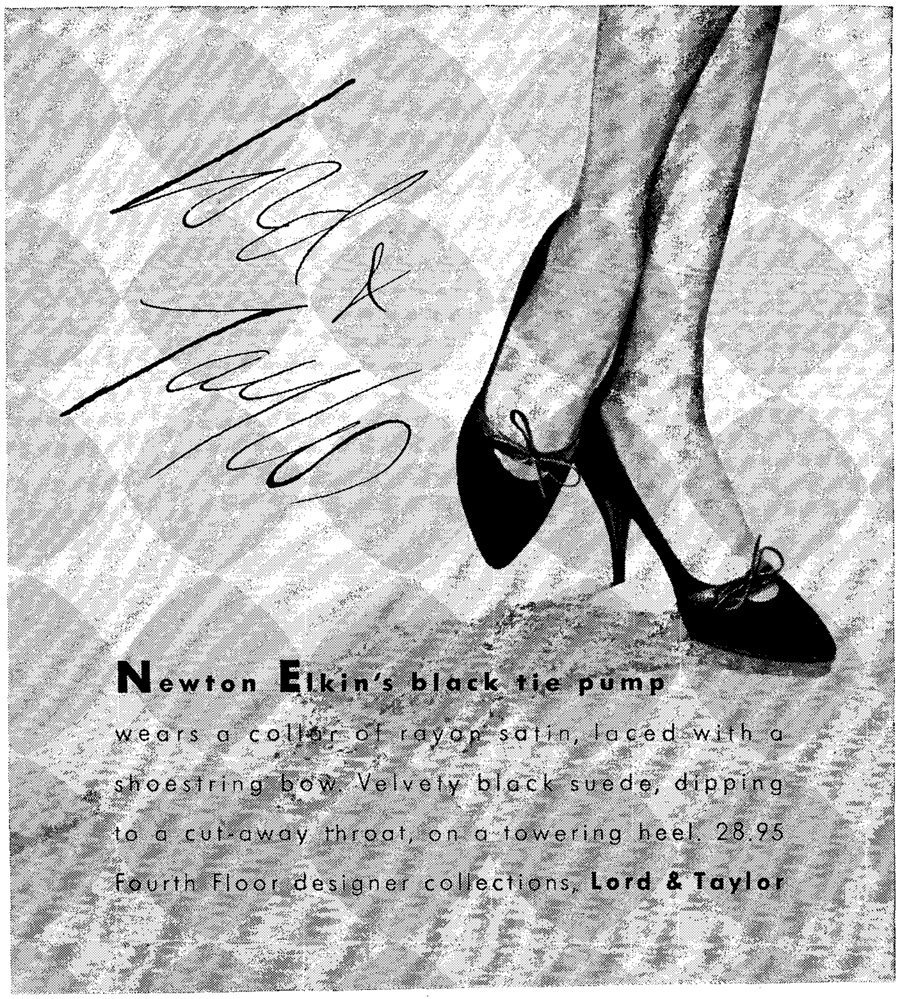
imported from England

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
GIN DISTILLERS • BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES, LTD.

Imported by W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y. • Sole Distributors for the U. S. A. • DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86 PROOF

"On my third finger, left hand...I'm wearing the most wonderful gift in the world...*his engagement ring, set with a 'Linde' Star!"* Created by man, 'Linde' Star Sapphires and 'Linde' Star Rubies mirror the beauty of nature's own precious stones, reflect enchantment for generations to come. Ask your jeweler to show you his complete selection. Prices are nationally established from $85 up to $1500.

'LINDE' STARS...made by Union Carbide Corporation



Newton Elkin's black tie pump wears a collar of rayon satin, laced with a shoestring bow. Velvety black suede, dipping to a cut-away throat, on a towering heel. 28.95 Fourth Floor designer collections, **Lord & Taylor**

later, the Kamchatka, explaining that her signalman had got the code jumbled, signalled, "I meant we are all right now."

After three days and nights, the storm finally abated, and the ships halted to clean up, dry out, and take stock of the damage. Few of them had come through unscathed, but none had been lost or permanently disabled; the Malay's engine was repaired, and the Roland turned up again unharmed. And, most important, they were well past Durban. The worst seemed to be over; the Japanese schooners had been thwarted, half the journey had been completed, and a safe anchorage lay ahead, in Madagascar. All that the ships had to do now was to link up with von Felkerzam's Suez detachment, refit, and set sail for Port Arthur.

MADAGASCAR had one catastrophic disappointment after another in store for Rozhestvensky, but he had no hint of this as he spotted its rocky shores and proceeded to sail up along the east coast to Sainte-Marie, a sweltering little offshore island that the French had been using as a penal colony. There he planned to coal, and there, too, he expected to find a message from von Felkerzam, reporting his arrival at the rendezvous point—Diego Suarez, three hundred miles away, at the northern tip of Madagascar. When the squadron arrived at Sainte-Marie, colliers were waiting, but there was no word from von Felkerzam. Rozhestvensky was enraged. "Bungling, inefficient commanders!" he shouted to Clapier de Colongue. "Not one of them can carry out the simplest arrangement." Sainte-Marie had no telegraph station, and the Admiral sent out several vessels in search of information; they came back, one by one, with fragmentary reports, and it took him several days to piece together the story of what had happened to the Suez detachment. At the last moment, it appeared, France had gone back on its promise and refused to permit von Felkerzam to put in at Diego Suarez. Then, almost instantly, the French had turned about again and said there was no reason that the detachment could not use the harbor of Nossi-Bé, another small offshore island, off the west coast of Madagascar, two hundred miles south of Diego Suarez. Von Felkerzam was now at Nossi-Bé, and Rozhestvensky sent word to him to come at once to Sainte-Marie; it would have to serve as the rendezvous point. Another few days passed before Rozhestvensky received an answer from

NATIONAL STRING QUARTET: VIOLINISTS, DAVID MONTAGU, HERBERT SORKIN; VIOLIST, MAX SERBIN; CELLIST, DANIEL VANDERSALL.

You are the Fifth man in this Quartet...

...**when the instrument you are playing is the Harman-Kardon Concerto.** Listen to Harman-Kardon stereo high fidelity and you are in the very midst of the music. Here is music in its fullest dimension: all of its depth and width and color — its infinite variety — reproduced for you perfectly every time.

There is a complete new line of stereo units by Harman-Kardon. All are sensibly designed to permit maximum performance with a minimum of complication. Each reflects the brilliant design which has won Harman-Kardon products the distinction of exhibition at the Milan Triennale and the Brussels World's Fair.

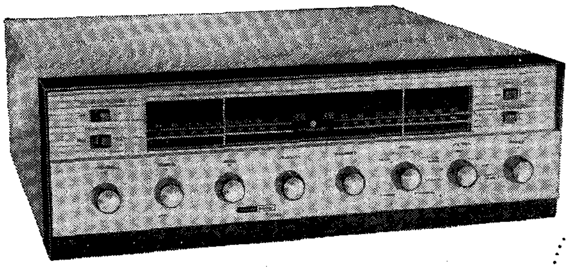
The range of control in these new instruments is such that your position in the room is uncritical. Virtually wherever you sit, the room is alive with music. Further, your present LP records are enhanced in performance when reproduced this wonderful new way.

The Concerto, Model TP200 (see below) is a complete stereo tuner and stereo control center. It incorporates a splendid stereo AM and FM tuner and superb stereo preamplifiers in one, handsome, compact unit. The Concerto connects easily and quickly to the new Model HK250 (not shown) dual power amplifier. The HK250 delivers 25 watts of hum-free, distortion-free power from each channel (a combined peak power of 100 watts). It is meant to be placed out of sight and is controlled by the TP200. Together, they provide a complete, flawless stereo electronic center.

The TP200 includes separate highly sensitive FM and AM tuners with a convenient stereo indexer which permits ready identification of six pairs of stations. The preamplifiers permit any monaural or stereo program material to be reproduced. Operating controls include: ganged bass, treble and loudness; contour, rumble filter, scratch filter, equalization, balance control, mode switch, function selector and two tuning controls for AM and FM. The TP200, including its copper finished enclosure, is priced at $189.95. The HK250, including its copper finished enclosure, is priced at $99.95.

Other new Harman-Kardon models include complete stereophonic amplifiers priced as low as $99.95 and new stereophonic tuners as low as $114.95. Harman-Kardon also produces The Nocturne, Model AX20, the ideal instrument to convert any existing system (console or component) to superb stereo. The AX20 price is $99.95. Prices of all units are slightly higher in the West.

For complete information on Harman-Kardon stereo write to Dept. N.Y.-018, Harman-Kardon, Inc., Westbury, N. Y.

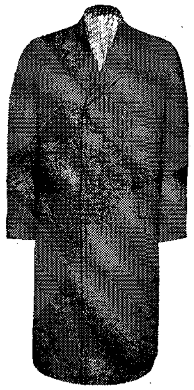


harman kardon

hk stereo

J. PRESS COATS by JAEGER

Exclusively tailored to our specifications by Jaeger, London.



Real Shetland Town Topcoats

Natural model with slight body tracing, fly front with regular pockets, breast pocket and hook vent. In Natural Shetland small mixtured herringbones, Medium Gray, Black Gray, Moorit/Brown, Charred Brown and Charred Lovat. Also Tick Weave in Tan/Lovat $95

STORES AT:—
262 YORK ST. NEW HAVEN
341 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK
82 MT. AUBURN ST. CAMBRIDGE

'Jaeger Camel's Hair' Polo Coat

World celebrated easy fitting model, double breasted with two-piece half belt, framed pockets and full swelled edges and seams in the handsome Jaeger Light Natural Tan. $140

NEW HAVEN * CAMBRIDGE * NEW YORK *
J. PRESS INC.

West of England Covert 'Aintree' Coats

Slightly flared, shorter length with trim peaked lapels, fly front, angled pockets and flapped breast pocket. Track stitch trim on sleeve cuffs, pocket flaps and bottom hem. Weatherproofed fine worsted warp covert cloth in Olive Tan, Midnight Gray and Charred Olive $105

Mail Orders Filled. Sample Swatches and New Brochure mailed upon request. Travel Exhibits in Principal cities, Coast to Coast, write for dates.

New! a powerful transistor radio no bigger than a pack of cigarettes!
PHILCO
transistor

Philco Veep is a totally new way to enjoy radio. It's a powerful 3-transistor radio—actually no bigger than a pack of cigarettes! Slip it in your pocket or handbag, Veep's as easy to carry as your wallet or comb. Set Philco's new balanced-tone Ear Speaker—listen to music, news, the weather as you go about chores or sports. Enjoy top tunes as you shop, surf-cast or roam the golf links. See the Veep at your Philco dealer's today. $19.95

Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.

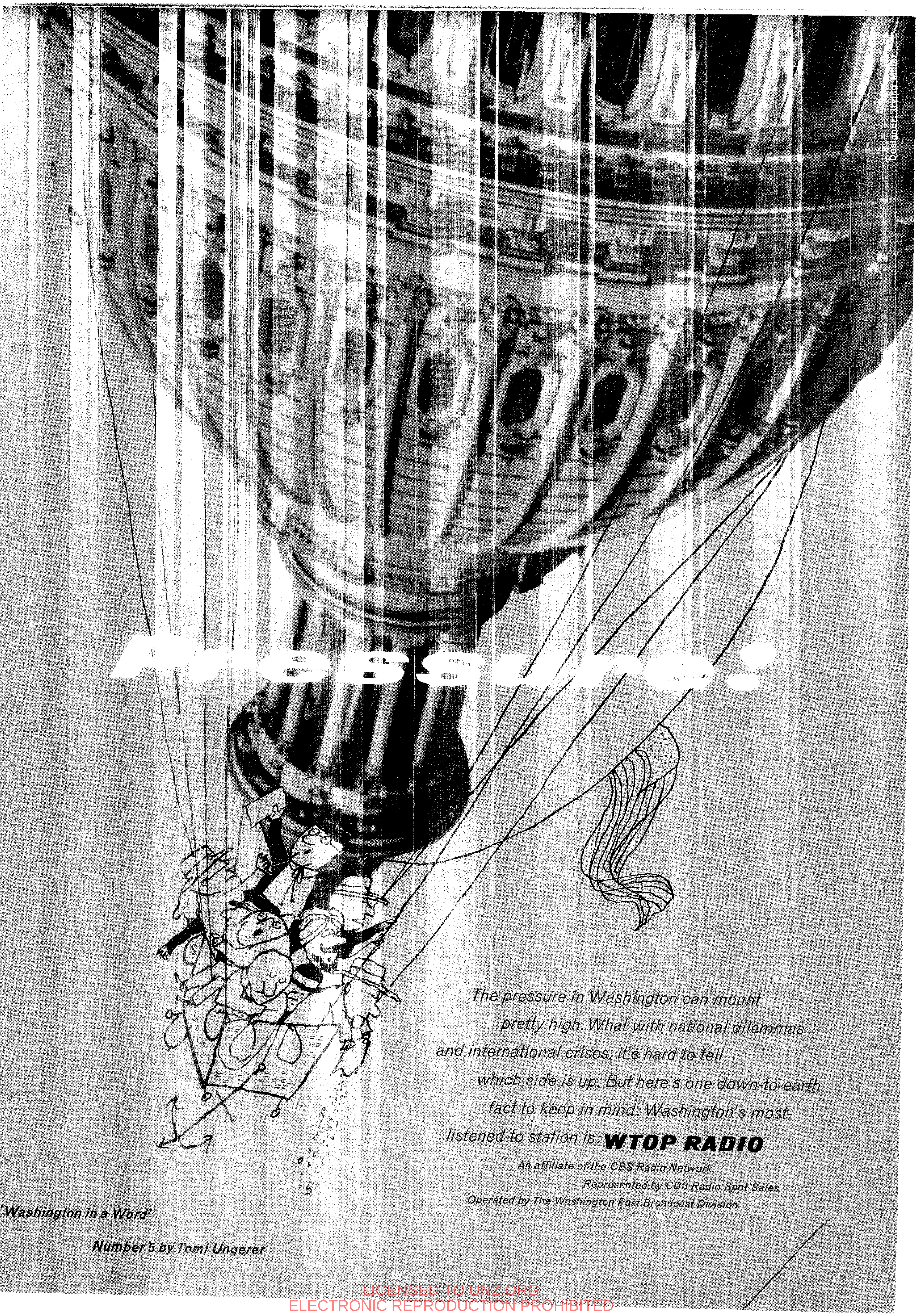
PHILCO VeeP
Vest-Pocket Transistor Radio

LOOK AHEAD...AND YOU'LL CHOOSE PHILCO®...FIRST WITH THE FINEST IN TRANSISTORS!

von Felkerzam: he was "overhauling his tired machinery" and would not be able to go to sea for at least two weeks. Cursing the French and von Felkerzam alike, Rozhestvensky decided there was nothing for it but to sail the main force to Nossi-Bé.

Before the fleet could get under way, though, he received what to him was the most shattering communication of the voyage—a long message from the Admiralty in St. Petersburg, dated days before. Port Arthur was about to fall, it said, and the entire Russian naval force there had been destroyed under shelling from 203-Metre Hill. In the circumstances, the message went on, Rozhestvensky could not proceed without reinforcements; the Admiralty was assembling a supporting squadron—the Third Pacific Squadron—in the Baltic, and it would join him as soon as possible, perhaps in eight or ten weeks. Meanwhile, he was to wait in Nossi-Bé. For Rozhestvensky, this was a fearful blow; he knew all about the vessels being assembled in the Baltic—old, slow, unseaworthy tubs that, far from being of any help to him, would simply be so many millstones around his neck. Before he had left Russia, the Admiralty had tried to get him to take them along, and he had resisted furiously; now he was to be saddled with them after all. "Telegraph St. Petersburg that I wish to be relieved of my command," he ordered Clapier de Colongue, and then he retired to his cabin. For the next few days, even after the fleet embarked for Nossi-Bé, he lay there in his bunk. Communications were slow, and it would be some time before he would get an answer from St. Petersburg.

Within a few hours, the news of



The pressure in Washington can mount pretty high. What with national dilemmas and international crises, it's hard to tell which side is up. But here's one down-to-earth fact to keep in mind: Washington's most-listened-to station is: **WTOP RADIO**

An affiliate of the CBS Radio Network
Represented by CBS Radio Spot Sales
Operated by The Washington Post Broadcast Division

"Washington in a Word"

Number 5 by Tomi Ungerer

WHY
STICK YOUR NECK OUT

and buy any shirt but a Sulka shirt? As every Sulka man knows, the shirt that carries the Sulka label is just about the finest of its kind. The feel, the look, the wear, are qualities not easily duplicated. Here, our famous white English poplin with French cuffs and pocket. Choice of three collar styles, medium spread, short point and traditional. Shown: short point. $14.50

established 1895

A. Sulka
& Company

405 PARK AVENUE AT 64TH ST., NEW YORK 22
6 SO. MICHIGAN AVENUE AT MADISON, CHICAGO 3
278 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO
PARIS, LONDON, PALM BEACH

Port Arthur had spread to the crews of every ship. To the seamen, the mission, which had always appeared to be quite hopeless, now seemed suicidal, and the officers, too, were gripped by a fatalistic expectation of defeat. "To declare ourselves to be incompetent, to turn back and run the risk of being branded as cowards—these ideas never entered my head," wrote Commander Vladimir Semenoff, a staff officer on the Suvoroff and one of Rozhestvensky's staunchest supporters. "If, however (and I mean to be ruthlessly candid about this), at that time the authorities at St. Petersburg had grasped how utterly hopeless—not to say criminal—our adventure was, and if they had sent us categorical orders to come back . . . I should have said, from the bottom of my heart, 'The Lord be praised!' " The prevailing mood of many of the sailors was more flamboyantly expressed by a man on one of the battleships who went berserk; he raced about the deck, sobbing, "The Japs are waiting for us! We shall all be sunk—all be sunk!"

On January 7th—Christmas, by the Russian calendar—Rozhestvensky's ships were on their way to Nossi-Bé in a flat calm, with a faint haze covering the sea and the temperature in the nineties. Early that morning, the squadron hove to for Christmas celebrations, which began at eight-thirty, with Mass. At ten o'clock, the crew of the Suvoroff was ordered to assemble on the quarterdeck. The Commander-in-Chief had got up from his sickbed to address his men. Looking bent and drawn, he made his way up to the aft gun turret, a glass of champagne in his hand. He began to speak quietly enough, and the crew listened in sullen silence, but in a few moments he was shouting. "God grant that, after serving your country well and faithfully, you may be vouchsafed a safe return and a happy meeting with the families you have left behind," he said, and went on to warn the men of the hard work and the dangers that lay ahead. "This can't be helped," he said, his voice rising. "It is war. It is not for me to thank you for your services. You and I serve our country side by side. But it is my right and my duty to report to the Czar how you are doing your duty, and what fine fellows you are, and he himself will thank you, in the name of Russia." He raised his glass. Then his voice fell again, and the words of his toast were broken by audible sobs: "May God help us to serve her honorably, to justify her confidence, not to betray her hopes. To you, whom

M. MARTELL'S PERSONAL SNIFTERS
CAN NOW BE SENT
TO YOU FROM FRANCE!

Now you can enjoy your Martell Cognac Brandy in the same elegant snifters that Michel Martell uses in his home. Each is a brilliant example of French stemware and handsomely emblazoned with M. Martell's signature and family crest – a symbol of quality since the first year of the reign of Louis XV.

A set of 5 authentic glasses, shipped from Cognac, France, is yours for only $2.00. Just mail the coupon below.

I. S. M. Dept. NY-10
P. O. Box 2180
Grand Central Station
New York 17, N. Y.

I enclose $2.00 for 5 Martell Brandy snifters. I will pay 15¢ U. S. Customs handling charges when my glasses arrive.

NAME____________________

STREET____________________

CITY____________________

ZONE______STATE__________

Offer good in U.S.A. and possessions.
Sorry, only one set to a coupon.

3 STAR 84 PROOF, IMPORTED FROM COGNAC, FRANCE.
SOLE U. S. REP., BROWNE VINTNERS CO., INC., N. Y. C.

Michel Martell watches his cooper set a blaze inside a barrel that will soon be ready to hold, and nurture, Martell Cognac Brandy.

MARTELL
COGNAC BRANDY

Martell Cognac barrels are never actually *charred.* Their insides are heated just enough to make the oak staves tender. ☆ Making Martell is a series of tender steps. To Americans some of these steps may seem old-fashioned. But there is no other way to create the delicate aroma and flavor that has belonged, uniquely, to Martell Cognac Brandy since 1715. ☆ *The most treasured Cognac in France . . . most popular in the world.*

3 STAR 84 PROOF, IMPORTED FROM COGNAC, FRANCE. SOLE U. S. REPRESENTATIVE, BROWNE VINTNERS CO., INC., N.Y.C.

I trust! To Russia!" Rozhestvensky drained the glass and held it high above his bared head. Throwing their caps in the air, the sailors called out, "Lead us!" "We won't give in!" "We'll do it!" As the guns fired the salute, many of the men were in tears. At sunset, four unidentified cruisers were reported approaching from the southeast; the gun crews were at battle stations until dawn, but no cruisers appeared. The Suvoroff would have made a formidable foe that night.

WELL protected from gales, the harbor of Nossi-Bé was a perfect anchorage. At the south end of the island, under a conical mountain peak, lay the little town of Hellville, named for a French admiral—a pretty community of white houses and red clay huts. When Rozhestvensky entered the harbor, on January 8th, under a scorching sun, a French torpedo boat darted out, flashing a "Welcome" signal, and the men on von Felkerzam's ships, which lay there at anchor, crowded the rails and waved topees. It was a grand reunion; the ironclads' bands struck up, the guns cracked out, and boats were lowered and visits exchanged. Discipline was relaxed for the afternoon; vodka ran freely, and hundreds of bluejackets went singing and roaring through the streets of Hellville. On the flagship, Rozhestvensky had lunch with von Felkerzam and the fleet's only other admiral, Oskar A. Enkvist, who commanded the cruisers; it was one of the few occasions when the two had a chance to confer directly with their chief. He heard of von Felkerzam's voyage; it had been, on the whole, an uneventful one, marked by scares that had come to nothing—among them a rumor that Japanese agents were hovering around Suez, disguised as Bedouins. Of the future, Rozhestvensky told his lunch companions little—justifiably, for once, since he knew little. He remarked that "the broken old Baltic hulks" might join them, but made little of the matter, and hastened his guests away as soon as he decently could. He had never felt at ease with his admirals.

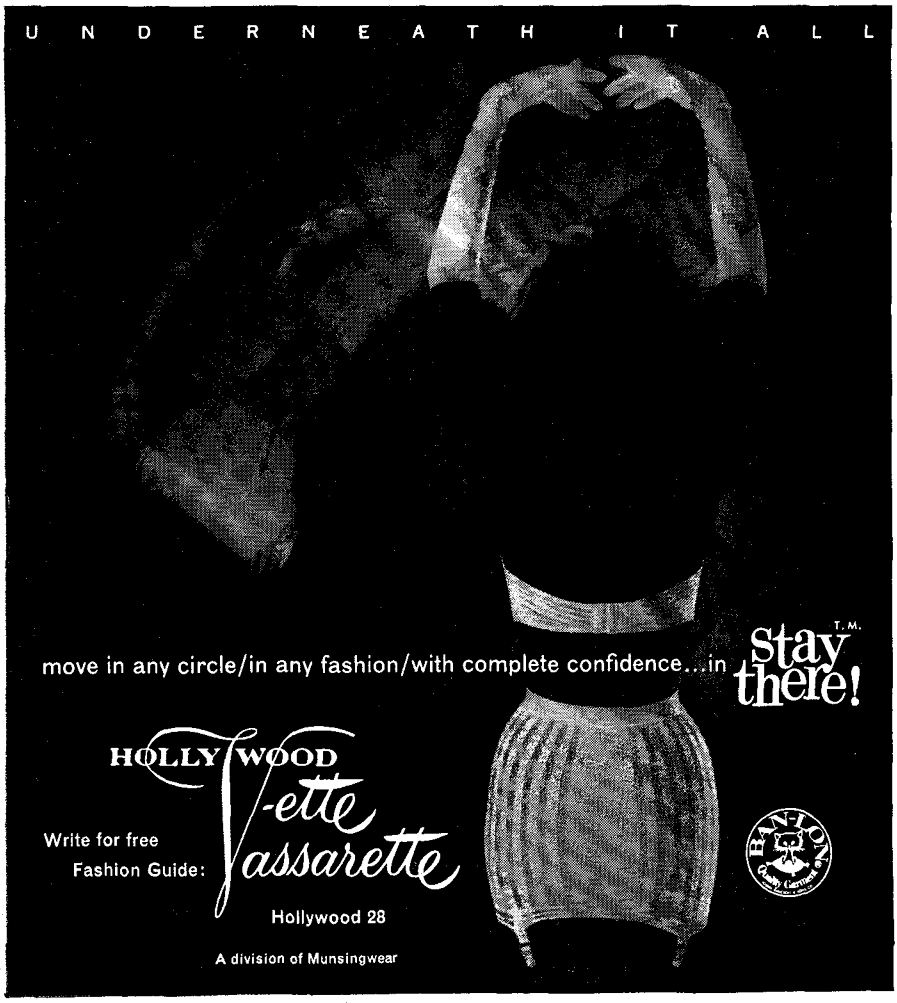
The next few days were rough for the crews. Rozhestvensky, in a new splurge of activity, ordered that the ships be overhauled, revictualled, and coaled, and the work went on in two shifts, without a break. Working conditions were as bad as they had ever been, and the stripped, filthy sailors dropped off to sleep on deck the moment their watch was completed; their quarters

Chez
moi—
my
golden
empire
Loungees®
gives me
a dazzling lift

YAKOVENKO

Gilded filigree print in drip-dry cotton by Ameritex Fabrics. Napoleon red or Royal blue. In sizes from 10 to 18. About **$9.00**

Abraham & Straus, Bklyn. • **Hutzler Bros.,** Balto. • **Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney,** St. Louis
N. Farah & Sons, 362 Fifth Avenue, New York



UNDERNEATH IT ALL

move in any circle/in any fashion/with complete confidence...in Stay there!™

HOLLYWOOD V-ette Vassarette

Write for free Fashion Guide:
Hollywood 28

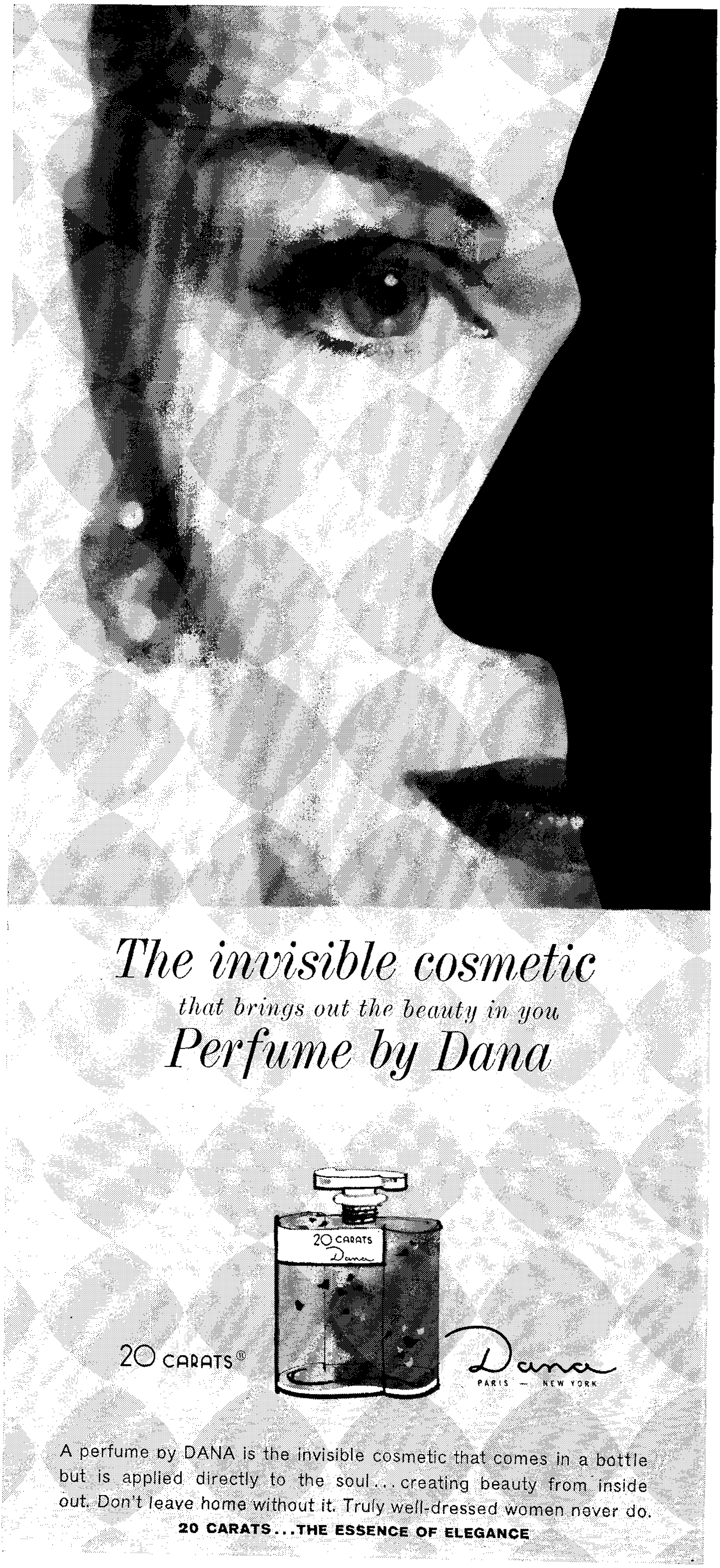
A division of Munsingwear

BAN-LON Quality Garment

below were thick with coal dust. The men lost all appetite, and the only water they had was distilled sea water, which they drank in prodigious quantities, though it was warm and had an unpleasant taste. The coaling went on for four days, and by the time it was completed, the crews looked like the survivors of a mining disaster; sunstroke had killed one man and laid out dozens more, and two sailors had been suffocated by the heat and dust. The next job was cleaner and pleasanter. The squadron took on potatoes, flour, meat, vegetables, chocolate, biscuits, and preserves from stocks judiciously laid in by the French, who were doing their best to make the stay agreeable for the guests and profitable for themselves. "Never before," the London *Times* correspondent in Hellville reported, "has any fleet laid in such stores of champagne and liqueurs." Finally, a thousand live cattle were herded onto the vessels—fresh meat for the voyage to come. On some ships, they were put in stockades; on others, they were permitted to run free on deck.

Finally, Rozhestvensky received another message from St. Petersburg. The Admiralty refused to relieve him of his command, and asked for his assessment of the new situation. He was only too glad to present his views, for in the days since he took to his bed at Sainte-Marie he had evolved a totally new strategy. This was to trim the squadron down to its fastest and most powerful ships—"I want to leave all the rubbish behind," he told Clapier de Colongue—and make an immediate dash for Vladivostok, Russia's only remaining port in the Far East. He now considered it rash to meet the Japanese fleet head on, but if he sneaked past it to Vladivostok, he could harass the enemy and perhaps prolong the war. In a message to the Admiralty, he described his plan succinctly: "I have not the slightest prospect of recovering command of the sea with the force under my orders. The dispatch of reinforcements composed of untested and, in some cases, badly built vessels would only render the fleet more vulnerable. In my view, the only possible course is to use all force to break through to Vladivostok and from this base to threaten the enemy's communications." Even with this modest mission, he insisted, speed was essential: the fall of Port Arthur had given Togo a chance to refit his ships, and every day that passed was a gift to Japan. He had high hopes that now, at last, the Admiralty would listen to reason.

The Admiralty's mind was made



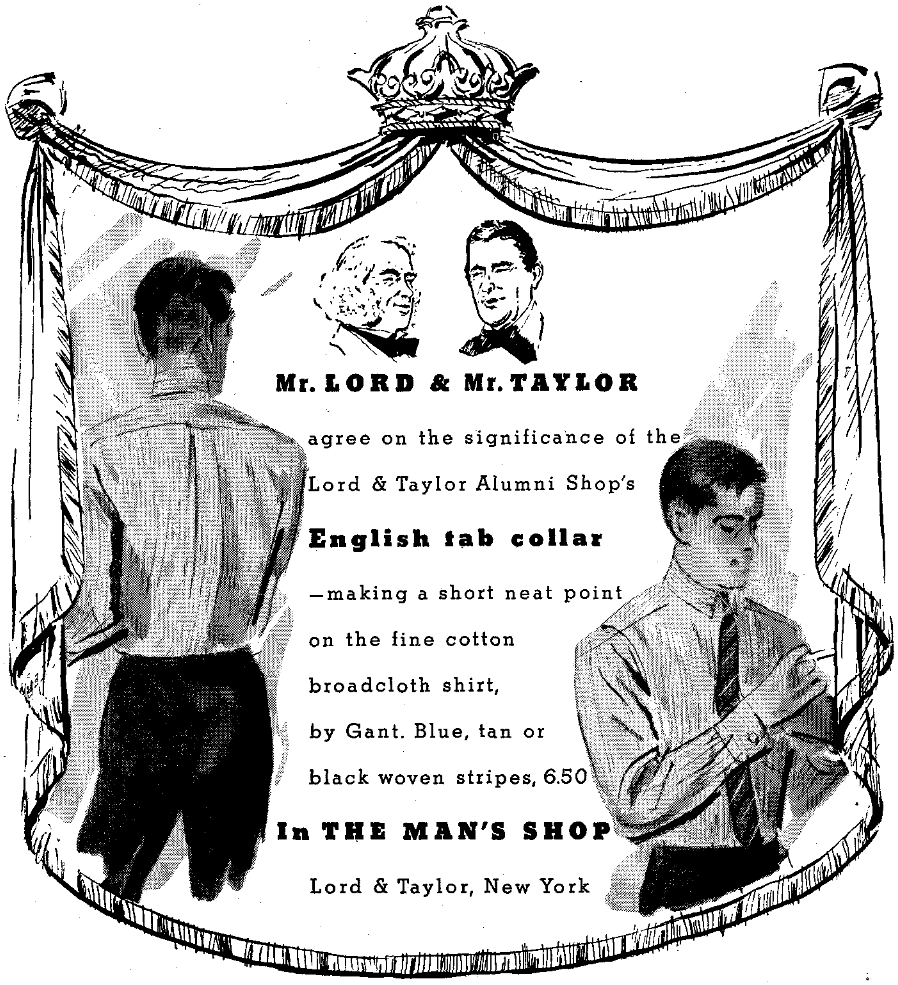
The invisible cosmetic
that brings out the beauty in you
Perfume by Dana

20 CARATS®

Dana
PARIS — NEW YORK

A perfume by DANA is the invisible cosmetic that comes in a bottle but is applied directly to the soul... creating beauty from inside out. Don't leave home without it. Truly well-dressed women never do.

20 CARATS...THE ESSENCE OF ELEGANCE



Mr. LORD & Mr. TAYLOR

agree on the significance of the Lord & Taylor Alumni Shop's

English tab collar

—making a short neat point on the fine cotton broadcloth shirt, by Gant. Blue, tan or black woven stripes, 6.50

In THE MAN'S SHOP

Lord & Taylor, New York

THOROUGHBRED RACING (Thru October 20th) AT ITS BEST

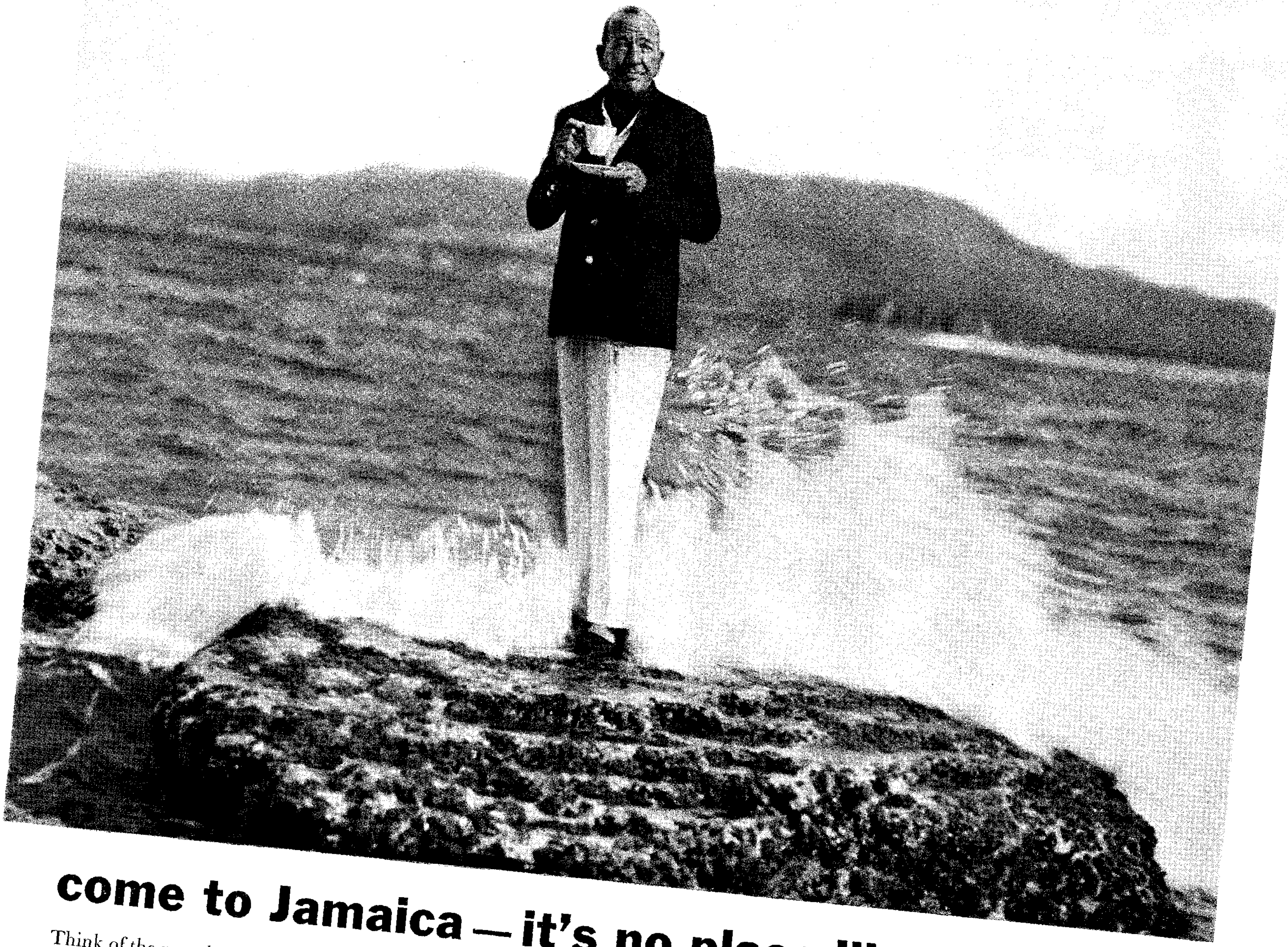
BELMONT PARK

First Race 1:15 pm • Daily Double Closes 1:05 pm • Gen'l Adm. $1.95 tax incl.
Special LIRR trains from Penn. Station and Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn.
By Subway & Bus or by Car—via Parkways. Plenty of Parking Space.
FOR RESERVED SEATS: FIELDSTONE 7-2200.

up, however, and the message came back: Rozhestvensky was to await reinforcements. While the crews struggled with coal and stores, he dispatched cable after cable to Russia, begging to be allowed to proceed to Vladivostok. "No one really knows what the Admiral has to go through," Clapier de Colongue confided to one of the Suvoroff's officers. "Sometimes I bring him a deciphered cable. He reads it. He crumples up the paper in his hand. He masters himself. He begins to dictate the reply. He changes the wording over and over. He gets furious. I hold my tongue. I know that his anger is not directed at me. . . . Or he suddenly says, quite calmly, it seems, 'Leave me alone now. By and by I will write it myself,' and as I go out I hear the pencil in his hand snap in two."

Just when it became apparent that the Admiral was losing the long-distance debate, he received another piece of harrowing news. The Hamburg-Amerika Line, which, spurred on by huge profits, had so far carried out the coaling brilliantly, now refused to cover the squadron's voyage through the Indian Ocean. A naval spokesman in Tokyo had threatened that "any colliers discovered in the vicinity of the Russian squadron will instantly be fired on and destroyed," and the colliers' crews soon made it clear that they had no intention of engaging in naval battles. All this was too much for Rozhestvensky—sabotaged by his Admiralty, betrayed by foreign powers, and now deprived of fuel. For the second time, he retired to his bunk. He was suffering from acute neuralgia, Clapier de Colongue informed the staff, and was in great pain.

WHILE the Admiral lay in bed, his men were drowning their sorrows in Hellville, which had become a nest of brothels, bars, and gambling houses. Women and liquor had arrived from all over the island, and prices soared, but that did not deter the Russians. The town's largest bar, which had had no name, was christened the Parisian Café ("I'm retiring to Paris after you all leave," the proprietor told his customers), and other ramshackle places of business bore roughly painted signs like "Purveyors to the Russian Fleet" and "Russian Buyers Especially Welcome." "Our men despaired of escaping from the war with their lives," A. Novikoff-Priboy, a sailor on the Oryol, wrote later in a book about the voyage, "so they drowned thought in drink, dicing, and drabbing. The offi-



come to Jamaica—it's no place like home

Think of the most beautiful place you've yet seen in the world. Jamaica is more so, *outrageously* so. Jamaica's the place to get away *with* it and/or get away *from* it. An enthused international "Who's Who" flocks here to do as it pleases. The sun shines all the time. In Jamaica you can find perfect peace. Yet the island pulses with theatrical contrasts between new and old, civilized and primitive. If you hanker to see the world, better do that first. Because once here, Jamaica will bewitch you—and may become all of the world you'll ever care to see.

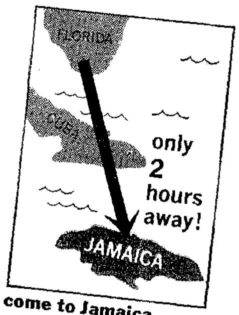
not a word

never at night

peace, peace, perfect peace...
and one's loved ones far away

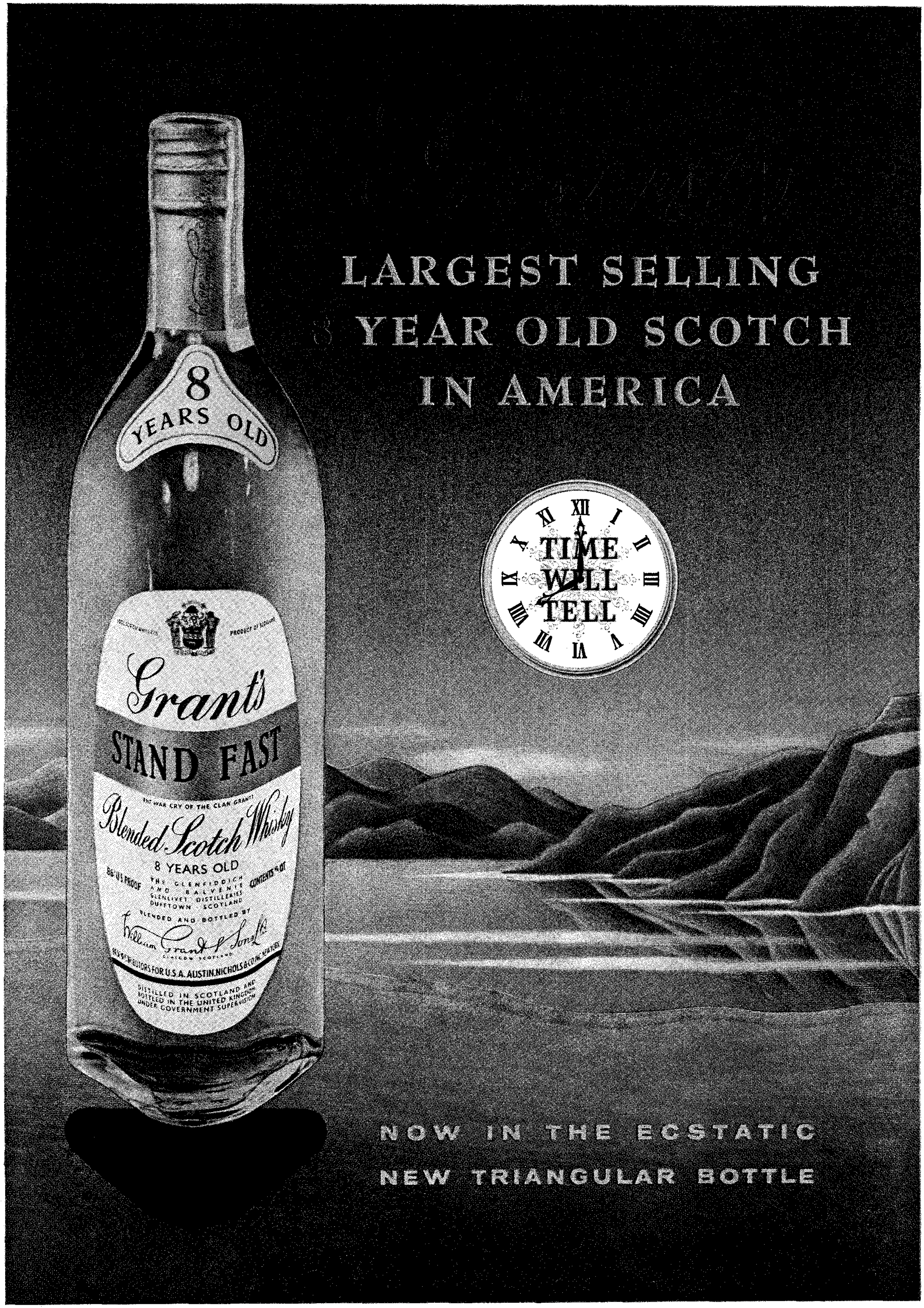
Jamaica [illegible] the loveliest island in the world

Noël Coward



**come to Jamaica—
it's not far from home**

JAMAICA IN THE WEST INDIES. Jamaica Tourist Board • New York • Chicago • Miami • Toronto, Canada • Kingston, Jamaica, W. I. **SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT**


LARGEST SELLING
8 YEAR OLD SCOTCH
IN AMERICA
TIME WILL TELL
NOW IN THE ECSTATIC
NEW TRIANGULAR BOTTLE
8 YEARS OLD
Grant's
STAND FAST
THE WAR CRY OF THE CLAN GRANT
Blended Scotch Whisky
8 YEARS OLD
86° U.S. PROOF
THE GLENFIDDICH AND BALVENIE GLENLIVET DISTILLERIES DUFFTOWN SCOTLAND
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
William Grant & Sons Ltd
GLASGOW SCOTLAND
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR U.S.A. AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO. INC. NEW YORK
DISTILLED IN SCOTLAND AND BOTTLED IN THE UNITED KINGDOM UNDER GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION

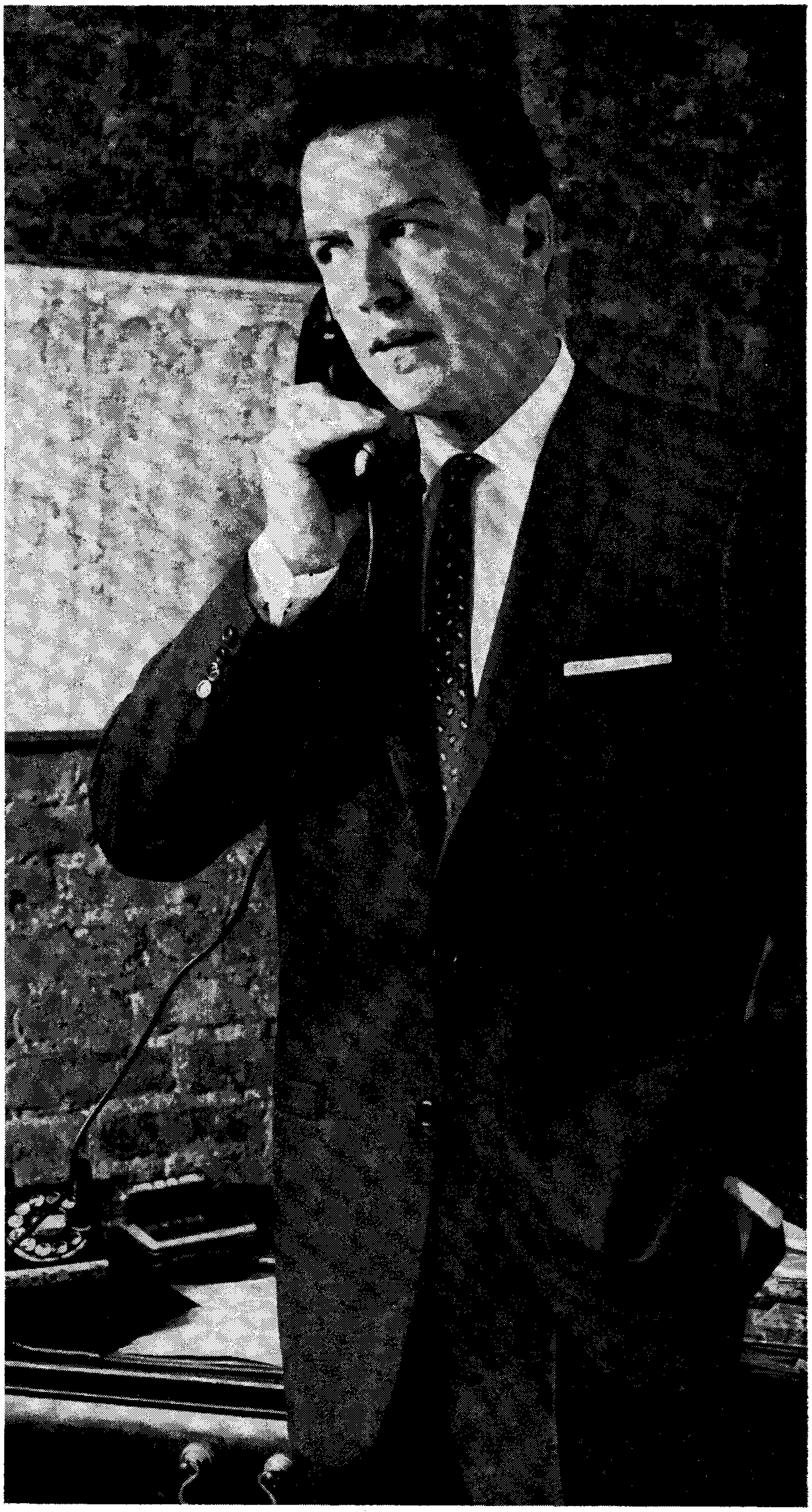
86 PROOF — SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc. NEW YORK — NEW YORK

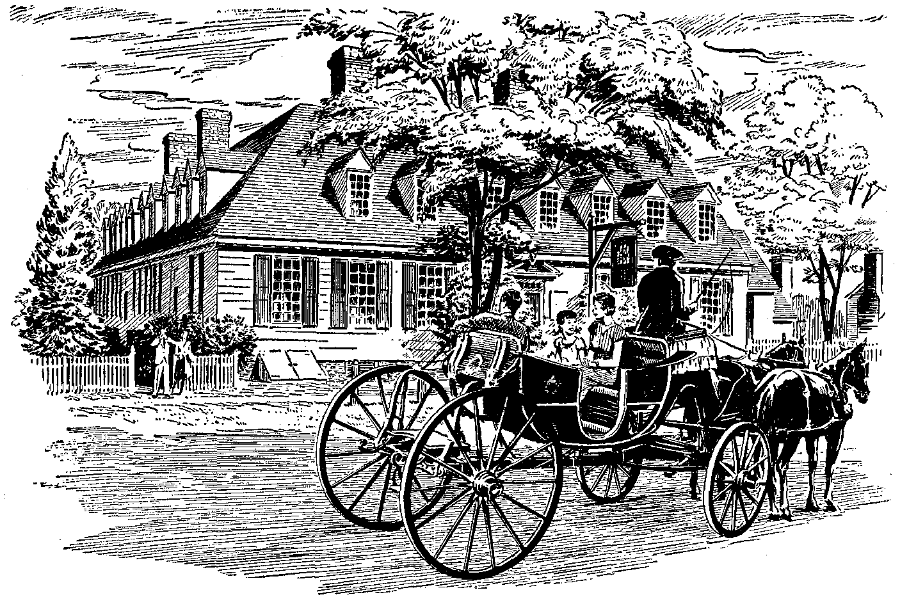
cers, who usually went ashore in mufti, turned a blind eye to the misconduct of their inferiors, fearing lest reprimands provoke insolent replies. The bluejackets openly disregarded the voice of authority. They reeled through the streets, or lay dead drunk where they fell. Some crawled about on all fours." On the vessels, there was another kind of disorder; the crews developed a craze for pets and brought hundreds of them aboard—parrots, porcupines, chameleons, frogs, dogs, hares, monkeys, and pigs. The animals ran wild over the decks and through the men's quarters below. One battleship had a pet crocodile, and another had a pet snake, which bit an officer; the favorite sport on a third was to get monkeys and dogs drunk and incite them to fight.

In its role of boom town, Hellville was prepared to tolerate a certain amount of riotous behavior, but one night a gang of bluejackets carried things too far for even the tolerant French administration—they tore down a row of native huts. The French lodged a protest, and this brought out the disciplinarian in Rozhestvensky. Rising from his sickbed at once, he reprimanded his officers, forbade nearly all shore leave, and announced that the ships were to be cleared of pets. The flow of orders from his cabin, after a halt of nearly two weeks, became a torrent, as he went on to institute rigorous new routines of ship cleaning, brass polishing, physical training, and small-arms drill. "We work now until we drop," one officer wrote, and the London *Times* quoted another officer as saying, "Rozhestvensky is thoroughly hated on account of his arbitrary orders."

Before long, there were rumors of mutiny on the ships, but it was not Rozhestvensky's severity that finally touched off the first big rebellion; it was political news from home. Early in February, the squadron received newspapers containing sensational reports of developments in Russia—riots, strikes, and demonstrations in Baku, St. Peters-

MAX & HENRY'S VARIETY STORE
MAX & HENRY'S VARIETY STORE


The man who commands respect demands
Glen Guard
INDIVIDUALIZED CLOTHES
Glen Guard
INDIVIDUALIZED CLOTHES
For nearest store, write Wm. P. Goldman & Bros., Inc., Dept. N2, 12 E. 14th St., N. Y. 3



Journey into history at Williamsburg VIRGINIA

Williamsburg Inn & Cottages
Lodge & Taverns
The Motor House • Double rooms with bath from $8.00

For information, reservations, color folder: Write Box 718, Williamsburg, Va., or contact Res. Offices—New York: 30 Rockefeller Plaza, Telephone CIrcle 6-6800. Washington: 1145 19th St., N.W., Telephone REpublic 7-8114.

RIDE down peaceful old Duke of Gloucester Street to the Raleigh Tavern, most renowned hostelry in colonial Virginia . . . the gay social center of the colony where Washington, Jefferson and many famous patriots were guests. With its modern hotels, fine food served in the colonial manner, golf, tennis and other recreational facilities, a visit to restored Williamsburg will be a great delight for the whole family.

© MC CALL CORP.

Togetherness by Bachrach*

Mr. and Mrs. John S. Keir and their grandchildren, of Wayland, Massachusetts

inspired by* **McCall's, *of course*

burg, and Moscow, martial law in many big cities, and, most terrible of all, the Winter Palace massacre, in which two thousand people, marching to the Czar to ask for reforms, had been killed by Cossacks. The sailors could think of little else; as they worked and ate, and at night as they lay in their hammocks, they talked of revolution. Plenty of the men were would-be revolutionaries themselves, and trouble was not long in coming. At supper one evening, the entire crew of the cruiser Nakhimoff, in protest at having been given moldy biscuits, threw their food overboard. Later, after evening prayers, the men milled about on deck, shouting, "Give us fresh bread!" Then a number of them grabbed weapons and prepared to rush the bridge, whereupon the captain drew their attention to the Suvoroff. Its big guns were pointing straight at them, and at the sight the mutineers hesitated and drew back. Fourteen men, selected arbitrarily as ringleaders, were eventually shot, and a number of others were sentenced to long terms of detention.

In the next few weeks, courts-martial became almost daily events, and finally, to relieve the congestion in the brigs, Rozhestvensky decided to send the most serious offenders—together with a few of the most seriously ill—back to Russia on the old Malay. Before the ship could get under way, though, the prisoners broke loose and succeeded in locking up the officers and crew in the filthy cells. Unfortunately for them, the uproar was heard across the harbor, and once again the Suvoroff's guns were trained on a ship of her own fleet. A strong boarding party was sent to put down the revolt, and after a short, sharp struggle, during which several men were wounded, the Suvoroff's sailors cornered the mutineers.

Rozhestvensky's strongest ally in putting down mutiny was the climate. It was through lack of energy, rather than lack of courage, that rebellion after rebellion failed. "More and more frequently there falls on me complete oblivion to my surroundings," E. S. Politovsky, the chief engineer of the fleet, wrote his wife. "I have such attacks of endless despair, such fancies, such horrible thoughts that, as God is my witness, I do not know what to do, where to hide, or how to forget myself." According to the French residents, he went on, no European could survive in Nossi-Bé for more than three years, and already the Russian crews were falling victim to "malaria, dysentery, tuberculosis, boils, prickly heat, and fungoid infections of the ear." By early March,

Is your life insurance program gathering dust?

An important promotion . . . a new home . . . a new baby . . . new tax laws . . . rising living costs—a man's life just doesn't stand still. Yet how many men plunge ahead, trusting in an insurance program that is only taking care of yesterday?

Your Travelers life insurance counselor can now build a program for you with plans that didn't even *exist* ten years ago. He can bring your life insurance program in line with your present standard of living —and your future needs.

There is no better time than right now to seek the counsel of a Travelers agent or broker.

THE TRAVELERS
Insurance Companies
HARTFORD 15, CONNECTICUT

All forms of personal and business insurance including Life • Accident • Group • Fire • Marine • Automobile • Casualty • Bonds the sick bays and the hospital ship were jammed, and funeral services were being held every day. There were also many cases of lunacy, and though some of the worst were sent home on the Malay, there was nothing to be done with the milder melancholics, such as a sailor who, according to Politovsky, "roamed the ship in filthy uniform, muttering to himself, 'Do you fear death?' "

NOW only Admiral Rozhestvensky appeared unaffected by the climate of Madagascar. After his recovery from neuralgia, he had been working from dawn to midnight—with more vitality than ever. Between quelling mutinies, he had been conferring with representatives of the Hamburg-Amerika Line—face to face with those in Hellville and by cable with those in Hamburg—and finally, after a sustained campaign of bullying and threats, he got the line to agree to sell him ten colliers outright. These would coal his ships at fixed points of latitude and longitude in the Indian Ocean, and four other Hamburg-Amerika colliers would meet him at his next landfall—somewhere on the coast of Cochin China.

Once this was settled, he had the fleet begin its first serious training program. The guns had not been fired since the night of the Dogger Bank Incident, and maneuvers had been limited to the simplest changes of formation. "We must work hard, not sit still with our hands in our laps," Rozhestvensky told his captains and crews. "We cannot afford much ammunition for target practice, but everyone must become familiar with our new telescopic sights." The way things went on the first day of the training program is reported in one of Rozhestvensky's orders of the day: "Nearly an hour elapsed before the Suvoroff could up-anchor, the reason for this preposterous delay being that the windlass, clogged with rust and mud, would not work. In an hour, ten ships did not succeed in forming line, although the leading vessel went dead slow. Everybody had been informed that toward noon the signal would be given to turn together and stop engines in line abreast, but the captains lost their heads, and . . . the ships became a mere jumble . . . steaming about in every direction. One feels really ashamed to speak of the firing. In practice destroyer attacks, the small-calibre guns did not succeed in scoring a single hit, although the targets differed from the Japanese torpedo boats to our advantage, inas-

Grand Marnier
Liqueur

May we take you to our leader...

This is the after-dinner liqueur that royalty bows before. It gives a duck something to die for; a dessert a reason for being. The only liqueur made exclusively with a fine champagne cognac base, and tanged with orange. New Recipe Booklet: Carillon Importers Ltd., Box Y10, 65 E. 55 St., N.Y.C.

Grand Marnier

LIQUEUR A L'ORANGE • PRODUCT OF FRANCE • 80 PROOF

The Zero King Viyella® Reversible Jacket

YOU CAN TELL IT'S A ZERO KING...
by the way it looks . . . feels . . . and fits . . .

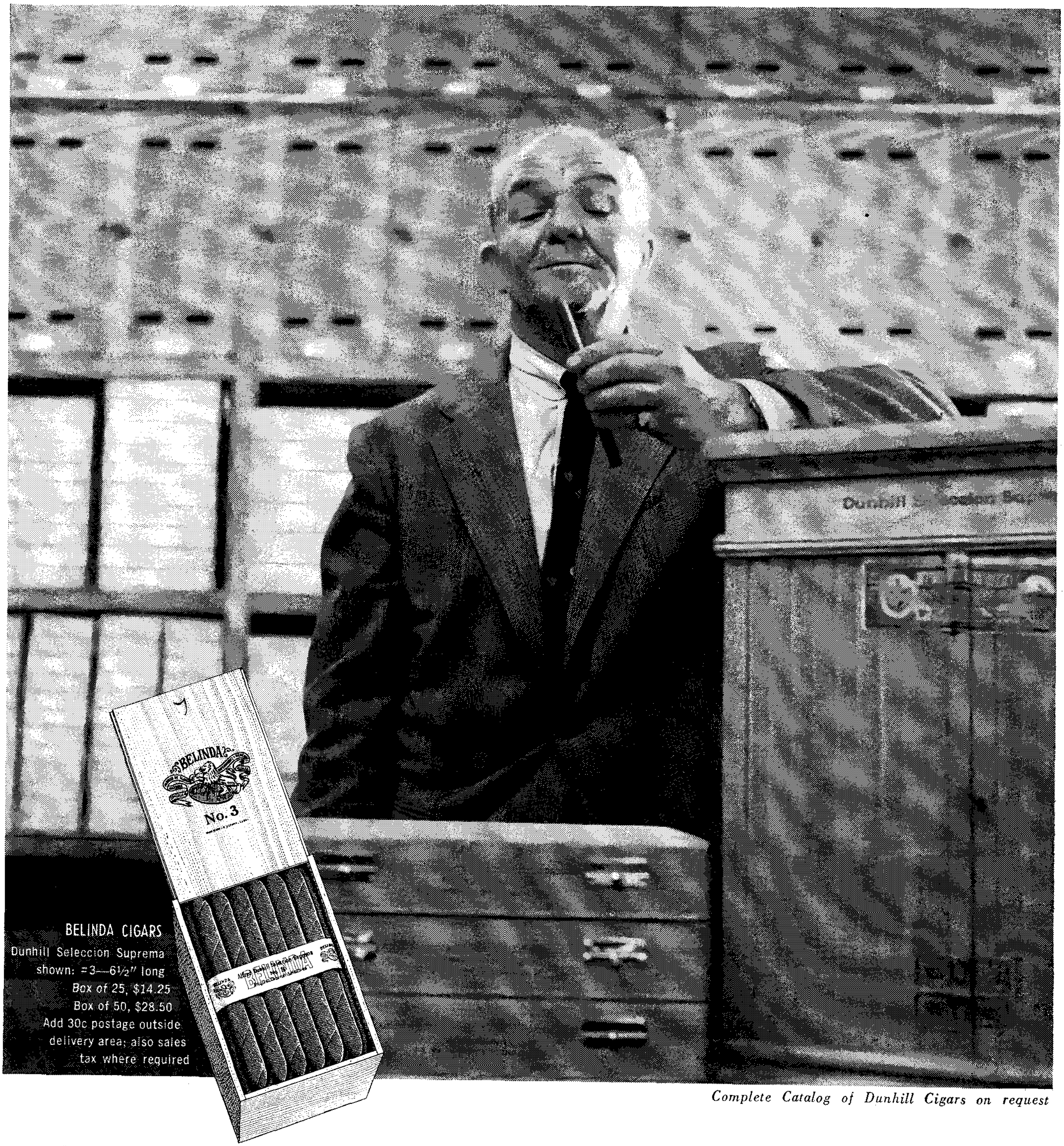
The luxurious comfort of Viyella®, England's famous combination of lamb's wool and finest cotton, is yours exclusively in men's outerwear in the Zero King *Viyella Reversible.* Flip it inside-out and you have a naturally water-repellent Self Sealing SuPima® jacket. No matter which way you wear it, the lightweight, washable *Viyella Reversible* is perfect for year 'round outdoor activities. . . about $35⁰⁰

ZERO KING

. . . the mark of a complete wardrobe

B. W. HARRIS MANUFACTURING CO., PARK SQUARE, ST. PAUL

CANTON, *C. N. Vicary Co.;* HOUSTON, *Norton Ditto;* KANSAS CITY, *Jack Henry;* PHILADELPHIA, *John Wanamaker.*



BELINDA CIGARS
Dunhill Seleccion Suprema
shown: #3—6½" long
Box of 25, $14.25
Box of 50, $28.50
Add 30c postage outside delivery area; also sales tax where required

Complete Catalog of Dunhill Cigars on request

Why Belinda appears so often in Mr. Adams' Diary

RANDOLPH ADAMS is Manager of The Humidor Room in Dunhill's New York shop. For 33 years he has studied the lore and lure of fine cigars.

His Diary lists discriminating men and instructions for periodic shipment of their favourite Havanas. "Belinda" is prominent among these brands, as it is throughout the world.

Some men receive as many as 150 cigars every week of the year. (They claim they give a goodly number to friends.) A more typical consumption is about 150 a month.

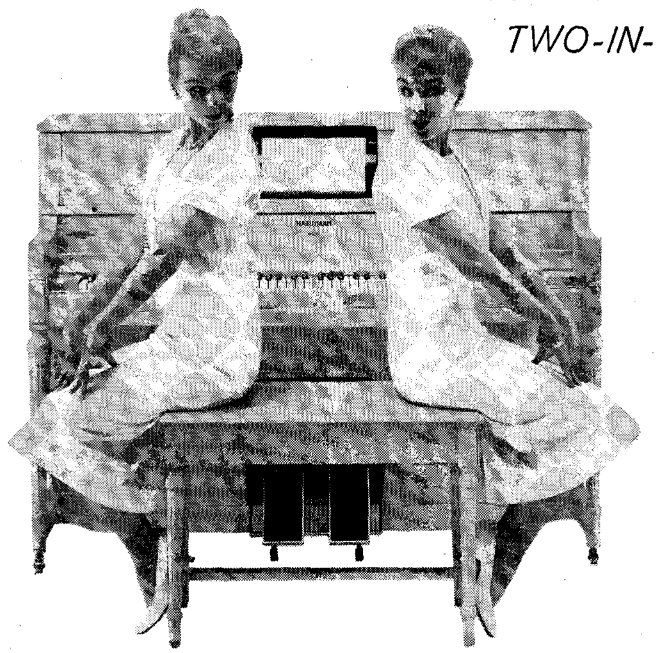
Although these men smoke varying sizes and brands and live as far away as Australia, they have all made the same satisfying discovery — namely that a good Havana cigar is even *better* after it is slowly matured under the perfectly controlled temperature and humidity of a Dunhill Humidor Room.

A box of Belindas from Dunhill is a most welcome gift. And listing a man in Mr. A's Diary is about the most magnificent gesture you can make.

alfred dunhill

Shops for gentlemen and their ladies • • • 50th and 5th, New York • 534 North Michigan, Chicago • 136 South Rodeo, Beverly Hills

IT'S TWICE THE FUN...WHEN YOUR PIANO IS TWO-IN-ONE



THE HARDMAN DUO® PLAYER PIANO

With this newest of pianos — already charming a multitude of owners — you have all the fun of a player piano and a manual console.

You can even add a tinge of spice with the bewitching sound of mandolin-like tones from the Ukelano, an optional extra. All these features are yours in a piano extraordinarily compact in design and styled for modern living.

If you like to entertain with a real flair, see the Duo today. Or write: Dept. N-18.

HARDMAN, PECK & COMPANY, 33 West 57th Street, New York 19, New York

THE ICE CAP HOTEL WELCOMES NAUTILUS PERSONNEL

A title on the door... rates a Bigelow on the floor

P. S. Sitting on Top of the World? Then your billet needs a Bigelow! Nothing makes visitors feel more welcome and "at home" than the sunny warmth and friendly comfort of Bigelow Carpets on the floor. Special designs, colors, and textures available. Call any Bigelow district office or our Contract Dept., 140 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. *The new ideas in carpet begin with* BIGELOW.

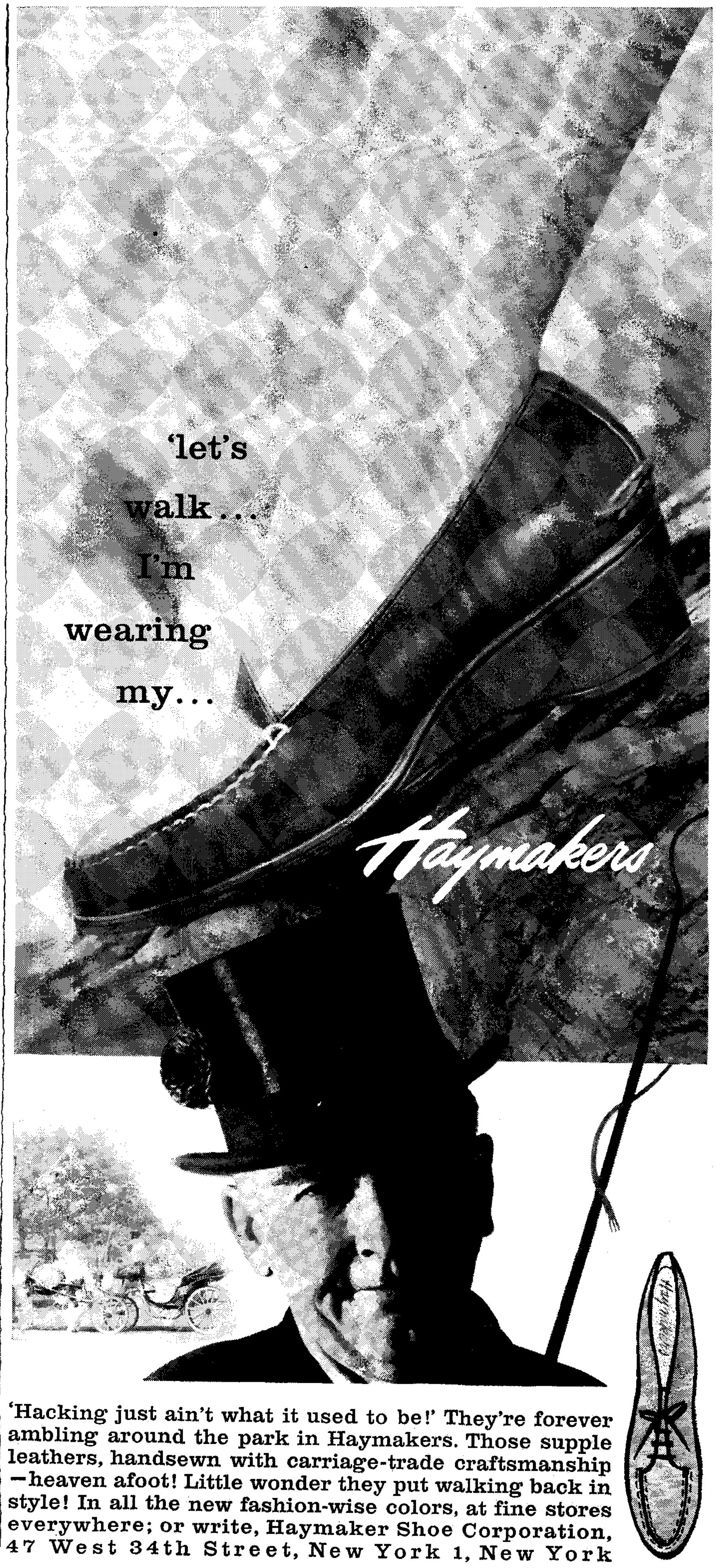
(*Advertisement*)

much as they were stationary." In subsequent maneuvers, the Suvoroff did score one hit. Aiming at a target being towed by the Dmitri Donskoy, she fired a shell into that vessel's bridge. The phrases "Unpardonably bad!" and "Wretched performance!" occur again and again in Rozhestvensky's orders of the day. Some of the weaknesses revealed would have produced startling results in action; it was discovered, for instance, that a number of the ships had two sets of signal books, one of them obsolete, and weren't sure which to use.

In the first week in March, the whole squadron suddenly became convinced that departure was imminent. The rumor, like most rumors in the Second Pacific Squadron, travelled with remarkable speed and was without apparent origin, although, again like most of the rumors, it proved to be true. Soon divers were working night and day to strip the hulls of the weeds and barnacles that had accumulated during the long tropical anchorage. Rozhestvensky had made up his mind that his fleet's only chance of survival was to leave Nossi-Bé before the ancient Baltic reserves arrived to encumber him. It was an unofficial report from the local French naval commander that had provided the final push. The old ships, Rozhestvensky was informed, had already reached Crete. If he intended to avoid them, he would have to vanish into the wastes of the Indian Ocean, and quickly. What he planned was, of course, an act of insubordination that dwarfed any committed by the mutineers.

On the evening of the fifteenth of March, when Rozhestvensky told Clapier de Colongue that the squadron would sail the following afternoon, all the Chief of Staff said was "Yes, sir." Anchors were weighed soon after one o'clock the next day, and gradually the ships, with the ten newly acquired colliers, formed up into awkward line. A fierce sun was beating down when they steamed out of the bay. A pair of trim, white French torpedo boats, with the "Bon Voyage" signal flying from their yards, escorted the Suvoroff into the open sea, while the Suvoroff's band returned the courtesy by playing the "Marseillaise." Sitting in his armchair on the flagship's bridge, Rozhestvensky read reports of the Russian Army's fight for Mukden, the key point in the battle for Manchuria. The Russians were retreating in disorder, and their casualties ran into the tens of thousands. Soon the truth that he had known for weeks must become clear to the whole world: Russia's last hope of averting defeat lay in his fleet, and his fleet alone.

THE commander of the Third Pacific Squadron was Rear Admiral Nikolai Ivanovich Nebogatoff, who by Russian standards was an extraordinarily mild-mannered officer, approachable and friendly, patient and tolerant. A short, fat man with protruding eyes, his chubby face decorated with a short beard and disfigured by chronic eczema, he rarely raised his voice, and moved about with little, awkward steps. Though he was only in his mid-fifties, his men called him Granddad. Nebogatoff's task was nothing like as formidable as Rozhestvensky's had been, but it was challenging enough. He had to sail his old ships to the Far East and place himself under the command of an admiral whom he did not like and who did not like him. His flagship was a nine-thousand-ton battleship, the Czar Nicholas I, armed with two twelve-inch and four nine-inch guns, all outdated weapons with a slow rate of fire and a short range, and to support him he had the cruiser Vladimir Monomakh and three coastal-defense ships, with low freeboard and shallow draft, which had not been intended for ocean travelling, let alone steaming in line, and which the fleet had nicknamed the Galoshes. All things considered, Nebogatoff succeeded in preparing his squadron for sea with remarkable speed. There could be no question of overhauling the ships; a dab of paint here and a touch of grease there were all that could be managed, and since the Russian dockers, at the height of the winter revolution, were in no frame of mind to obey orders, even that was difficult. As for his crews, he had only the last of the leftovers—pardoned convicts, aged reservists who



'Hacking just ain't what it used to be!' They're forever ambling around the park in Haymakers. Those supple leathers, handsewn with carriage-trade craftsmanship —heaven afoot! Little wonder they put walking back in style! In all the new fashion-wise colors, at fine stores everywhere; or write, Haymaker Shoe Corporation, 47 West 34th Street, New York 1, New York

GORDON'S
DISTILLED
VODKA

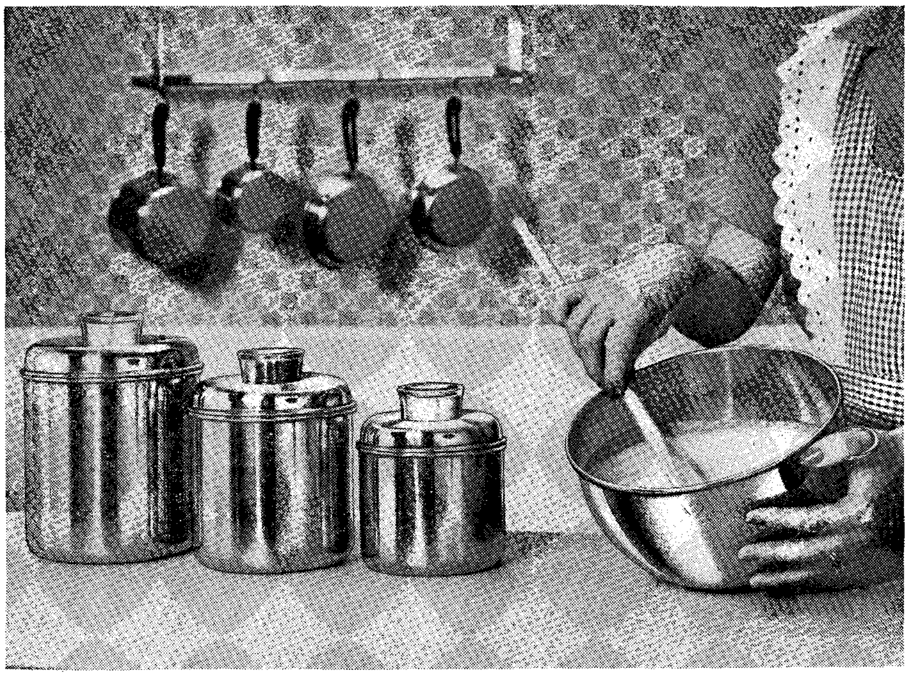
THE SMART WAY TO ASK FOR VODKA

How's your BLENDSMANSHIP*?

Are your vodka drinks as smooth as your chit-chat? Why not combine your gift of gab and our gift of Gordon's Vodka, and always mix amiably–either way. BLENDSMEN SUPREME have switched to Gordon's Vodka–the distilled vodka that mixes better.

*the art of being a good mixer

80 & 100 PROOF • DISTILLED FROM GRAIN • © GORDON'S DRY GIN CO. LTD., LINDEN, N. J.



Mix 'n fix double quick—with Revere Ware

Here are two important Revere Ware ingredients for quick cooking! Clear plastic cover knobs let you see at a glance what's inside your Tel-U-Top® Canisters. Mixing is done in a minute in your Revere Ware Mixing Bowls. They are gleaming stainless steel with handy rings for holding with a sure grip . . . and for easy hanging. Tel-U-Top Canisters (either copper or stainless steel) from $3.95 and in smart gift sets. Mixing Bowls from $2.50. At your favorite store. Revere Copper and Brass Incorporated, Rome, N. Y.

COPPER CLAD 1801 REVERE WARE STAINLESS STEEL

had served under sail and had no use for steam power, and the like. The night before the Third Pacific Squadron embarked, the officer of the watch on one of the Galoshes was stabbed to death and a boatswain wounded.

However, Nebogatoff's mild but firm authority and the winter voyage down the Channel, across the Bay of Biscay, and through the Mediterranean seemed to have a mellowing effect on the squadron's wilder elements. There were few outbreaks of violence. The crews were kept alert by continual gunnery practice and, at night, by simulated torpedo attacks with all lights extinguished, for Nebogatoff, unlike Rozhestvensky, did not believe in searchlights. As for coaling, he was blessed with good weather and good personal relations in the neutral harbors where he put in. It was difficult to create a fracas over this gentle man and his quaint little collection of vessels.

At Suez, Nebogatoff learned from St. Petersburg that Rozhestvensky had already left Madagascar, after signalling simply that he was on his way east. "Continue to Djibouti [a port on the Gulf of Aden, fifteen hundred miles south of Suez], and await further instructions," St. Petersburg ordered Nebogatoff. When he got there, the instructions were even less explicit: "You are to join up with Rozhestvensky, whose route is unknown to us." Nebogatoff did not need to be told that Rozhestvensky wanted no part of the Third Pacific Squadron, but he proceeded eastward, counting on some eventual word from the Admiralty.

For more than three weeks, Rozhestvensky's armada was lost not only to the Russian Admiralty but to the world. Between March 16th and April 8th, never travelling at more than eight knots, it crossed the Indian Ocean, a distance of some thirty-five hundred miles. All that time, the squadron did not see another ship, and for the most part it kept more than two thousand miles from shore. Five times the squadron stopped to take on coal from its colliers, and every time the operation was painful but successful. Between coalings, as one clear tropical day followed another, the men passed the time playing cards and deck games, singing to the accompaniment of a balalaika or a concertina, grumbling in a listless sort of way about the shortage of cigarettes and matches and the poor quality of the salt beef, or talking mournfully about home. Every now and then, a man jumped overboard; no effort was made to retrieve the suicides. On the flagship, Rozhestvensky cursed every delay and sent out scathing signals, but only Clapier de Colongue was much affected by the Admiral's violent outbursts. The rest of the ship's personnel were sunk in their daily routine.

At last, on the morning of April 5th, land appeared—the coast of Sumatra. After the weeks of clean salt air, the crews were impressed less by the sight of land than by the now familiar heavy, rich odor of tropical vegetation. For Rozhestvensky, the reappearance of land meant a return to danger, and he sent out a message to all crews: "Keep a sharp lookout for suspicious vessels. The enemy will be informed of our approach." Some cruisers and destroyers went off on reconnaissance, and soon reports began to come in from lookouts in the crow's-nests, at first hourly and then, as the ships entered the main shipping route to Singapore, every few minutes. One cruiser reported concealed guns on every passing merchantman, and an ironclad positively identified twelve torpedo boats steaming behind a British East Indiaman. Once again, orders were issued for guns to be manned day and night, and tension mounted.

On the afternoon of April 8th, word spread through the streets of Singapore that a great naval armada was steaming toward the town, and thousands of people flocked to the waterfront. At first, there was some uneasiness. No Royal Navy vessels were expected, and these ships were clearly not Japanese. "Russian," the word went round at last, and the onlookers suddenly realized that it was the vaunted armada of the Dogger Bank Incident, which had faded from the news weeks before. "It was a splendid spectacle," the London *Times* correspondent cabled, and Reuters went into greater detail: "All the ships were burning soft coal, and the smoke they made was visible for miles. The ships, magnificent but foul, were proceeding at about eight knots, and it took them fifty-five minutes to pass a given point. All the vessels showed signs of their long voyage in tropical seas, about a foot of seaweed being visible along the waterline, and the decks were laden with coal."

The reappearance of the lost fleet proved not only that Russia possessed great naval strength but that she intended to commit it to battle against the Japanese, who had seemed to have all but won the war. In every country, there was praise for the Admiral who, after so ludicrous a start, had contrived to bring his squadron halfway across the world and was now seeking out the

JAMES M. KENNEDY
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
REVERE COPPER AND BRASS INCORPORATED

LEADERS OF INDUSTRY KNOW
the Value of Time

Throughout his career, Jim Kennedy has shown a special talent for turning loss into profit. As head of Revere Copper and Brass Incorporated . . . and pioneer in the introduction of sheet copper as a product and profit leader in the kitchen utensil field . . . Mr. Kennedy's achievements have earned for him the 1957 Forbes Magazine Leadership Medal. To keep his busy day busier, he has recently accepted the Presidency of the Copper and Brass Research Association.

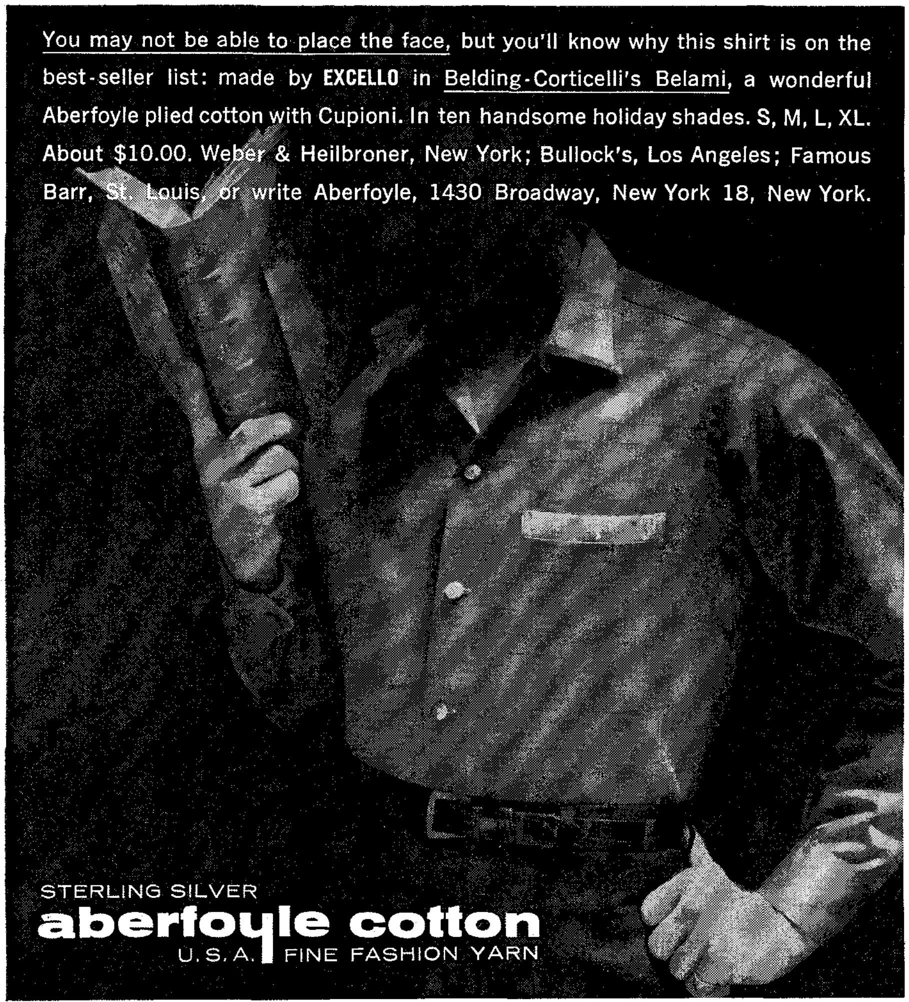
An ardent golfer in the low handicap bracket, Mr. Kennedy turns this happy hobby to profit as well. In addition to golfing enthusiasms, many of his leisure hours are devoted to the Greenwich Country Club as Chairman of the Long-Range Planning Committee.

At work or at play, Mr. Kennedy wears a Rolex Watch to guard his precious time. You, too, can own one of these famous timepieces. Rolex precision watches are available at America's finer jewelers.

The Zephyr shown here...14K gold, waterproof, *Oyster* case with matching ultra modern gold dial; rotor self winding *Perpetual* 25 jewel Chronometer movement (Swiss officially certified with timing certificate) $350 F.T.I. Also available with stainless steel case and steel gray, or gold dial. $190 F.T.I., bracelet extra.

ROLEX
OYSTER PERPETUAL
OFFICIAL TIMEPIECE PANAGRA

AMERICAN ROLEX WATCH CORP., 580 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



You may not be able to place the face, but you'll know why this shirt is on the best-seller list: made by **EXCELLO** in Belding-Corticelli's Belami, a wonderful Aberfoyle plied cotton with Cupioni. In ten handsome holiday shades. S, M, L, XL. About $10.00. Weber & Heilbroner, New York; Bullock's, Los Angeles; Famous Barr, St. Louis, or write Aberfoyle, 1430 Broadway, New York 18, New York.

STERLING SILVER
aberfoyle cotton
U. S. A. FINE FASHION YARN

Distilled in Scotland and Bottled in the United Kingdom under Government Supervision
CUTTY SARK
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
100% Scotch Whiskies from Scotland's best Distilleries
86 Proof
4/5 Quart
Blended & bottled by
BERRY BROS & RUDD Ltd

SCOTLAND'S BEST DISTILLERIES PRODUCE THIS QUALITY SCOTCH WHISKY

CUTTY SARK

BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
86 PROOF

IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK

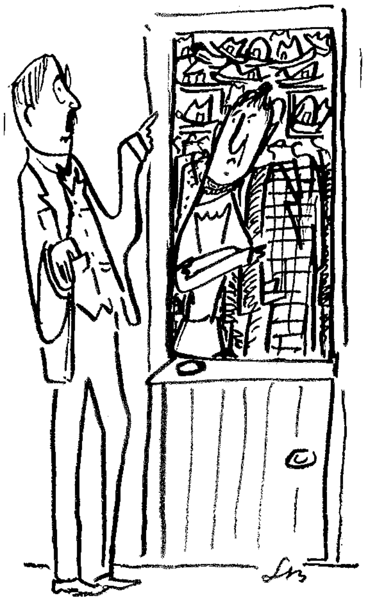
enemy. "We have suffered many things at the hands of the Russian Navy during this war," one London leader writer noted. "Nevertheless, the news that Admiral Rozhestvensky and the Baltic Fleet, scorning evasion and concealment, have stood on down the Straits of Malacca, have passed Singapore, and have sailed proudly into the China Seas will send a thrill of admiration through all Englishmen who read it." Without the authority, or even the knowledge, of the Russian Admiralty, Rozhestvensky had won Russia's first great moral victory of the war.

On the Suvoroff, the crew lined up along the port rails and stared at the town. There, only a few miles from where they stood, were the facilities they needed so badly—a wide, sheltered bay, dockyard installations, supplies and equipment. The nearest Russian harbor was Vladivostok, three thousand miles away, and between it and the squadron were Japan's fortified bases and Togo's patrol lines. On the bridge, Rozhestvensky raised his binoculars and, in silence, looked at the town for some time. Then he passed the glasses to Clapier de Colongue. "In a few minutes," he said with satisfaction, "the telegraph will report this to the whole world."

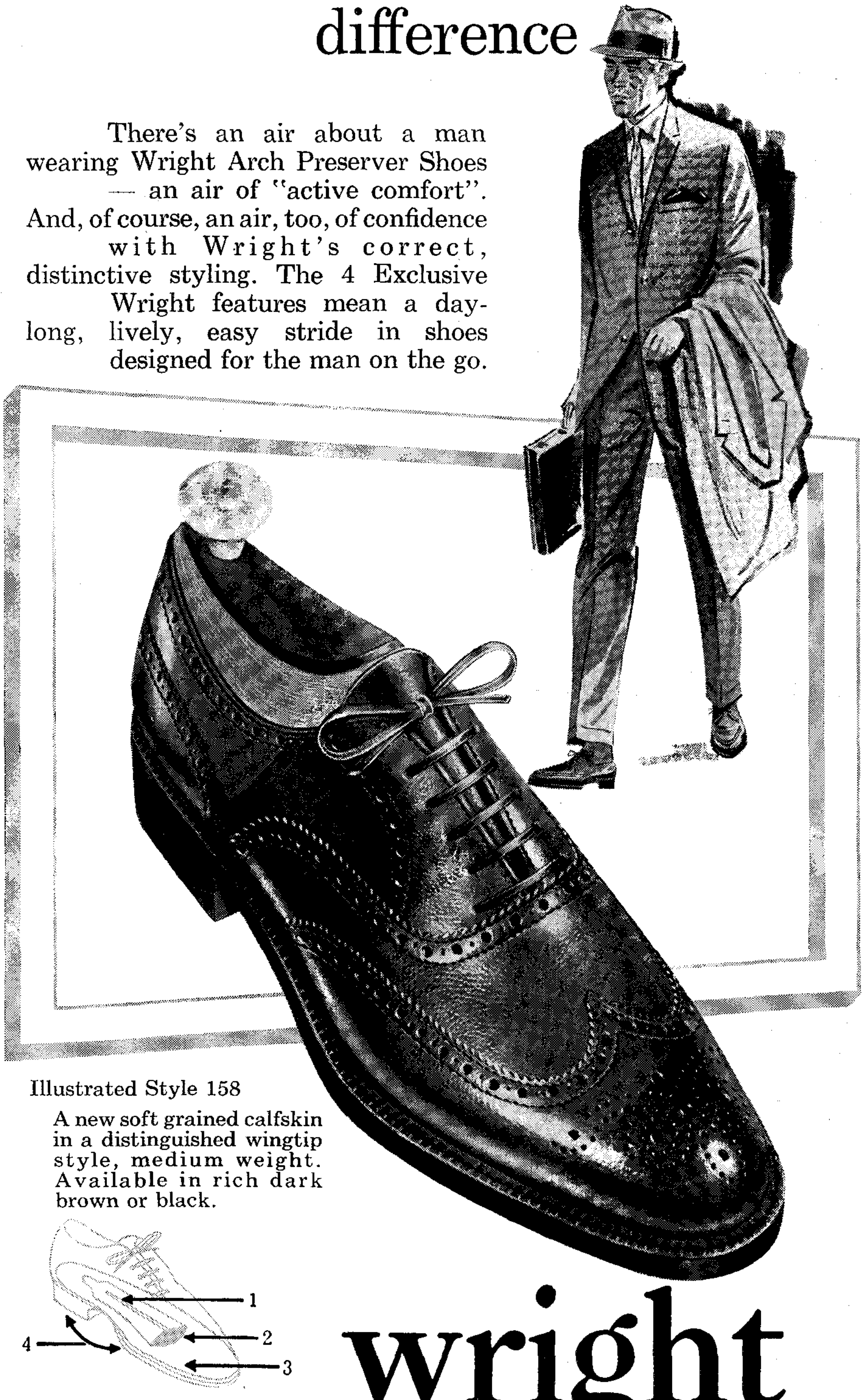
As the squadron proceeded past Singapore, a small steam launch came out of the harbor, obviously trying to catch up. There was some alarm at first, and a destroyer was sent to intercept her. Then it was seen that she was flying Russian colors. She was signalling that the Russian consul was aboard; he had important dispatches and would like an interview with the Admiral. "Tell him we can't stop—it's far too dangerous," Rozhestvensky told Clapier de Colongue. "The destroyer can pick up any papers." Undeterred by this cold reception, the consul had the launch steam up the line of first-division battleships, and called out, through a megaphone, the latest news from home and from the front. "Mukden has fallen. . . . General Kuropatkin has been dismissed and replaced by General Linevich. . . . I have got together all the newspapers I could lay hands on, but you didn't give me much time. . . . Admiral Nebogatoff, with the Third Pacific Squadron, has sailed from Djibouti to join forces with you." Many of the consul's words were carried away on the wind, but the dispatches that the destroyer delivered to the flagship filled in the gaps.

The consul had also delivered orders from the Admiralty: Rozhestvensky was to sail for Camranh Bay, on the Cochin China coast, and there he must positively await the arrival of Admiral Nebogatoff. With the joint force, he was first to destroy the enemy in battle and then proceed to Vladivostok. There—the final insult—he was to turn over his command to Admiral Aleksei Alekseyevich Biriiioff, the commander of the Kronstadt navy yard, who was on his way to the Far East by the Trans-Siberian Railroad. Rozhestvensky was outraged. This time, the corrupt and incompetent clique in St. Petersburg had really overreached itself. Again, it was clear that he must either sacrifice his fleet or ignore orders. Again, his loyalty to his superiors was pitted against his common sense.

On April 10th, shortly after the fleet sailed into the South China Sea, Rozhestvensky asked Clapier de Colongue, Semenoff, and his flag lieutenant, a man named Sverbeieff, to meet with him in his cabin. Semenoff has left a vivid picture of that conference. The Admiral was in a state of acute nervous tension; for a time, he would sit deep in his chair, doodling on a pad of paper, and then he would leap up and pace the floor, muttering to himself and occasionally asking his officers their opinion of the situation. Slowly, by careful questioning, they managed to learn something of his dilemma, and for the first time he revealed, if only by implication, what they had long suspected—that the reason for the squadron's hasty departure from Madagascar was Rozhestvensky's fear that he might be saddled with Nebogatoff's tubs. The Admiral wanted, he said, to make straight for Vladivostok, and he had hoped that he might be better able to persuade the Admiralty of its folly from the war zone than from the security of Nossi-Bé. But he had failed. "So they sent



let your feet feel the wonderful difference



There's an air about a man wearing Wright Arch Preserver Shoes — an air of "active comfort". And, of course, an air, too, of confidence with Wright's correct, distinctive styling. The 4 Exclusive Wright features mean a day-long, lively, easy stride in shoes designed for the man on the go.

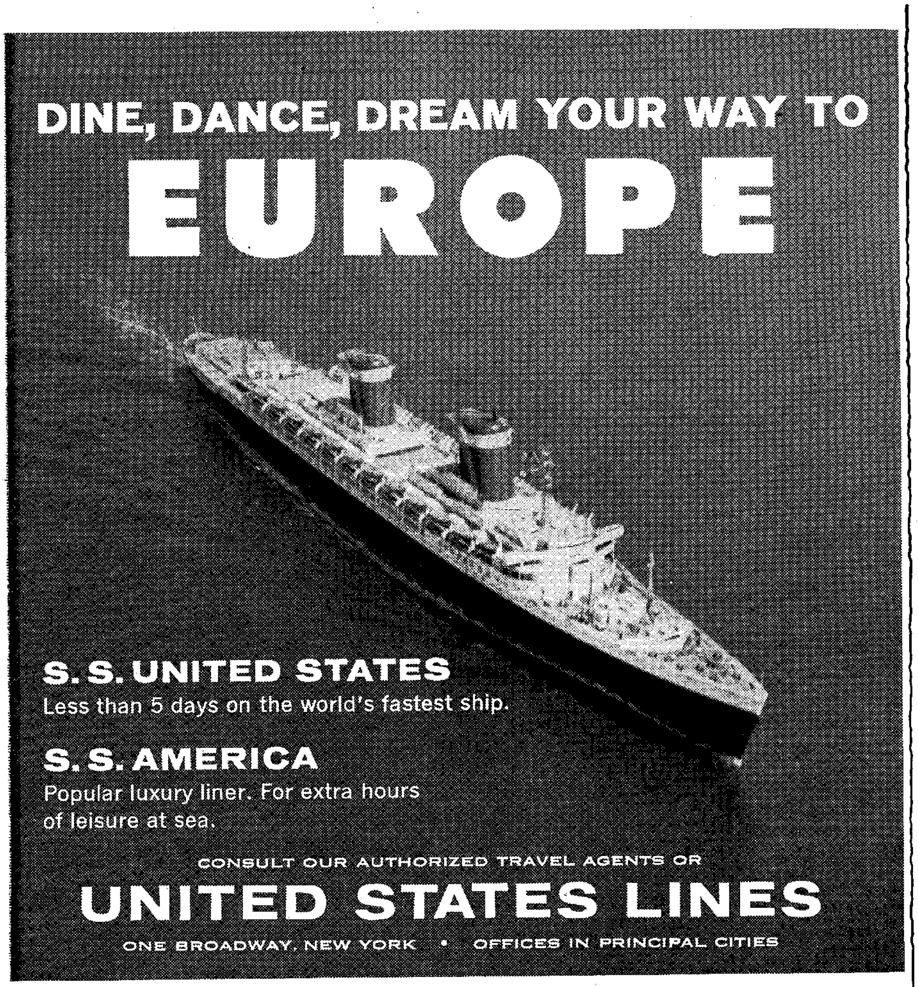
Illustrated Style 158

A new soft grained calfskin in a distinguished wingtip style, medium weight. Available in rich dark brown or black.

1 Famous Wright Arch Preserver Shank
2 Metatarsal raise — for weight distribution
3 Flat forepart — permits foot exercise
4. Heel-to-ball fitting — shoe fits to foot action

wright
arch preserver shoes

For nearest dealer consult Classified Directory or write:
E. T. WRIGHT & CO., INC. ROCKLAND, MASS.



DINE, DANCE, DREAM YOUR WAY TO
EUROPE

S. S. UNITED STATES
Less than 5 days on the world's fastest ship.

S. S. AMERICA
Popular luxury liner. For extra hours of leisure at sea.

CONSULT OUR AUTHORIZED TRAVEL AGENTS OR
UNITED STATES LINES
ONE BROADWAY, NEW YORK • OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

Any sound sounds best on...

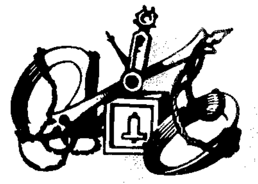
SCOTCH BRAND Magnetic Tape
Professional Quality-Popular Price

© 3M CO., 1958
"SCOTCH" AND PLAID DESIGN ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF 3M CO., ST. PAUL 6, MINN. EXPORT: 99 PARK AVE., NEW YORK 16. CANADA: LONDON, ONTARIO.
MINNESOTA MINING AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY
...WHERE RESEARCH IS THE KEY TO TOMORROW
3M COMPANY

Nebogatoff on all the same!" Semenoff exclaimed. "Without giving him a rendezvous? Just simply at haphazard?" It was preposterous, Semenoff went on, to be chased halfway around the world by an "archeological collection of naval architecture." But that was what was happening. The three officers were unanimous: It would be suicide to await the arrival of the Third Pacific Squadron. The only chance was to act immediately and try to force a passage to Vladivostok. If the ships succeeded in evading Togo, so much the better; if they met him, they must put their trust in God. "Forward, and let come what may!" Semenoff said dramatically, but the effort to instill some fire into the meeting fell flat. Rozhestvensky nodded a brief acknowledgment and, without raising his eyes, dismissed them. That day, the ships moved on toward Camranh Bay.

The following morning, Rozhestvensky showed signs of excruciating indecision. "The Admiral is so odd today," Semenoff recorded, "so restless, so taciturn and irritable . . . running about nervously . . . appearing first on one bridge, then on the other, then disappearing for a short time in his cabin; after that he moves about again on deck, looks through his notebook, notes something down in it . . . and finally he starts talking to himself." It may have been the appearance of two British cruisers, passing close by on an opposite course, that made up Rozhestvensky's mind; they left him in no doubt that he was being shadowed, and that his course and position were known to the Japanese fleet. Again and again that day, ships appeared and vanished, just as the Channel Fleet ships had done off Spain and Portugal. One British merchantman, coming closer than the others, signalled, "Have seen Japanese torpedo boats. Beware—and look out for attacks by night." It was as if the whole world were playing a giant game of bluff with this fleet of ten thousand men.

The next morning, with the squadron still sixty miles from Camranh Bay, the Admiral at last acted. First, he ordered all warships to report on how much coal they had. Then, since the colliers still had some coal aboard, he ordered each of the ironclads to take on more. As the coaling began, he paced the Suvoroff's bridge with his head thrust angrily forward, and occasionally cast a glance at one or another of the ironclads. Just before lunch, an officer with a rolled-up map under his arm came up to Rozhestvensky. Word spread that the map covered the route



Libra

EVERYBODY LOVES A BAND!

(Especially in Angel Bandstand High Fidelity)

François-Julien Brun, Director

Hear them, and you can almost see them...72 splendid musicians in red-and-black Napoleonic uniform, instruments shining and gold braid swinging as they march down *les boulevardes.* Here is their latest high fidelity recording: fanfares, regimental 'calls to colors' and French military marches from La Garde Républicaine..."a sight to see and musically probably the finest organization of its kind in the world" (*Newsweek*). A pulse-quickening, heart-warming, toe-tapping experience recommended as an "antidote to the ennui that besets us all!" (*American Record Guide*).

En Avant... Marche! **Angel 35507**

Also from La Garde Républicaine:

French Military Music (history of French marches from the Revolution to World War II) **Angel 35051**

French and American Military Marches **Angel 35260**

From the Highlands...

Regimental Band and Massed Pipers of the Scots Guards **Angel 35271**

Scots Guards on Parade **Angel 35337**

Scots Guards: Hi-Fi in the Highlands **Angel 35464**

From Rome...

The Carabinieri Band of Rome **Angel 35371**

From Austria...

The Deutschmeister Band **Angel 35498**

Vienna on Parade (with the Singing Boys and Girls of the Vienna Woods) **Angel 35499**

From England...

Regimental Band of the Coldstream Guards **Angel 35370**

From the U.S.S.R. ...

Soviet Army Chorus and Band **Angel 35411**

Piano

Second Angel recording by the 20-year-old Russian pianist whose "astonishing technique and innate musical awareness" have already seen him hailed as a "potential Rubinstein" (*High Fidelity*). Vladimir Ashkenazy will be making his first U.S. tour this year.

Rachmaninoff: Variations on a Theme of Corelli
Liszt: Mephisto Waltz No. 1 and Feux Follets
Prokofiev: Sonata No. 7 in B Flat, Op. 83 **Angel 35647**

"First class virtuoso" (*New York Times*). With The Philharmonia Orchestra, conducted by Alceo Galliera. **Angel 35631**

"Not since Horowitz' retirement have such pyrotechnics been heard" (*Chicago American*).

Rimsky-Korsakov: Flight of the Bumble Bee
Brahms: Hungarian Dance No. 5
Khatchaturian: Sabre Dance
Vecsey: Valse Triste • Cziffra: Rumanian Fantasy
Strauss: Tritsch Tratsch Polka and Blue Danube Waltz
Rossini: William Tell **Angel 35610**

Vocal

THRILLING ANGEL DEBUT

In her Covent Garden debut last year as Brünnhilde in *Götterdämmerung*, this young Swedish soprano excited critics and audience alike! Ernest Newman (*London Times*) exclaimed, "Great beauty of tone...it rejoices me to have lived long enough to hear and see a young Brünnhilde of such present accomplishment and such future promise!" With The Philharmonia Orchestra, Leopold Ludwig, Conductor.

Wagner: Arias from The Flying Dutchman, Tännhauser, Lohengrin, Tristan and Isolde
Verdi: Arias from Un Ballo in Maschera, La Forza del Destino, Aida **Angel 35540**

When Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau sang Schubert's *Die Winterreise* in its entirety, without intermission, at his American debut in New York's Town Hall, the N.Y. Herald-Tribune called him "unquestionably the major German art song interpreter of our era." Here are 13 more Schubert songs, including three from *Schwanengesang*, sung in his "marvellous voice, used with great intelligence" (*Gramophone*). With Gerald Moore, Pianist. **Angel 35624**

Opera

Mozart's first *opera seria*...first performed on his twenty-fifth birthday...here recorded for the first time in its entirety by the *Glyndebourne Festival Opera* (which observes its own twenty-fifth birthday next season). The meticulous, magnificent performances of Mozart operas first established the Glyndebourne reputation for "admirable standards" and "near perfection." Sung by Richard Lewis, Léopold Simoneau, Sena Jurinac, Lucille Udovick and others, with the Glyndebourne Festival Orchestra and Chorus, conducted by John Pritchard.

3 records (*illustrated line-by-line libretto*) **Angel Album 3574 C/L**

Orchestral

Almost two years ago Guido Cantelli, 36, died in an air crash en route to New York and thus deprived the world of a musician and interpreter destined to belong "to the first rank of orchestral conductors of our time" (*N.Y. Herald-Tribune*). In this recording of Beethoven's Seventh (which the composer himself considered one of his very best), Maestro Cantelli reveals his phenomenal command of the orchestra and—above all—his superb musical taste. Recorded with The Philharmonia Orchestra. **Angel 35620**

Violin

Tchaikovsky: Violin Concerto in D Major, Op. 35
Saint-Saëns: Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso, Op. 28

Recorded with the Pro Arte Orchestra, Wilhelm Schuechter, Conductor.

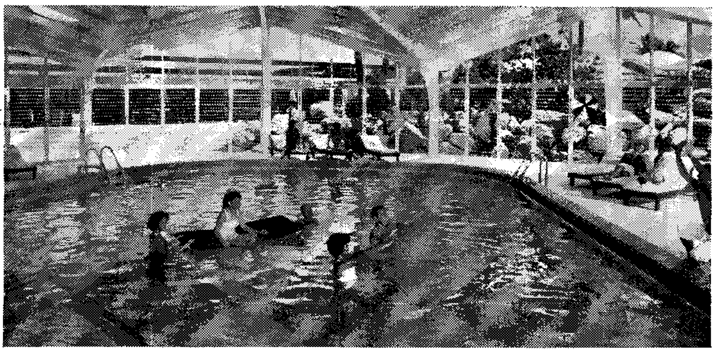
"Russians have already acclaimed the senior Oistrakh as the world's greatest fiddler, and now they have a Prince Igor to go along with their King David," wrote the N.Y. Herald-Tribune of Igor Oistrakh's first Angel recording, the Khatchaturian *Violin Concerto*. Here is new evidence of the artistry which has critics calling him "A chip off the old block" (*High Fidelity*). **Angel 35517**

®

"Aristocrats of High Fidelity"

ANGEL RECORDS, NEW YORK CITY

THE BIG SPLASH THIS YEAR!



NEW! Magnificent indoor pool for day-time, night-time swimming...plus our Olympic outdoor Pool and Cabana Club.

NEW! Golf on our private 18-hole course!

YOUR INVITATION TO

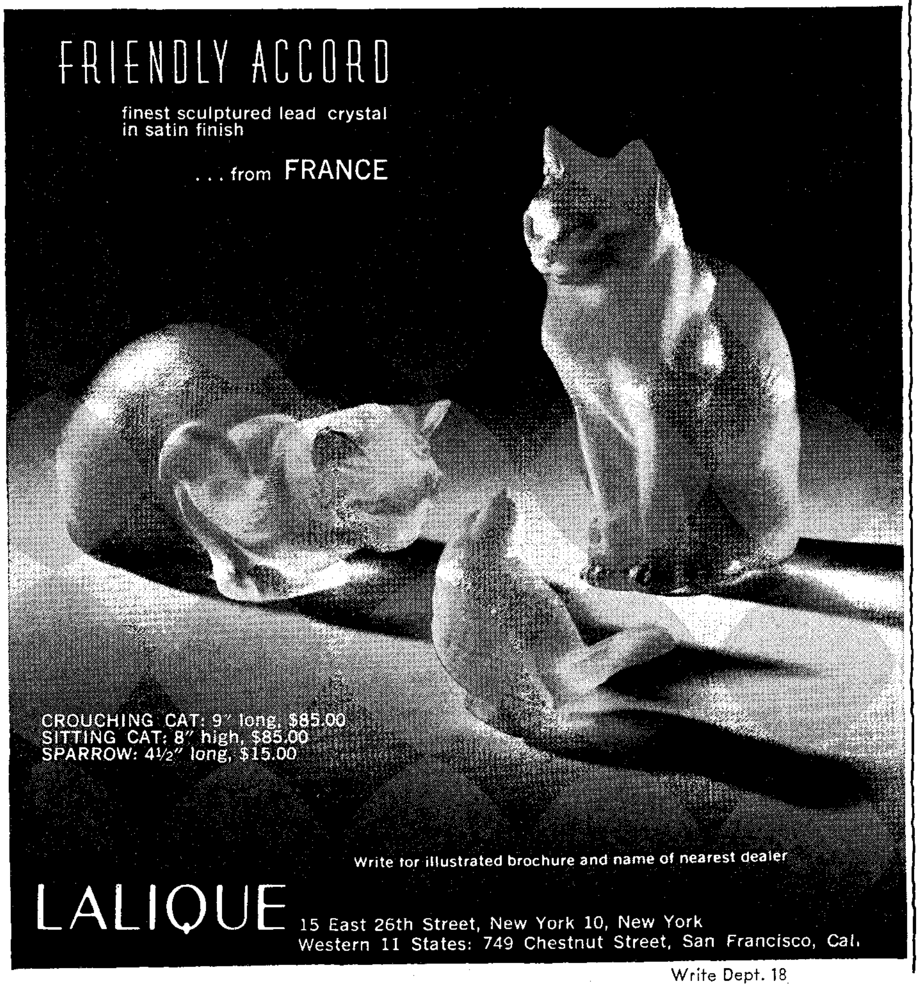
ameri-cana holiday time!

Fun for everyone in the family every delightful second! Dawn to bedtime programs for teenagers, children and adults. Follow the crowd or your whim in this wonderworld for the most exciting vacation you've ever known.

Phone:
N.Y.: PL 3-3925
Chi.: DE 2-1237
Phila.: WA 5-2787
Miami: UN 5-7511
Boston: Dial "O" ask for Enterprise 0740
Wash.: DI 7-1818

AMERICANA PLAN
$20 per person/day dbl. occ. incl. breakfast & dinner
120 of 600 rooms at this rate, Dec. 19 to Jan. 4
(European Plan rates on request)

THE HOTEL OF THE AMERICAS
americana
A TISCH HOTEL • CHARLES T. CRADDOCK, Gen. Mgr.
The Diners' Club
oceanfront • 96th to 98th streets • bal harbour • miami beach • florida



FRIENDLY ACCORD
finest sculptured lead crystal
in satin finish
... from FRANCE

CROUCHING CAT: 9" long, $85.00
SITTING CAT: 8" high, $85.00
SPARROW: 4½" long, $15.00

Write for illustrated brochure and name of nearest dealer

LALIQUE
15 East 26th Street, New York 10, New York
Western 11 States: 749 Chestnut Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Write Dept. 18

from Hong Kong to Vladivostok. After studying it for a few minutes, Rozhestvensky ordered an immediate report on the condition of all the ships' engines. Then he went down to lunch, at which he spoke to no one.

At one o'clock, Rozhestvensky again appeared on the bridge and briskly ordered Clapier de Colongue to issue a general signal to all ships asking how much coal they now had. One after another, the replies came in, until only the Alexander III remained to be heard from. Finally, she, too, answered. After coaling, she had four hundred tons less than she had reported that morning.

"There must be a mistake," Rozhestvensky said. "Tell the Alexander III to repeat the figure."

"Have you made a mistake?" the Suvoroff signalled.

This time the answer was prompt: "No."

What appeared to the rest of the fleet to be a minor error was to Rozhestvensky a calamity. Now the colliers' holds were empty, and the Alexander III did not have enough coal to take her to Vladivostok, so to all intents and purposes this modern battleship was an ineffective unit. Rozhestvensky could not possibly afford to leave a battleship behind, for that would reduce his first line of attack by a quarter. It appeared that the Alexander III, by a careless miscalculation, had succeeded in fatally obstructing the Russian advance where the Japanese, the British, the Portuguese, and the Hamburg-Amerika Line had failed. Rozhestvensky waved an arm hopelessly in the direction of the Alexander III and descended from the bridge, murmuring to Clapier de Colongue as he passed, "Issue orders for the fleet to proceed to Camranh Bay as arranged." In his cabin, Rozhestvensky again collapsed into a state of melancholia.

At dusk, the hills of the Cochin China coast loomed over the horizon, and the squadron hove to in a gentle swell close to the entrance to Camranh Bay. The next morning, elaborate precautions for the entry were taken. Picket boats were lowered from the ironclads to lay down anchoring buoys in the basin, the destroyers zigzagged across the bay searching for mines, and the cruisers patrolled the coast in search of Japanese warships. Finally, at half past eleven on the morning of April 14th, the dirty, weary ships cruised slowly into Camranh Bay—the first harbor they had been in since Nossi-Bé.

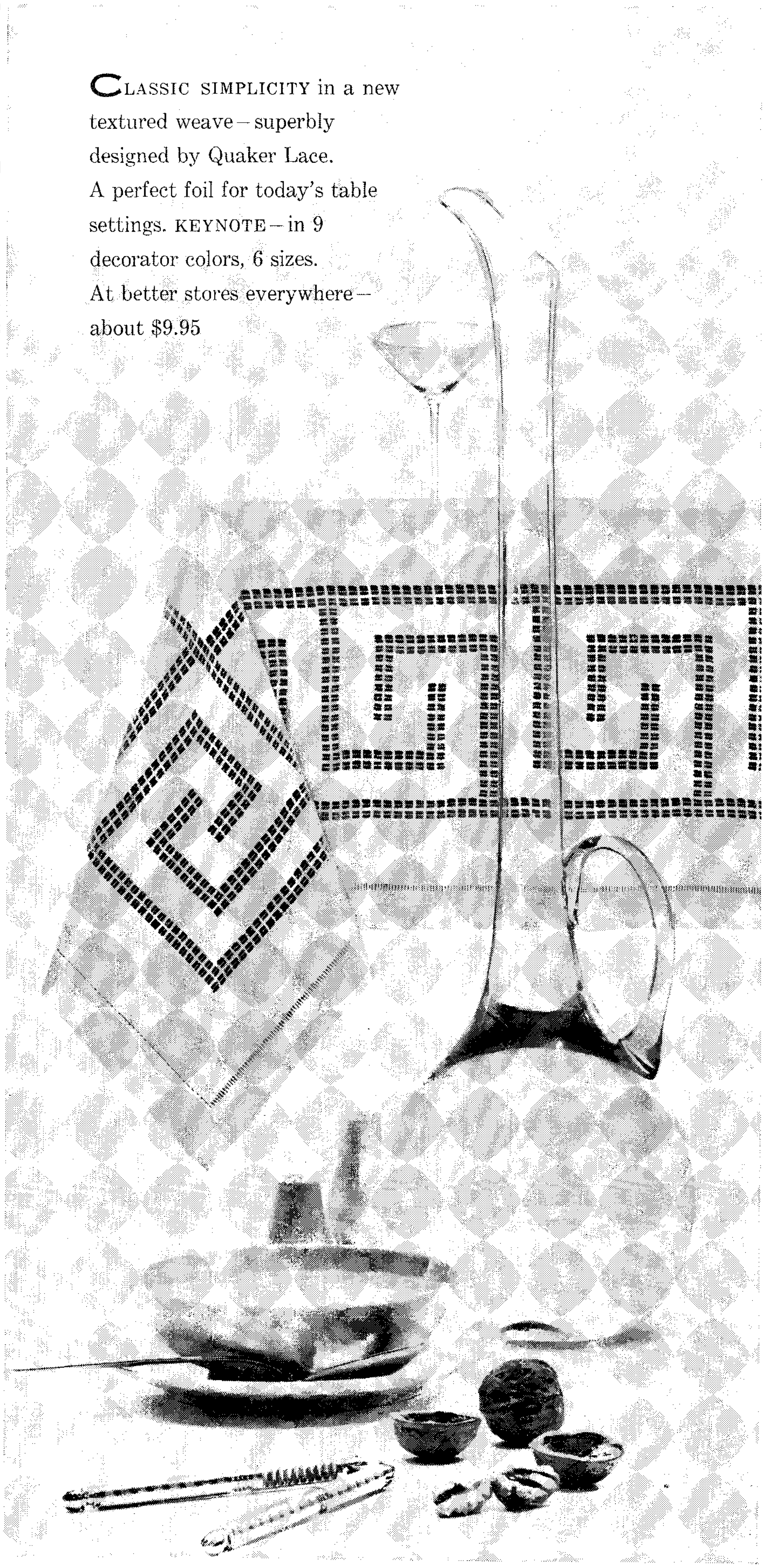
In bringing his vessels from Madagascar without once anchoring and without being able to draw upon any of the normal facilities for coaling or revictualling, Rozhestvensky had completed one of the most remarkable voyages in maritime history. In addition to the stops for coaling, he had had to halt more than a hundred times for mechanical failures of one sort or another. Yet he had succeeded in crossing the Indian Ocean unseen and then navigating his squadron successfully through the island-studded Malacca Straits and deep into the South China Sea. This should have been a moment of triumph. Instead, Rozhestvensky hovered on the brink of a nervous breakdown, and his men sank into tired disillusionment. A couple of days before, it had been common knowledge that at last the fleet was to sail toward Togo, and after the months of false alarms, delays, and disappointments the prospect had seemed preferable to the continued anxieties of this endless voyage. Even during the worst of the stay in Madagascar, the fleet's morale had never sunk so low. "I can only wring my hands," one officer wrote home to his wife, "and feel assured that no one can escape his fate."

The town of Camranh, on the shore of the bay, had once been the site of a thriving French fortress, but that was many years before. Now it was distinguished only by an air of sombre decay. Not far from the sea were the crumbling remains of an old stockade; scattered about the hinterland were rotting barracks buildings; and where the town had once been, there were only five or six inhabited houses. One of them was a telegraph station, manned by an Annamese official, and Rozhestvensky, now resigned to obedience, cabled the Admiralty, "Have arrived Camranh Bay. Await orders."

"Remain until the arrival of the Third Pacific Squadron," answered St. Petersburg once again, adding plaintively, "And please keep informed of movements."

"British cruisers are constantly shadowing me and radioing reports of my movements to Tokyo," Rozhestvensky cabled back. "I will not telegraph again before the battle. If I am beaten, Togo will tell you. If I beat him, I will let you know."

For the next few days, the fleet lay somnolently at anchor, as if prostrated by fatigue. The only sign of movement came from the destroyers, which patrolled the coast all day and at night shone their searchlights in a bar across the entrance to the bay. No effort was



CLASSIC SIMPLICITY in a new textured weave—superbly designed by Quaker Lace. A perfect foil for today's table settings. KEYNOTE—in 9 decorator colors, 6 sizes. At better stores everywhere—about $9.95

QUAKER LACE
PHILADELPHIA 33, PA.

made to clean the foul bottoms of the ships, there were no gunnery exercises, no orders, not even any abuse—only a silence, as if the Admiral had gone into a coma. At last, four Hamburg-Amerika colliers, as grimy as the warships, steamed in, carrying thirty thousand tons of coal, some mail, and some cabbages, which gave the crews their first fresh food in weeks.

When it became known that Rozhestvensky was coaled and ready for sea, the sense of excitement all over the world mounted. Again and again, newspapers printed figures that demonstrated the near equality of the Japanese and the Russians, except in twelve-inch guns, where Rozhestvensky had a definite advantage. Naval experts in every country except Japan, where a curious respect for the Russians still existed, pointed to the low morale and the inferior seamanship and gunnery of the Russians, but, since accepted naval theory had it that the heavy gun was certain to be decisive in any fleet action, they conceded that Rozhestvensky's shooting would have to be very poor indeed if the Japanese were to overcome the disparity. "A decision is hourly expected," announced the London *Times* on the fifteenth of April, and a few days later twenty Japanese men-of-war were reported off Saigon and moving east. In Singapore, Manila, Malacca, Saigon, and Hong Kong, newspapers published rumors that the battle had already started: "TOGO'S FLEET INTERCEPTED AND UTTERLY DESTROYED BY ROZHESTVENSKY," "MANY WARSHIPS SUNK IN GREAT NAVAL BATTLE IN SOUTH CHINA SEA," "TOGO DESTROYS RUSSIAN BALTIC FLEET." After a week or so of this, newspaper editors found out that there had not been a battle, after all, and once again Far Eastern naval activity was reduced to a few lines on an inside page. "The first flush of surprise and delight over

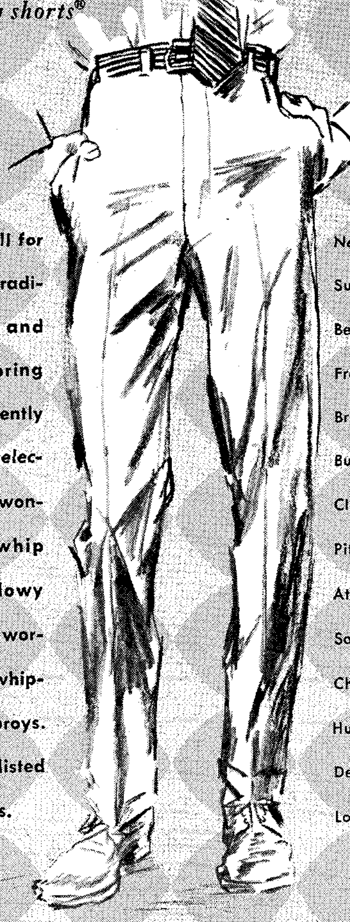
Two great ways to enjoy Alligator elegance!

For luxury tweed and Shetland styles . . . at a remarkable price . . . choose Weatherstyle. Smart patterns, colors, fabrics. Water repellent, $35.75. For luxury rainwear, choose the new 5-Ply Special, 100% pima cotton in a light, strong fabric, water repellent, $24.95. Plaid lined, $28.95. Other Alligator Coats $11.75 to $54.75.

THE COAT YOU'LL LIVE IN
Alligator
ALL-WEATHER COATS

AT BETTER STORES

THE ALLIGATOR COMPANY · ST. LOUIS · NEW YORK · CHICAGO · LOS ANGELES



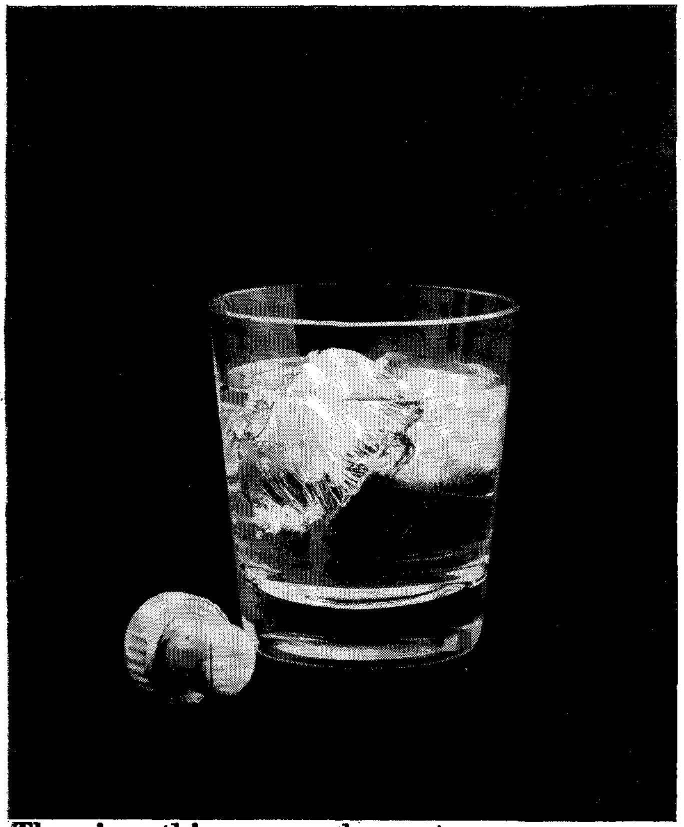
CORBIN, LTD.

natural shoulder trousers and walking shorts®

Finest name of all for quality fabrics, traditional styling and crackajack tailoring . . . Corbin. Currently featuring a new selection including wonderful buggy-whip worsteds, shadowy madras flannels, worsted flannels, whipcords and corduroys. At fine stores listed here, or write us.

New York, N. Y.	**Men's Town & Country**
Summit, N. J.	**Root's**
Bethlehem, Pa.	**Tom Bass**
Freeport, N. Y.	**Jo Viederman**
Bristol, Conn.	**Wm. S. Ingraham & Co.**
Buffalo, N. Y.	**Peller & Mure**
Cleveland, Ohio	**Halle Bros.**
Pittsburgh	**Kaufmann's Clay Poole Shop**
Atlanta, Ga.	**Parks Chambers**
San Antonio, Tex.	**Frank Bros.**
Chicago, Ill.	**Beacon's Ivy Shop**
Hubbard Woods, Ill.	**Trooping the Colour**
Denver, Col.	**Reed-Vollhaber**
Los Angeles, Cal.	**Boshard-Doughty**

CORBIN, Ltd., 385 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.

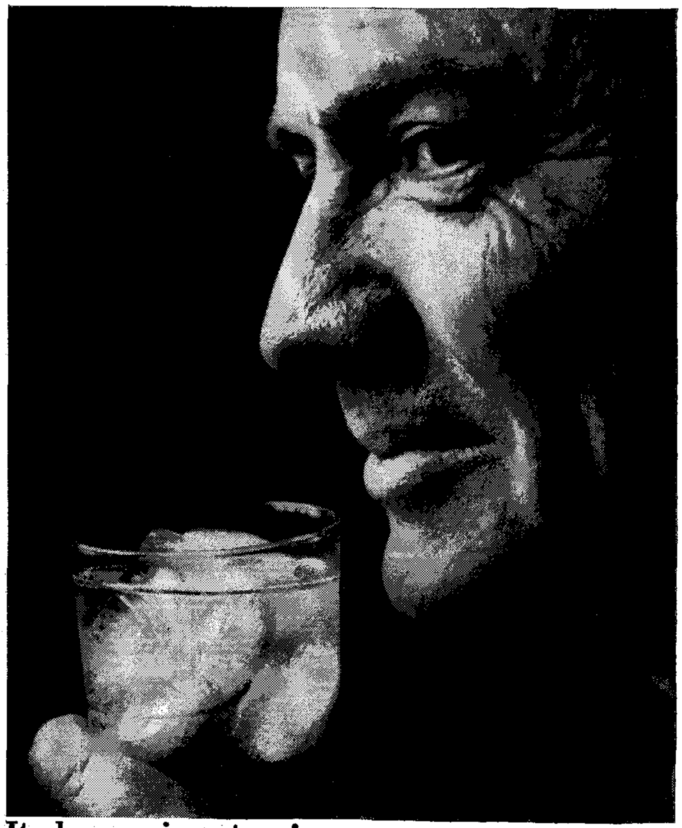


There's nothing more pleasant

. . . than the sound of bells

BELL'S
12
BELL'S
ROYAL VAT
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
TWELVE YEARS OLD
12
BELL'S
Scotch Whisky
RESERVE

. . . tinkling in a glass



It always rings true!

BELL'S®

THE CELEBRATION SCOTCH

Ideally light and right—
a whisky of classic
bouquet and flavour.
"Such a pleasant Scotch!"

86 PROOF. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. ARTHUR BELL & SONS, LTD., DISTILLERS, PERTH, SCOTLAND. EST. 1825. G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., HARTFORD, CONN., SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U. S. A.

FROM ROME, BY PLANE, ENTERS FORMAL BEAUTY—DRAPED CHIFFON EVENING SHEATH WITH FLOWING BACK PANEL. IN SABLE, CORNFLOWER BLUE AND BLACK. SIZES 8-18 $225

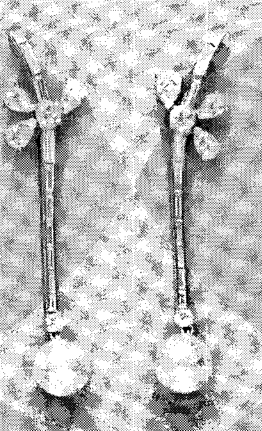
Eleanora Garnett

47 EAST 51 ST., NEW YORK
ELDORADO 5-5275
VIA DI VILLA SACCHETTI 17 ROMA

the discovery that Rozhestvensky really possesses an effective squadron is wearing off," said the *Times* on the twenty-ninth of April, "and people are reverting to a condition bordering on indifference."

In official circles, however—especially in Japan, but also in Britain and America—there was mounting anger at Rozhestvensky's prolonged stay in French waters. The Japanese sent protest after protest to Paris, along with veiled threats, and not long after Rozhestvensky's arrival in Camranh Bay, a French admiral named de Jonquières came up on the cruiser Descartes. For the moment, de Jonquières, a tall, gray-haired aristocrat, seemed content with the role of a maître d'hôtel concerned for the welfare of his guests, and he left the same day, but on April 22nd his cruiser slipped into the basin again, and this time, still in a most gentlemanly manner, he pointed out that according to international law it was illegal for the fleet to be in the bay longer than twenty-four hours. He was obliged to ask the Russians to leave the next day. Rozhestvensky agreed, on one condition—that his auxiliaries and transports might remain, in order to save precious coal. De Jonquières, in turn, agreed to this on one condition—that the fleet would not conduct any reconnaissance or interfere in any way with neutral shipping, even if it was bound for enemy ports. At one o'clock, the warships steamed out, and formed an immense arc outside territorial waters. De Jonquières, whose cruiser had accompanied the flagship out of the harbor, then tactfully signalled his headquarters, "The Russian squadron has left the coast in an easterly direction. Its destination is not known." That evening, Rozhestvensky called a conference of his entire staff and all ship's commanders. This time, he was not seeking advice, nor, it seemed, was he trying to inspire confidence. He simply announced his plans. "I shall stay at sea outside territorial waters, in the neighborhood of Camranh Bay, where I am leaving behind some supply ships and non-fighting vessels," he said. "My orders are to wait for Nebogatoff. I shall wait. I shall wait until we have just coal enough left to take us to Vladivostok. If Nebogatoff has not arrived by then, there is no help for it—we go on without him."

A few days later, Rozhestvensky appeared to have resolved the dilemma of where to wait in the easiest possible manner—by moving into the next bay to the north. This was the wide, shel-



Diamond Petal Drops
Pear-shape, round, and baguette diamonds with pearl drops, from the N-M Originals Collection of Precious Jewels
Earrings 2700.00
fed. tax incl.

Neiman-Marcus
Dallas Houston

PURSE ORGANIZER
A compact efficiency expert to clean up the usual clutter of cosmetics, cards, money, etc. in a handbag—or carry everything on a short hop to the station or store. Soft calfskin in black, red or navy. Size 7 x 4½". **17.50***
Mail, phone SU 7-4000
Please add 25¢ for shipping
**plus 10% tax*

MARK CROSS
5th ave. at 55th, n. y. 22
and at the Waldorf-Astoria
Write for our new 64 page Christmas Catalog

tered inlet of Van Fong, with no one around except a few native fishermen; here, surely, was the perfect waiting place. Within a couple of hours, the squadron was anchored in five parallel rows, with the big ironclads closest to the mouth of the bay. Then the Russians had a stroke of the worst possible luck. No sooner had the last ship dropped anchor than a little coaster entered the bay and left again almost at once. Questioning the natives, the Russians learned that the coaster was a French one that came to the bay once a month to collect the fishermen's catch, and Rozhestvensky knew that soon the presence of the warships in this quiet spot would be reported and he would again be turned out.

Meanwhile, there was Easter Sunday to be celebrated, with prayers and feasts, and Mass in great tarpaulin chapels decorated with potted tropical plants. But Easter this year was marked by one of the squadron's most serious mutinies. It took place on the Oryol, whose crew had always been a restless lot, and whose officers were among the least effective in the fleet. This time, the trouble arose over a diseased cow that had been brought aboard, along with other cattle, at Camranh. On hearing a report of the cow's condition, one of the officers, a Commander Sidoroff, ordered, "Slaughter her at once; she'll do for the men's Easter dinner." The crew knew that for the officers' feast the cooks were preparing roast fowl, cakes, and other dainties, and on Saturday night the sailors, who had been drinking locally brewed liquor, gathered in angry groups on deck; eventually, the officer of the watch appeared and, after a scuffle, arrested one of the noisiest bluejackets. The next morning, at the assembly of the ship's company after Mass, the captain's appearance was received in hostile silence, instead of with the customary cheers. When he withdrew, there was talk of raiding the officers' wine store. The crisis came when the men refused to eat the meat of the diseased cow and threw their bowls overboard, shouting for Sidoroff and demanding that their comrade be released and fresh food supplied. The officers armed themselves with revolvers and barricaded themselves in their cabins, but Sidoroff, in full-dress uniform, made his way to the upper deck, and, gazing down at the men, demanded silence.

"Feed us on carrion, would you?" the sailors shouted. "Set the prisoner free!"

"I can't liberate anyone on my

DIAMONDS BY WM. CHALSON & CO.—FROM THE DIAMONDS U.S.A. AWARDS COLLECTION

What kind of a woman are you?

Do you let him open doors . . . light your cigarette? Was it his idea to see your favorite ballet? Are your little dinners famous? Were you one of the first to wear hosiery in exotic shades? Do you love handmade lingerie? Do you prefer dramatic simplicity to furbelows? Haven't a heavy robe to your name? Are your methods so smooth that even other women like you? Then Mary Chess makes perfume for you. Strategy by Mary Chess is ultra-modern. Its blend is exciting . . . its mood light and laughing . . . its overtones delicately spicy. Strategy is one of ten widely acclaimed fragrances by Mary Chess. Try it at your favorite store. *Strategy Perfume 1.75 to 30.00; Toilet Water 2.00 to 8.50; Roman Bath Oil 3.00 to 37.75.*

Strategy by MARY CHESS

STRATEGY • TAPESTRY • YRAM • CARNATION • GARDENIA • HELIOTROPE • LILY OF THE VALLEY • TUBEROSE • VIOLET • WHITE LILAC

own authority,” Sidoroff shouted back. “That is a matter for the captain. I will instantly communicate your demands to him.”

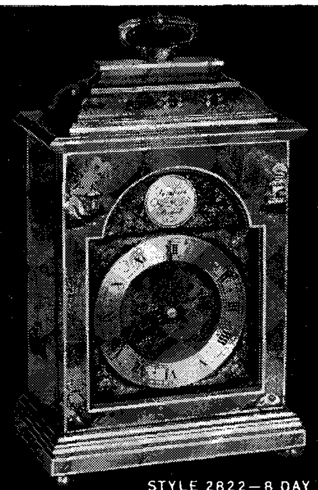
This set the pattern. After Sidoroff and the captain had discussed the situation in the comparative security of the conning tower, Sidoroff reappeared on the upper deck with the prisoner at his side.

“Here he is, my lads,” he told the men. “Now then, no more trouble. I am going to order you a new dinner. Appoint a committee to choose two of the best bullocks, and they will immediately be slaughtered.”

The men sobered down, and the cooks set about preparing their feast. But it was not the end of the affair. The next day, Rozhestvensky arrived in a steam pinnace and climbed to the upper deck. The entire crew had assembled below. “He did not salute us, as was customary,” one of the seamen wrote later, “but remained standing, plunged in thought, towering by a head above the members of his staff. His great stature, his rank of Vice Admiral, his title of Aide-de-Camp to the Czar, and his position as commander of the squadron seemed to set him apart, almost as if he were a god. His face was as threatening as the sea in a storm.” After a long, dramatic silence, Rozhestvensky shouted out, “Traitors! Rascals! Mutiny, would you? . . . I will not tolerate treason. This scandalous ship will be bombarded and sunk by the rest of the squadron. . . . Hand over the ringleaders. Where are they?” When eight men were rounded up and brought to Rozhestvensky, he thundered, “Look at them, these enemies of Russia! They are more like beasts than men. . . . Their pockets bulge with Japanese gold. Look, all of you, at their pockets, bulging with gold!” Then he dressed down the officers in front of the men. “As for you, only in the sea fight, and in your own blood, can you wash out your sins,” he told them. After making a final effort to control his violent emotions, Rozhestvensky left, with the parting words, heard by only a few, “We are all stuck in the same hell. Whoever does not do his duty is a rogue. I am doing mine.”

Later that day, signals from shore indicated that the squadron was once again *persona non grata.* The little coaster had reported its arrival to the French administrator at Nhatrang, twenty miles to the south, and he had immediately set off for Van Fong to demand its departure. But it was going to take more than one French

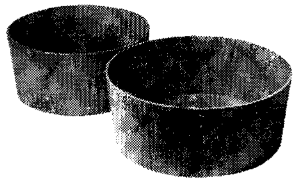
THE GLOW
OF EXCELLENCE
Rely on your decorator
or dealer
Paul Hanson Co., Inc.
15 East 26th Street
New York
611 Merchandise Mart
Chicago

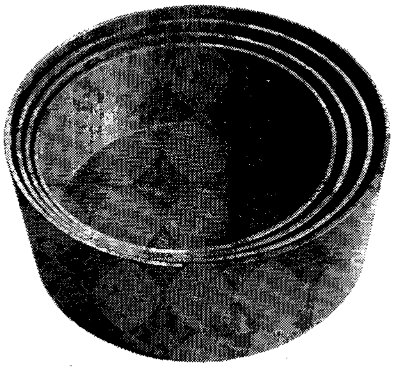

STYLE 2822—8 DAY LEVER
IN RED, BLACK OR CAFE AU LAIT
LACQUER. 11" HIGH—125.00

CLOCKS BY
Elliott
OF LONDON

True precision clocks, designed by experts, built by craftsmen. In all styles and periods—at fine stores everywhere. Write for complete illustrated folder.
PRICE INCLUDES FEDERAL TAX

WORCESTER SILVER COMPANY, inc.
NEW YORK LONDON
11 EAST 26TH ST., N. Y. 10, N. Y.

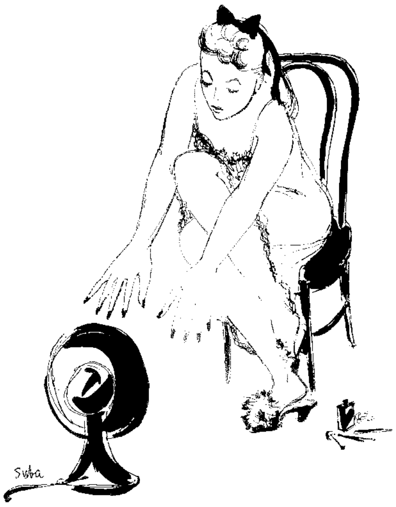

SWEDISH BOWLS
Available in laminated French walnut or golden Teak. Designed by Paul Secon for salad, fruit or flowers. When not in use four bowls nest neatly together.
Single bowls: 8½" x 3¼" $6 9" x 3½" $8
10" x 4" $10 11" x 4½" $12 Nest $36

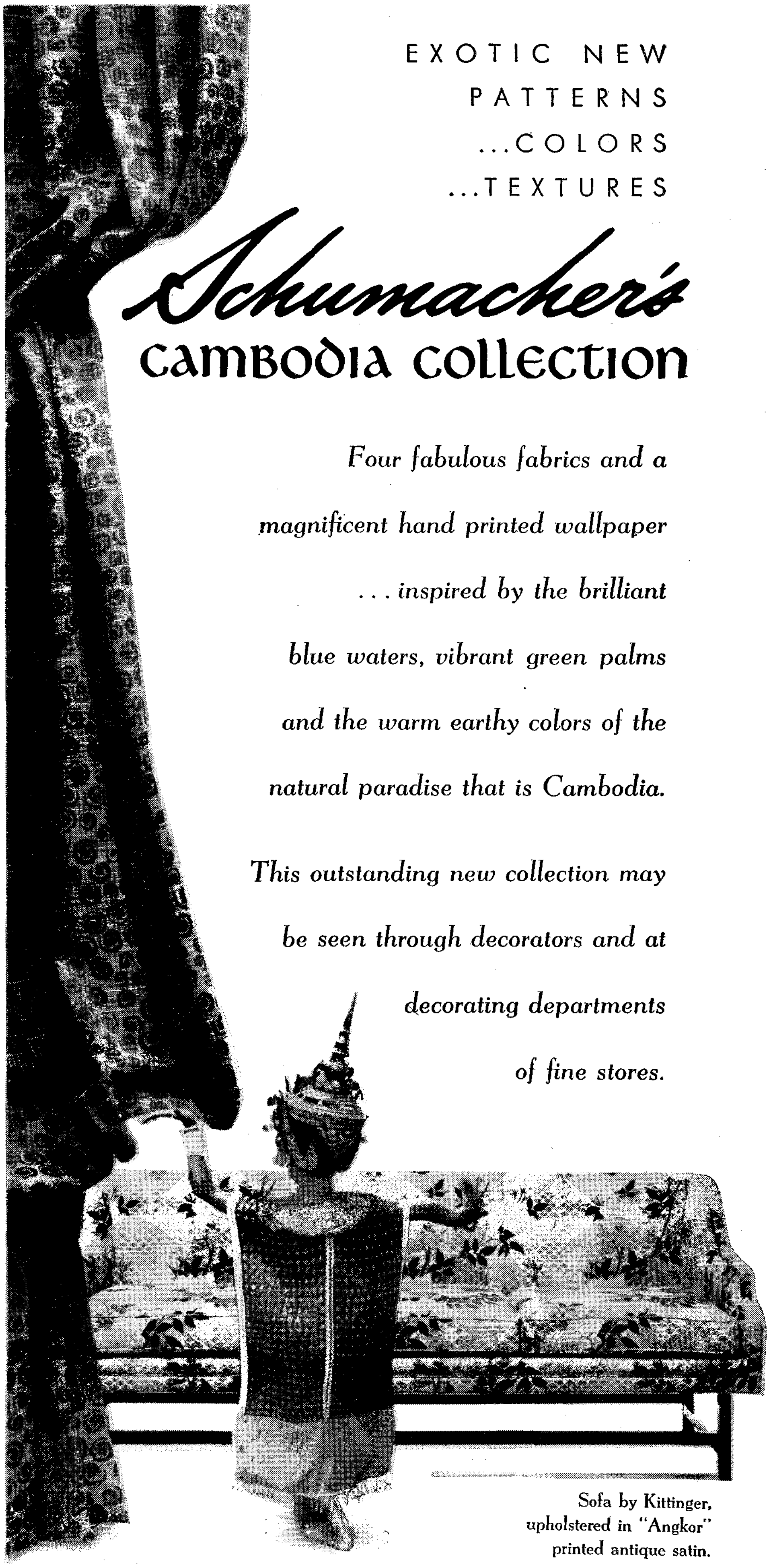

iDG
Write iDG for fine store in your area and for contract information
58 East 58th Street, New York 22

official to stir Rozhestvensky now, and not until de Jonquières arrived again, as courteous as ever but very firm, did he agree to leave. "I shall remain in the vicinity for twenty-four hours to insure the execution of my instructions," de Jonquières signalled Rozhestvensky, and again he informed his headquarters, "The Russian squadron sailed in an easterly direction. Destination unknown." The fleet did not sail far to the east, however. Rozhestvensky had by now given up all pretense of dignity, and after the French cruiser had disappeared, he slipped back into the shelter of the bay. The stakes were too high for him to worry about the rules.

NEBOGATOFF was drawing near. Every day, rumors of his progress flashed through the fleet, and betting on the date of his arrival became the chief pastime on every ship. On May 8th, word arrived that he had passed Singapore three days before, and Rozhestvensky sent four light cruisers out to meet him and lead him into Van Fong. The cruisers had no sooner left than de Jonquières arrived. His tall, erect figure was seen mounting the companion ladder of the Suvoroff, at the head of which stood Rozhestvensky, looking gaunt and worn. After exchanging courtesies, the two admirals talked amicably for several minutes, the Frenchman frequently shrugging and making gestures of regret. The ships were at sea again that night, cruising at three knots off the coast, showing no lights, and keeping position only with difficulty.

At eleven o'clock the next morning, the four cruisers returned and rejoined the fleet; they had not sighted the Third Pacific Squadron. The Suvoroff, however, intercepted some radio messages in Russian between two ships with unfamiliar code names, and Rozhestvensky ordered the entire fleet to sweep




EXOTIC NEW
PATTERNS
...COLORS
...TEXTURES

Schumacher's
CAMBODIA COLLECTION

Four fabulous fabrics and a magnificent hand printed wallpaper ... inspired by the brilliant blue waters, vibrant green palms and the warm earthy colors of the natural paradise that is Cambodia.

This outstanding new collection may be seen through decorators and at decorating departments of fine stores.

Sofa by Kittinger,
upholstered in "Angkor"
printed antique satin.

"QUALITY IS A SCHUMACHER TRADITION"

The public is cordially invited to visit our showrooms where our complete collection is on display.
F. SCHUMACHER & Co. • 60 W. 40th St., N. Y. 18 • Fabrics • Carpets • Wallpapers • Waverly Fabrics

south with lookouts at the mastheads. Four hours later, seven miles off the coast of Van Fong, a gray patch of smoke appeared on the horizon, and first the mastheads, then the superstructures, and then the hulls of Nebogatoff's fighting ships appeared.

At the head of the column was the old Czar Nicholas I, with Nebogatoff's flag flying at her masthead; then the three coastal defense ships—the Galoshes—which had miraculously survived storms in the Atlantic, the Mediterranean, and the Indian Ocean; then the cruiser Vladimir Monomakh, a tall-hulled survivor from the days of sail; and, finally, seven transports.

Nothing could deprive this moment of its solemnity. The two squadrons sailed slowly past one another on opposite courses, the guns crashing out salutes and the sailors waving their caps and shouting. From the Suvoroff's yardarm flew the signal, "Welcome! Congratulations on the success of your voyage. Congratulations also to the squadron upon this reinforcement." Nebogatoff swung his ships around in a wide semicircle at full speed, funnels belching smoke, and drew them up in perfect line on Rozhestvensky's starboard beam. All that was left of Russia's naval power was united in a majestic armada of more than fifty vessels, on a calm ocean sixteen thousand miles from its base. "I consider that we ought to entertain feelings of great respect for the fleet that has come out to join us," Rozhestvensky said in a fleet order. "Our strength is on a par with that of the Japanese."

Later that afternoon, Rozhestvensky sent a signal requesting Nebogatoff's presence aboard the flagship, and soon the tall admiral and the short one were embracing at the head of the Suvoroff's ladder. Then they disappeared into Rozhestvensky's cabin. As Nebogatoff had expected, in spite of the welcoming signals and the embrace, his reception was coldly formal. "After half an hour of general conversation, Rozhestvensky intimated that I should return to my own flagship," Nebogatoff wrote later. "My first idea was that the Admiral had no mind to disclose his plans in the presence of his staff, and that soon he would give me a private interview. But, as it turned out, we never *did* discuss the plan of campaign. In the whole course of the cruise, I saw Rozhestvensky only that one time. He did not again invite a visit, nor did he come aboard the Nicholas I." Some weeks before, Admiral von Felkerzam had had a stroke,

the gentleman takes a stand!

. . . and consequently chooses the flawless elegance of a Bernhard Altmann imported raglan-sleeve lambswool cardigan and lambswool-blend ribbed socks. Distinguished understatement — in the masterful manner of Bernhard Altmann.

AIDEM & DESS, *Chicago*
BEST & CO., *New York*
DOBBS HOUSE, *Dallas*
J & D NASH, INC., *St. Joseph*
RANSOHOFF'S, *San Francisco*
CALYPSO, *Hamilton, Bermuda*

Bernhard Altmann
111 fifth avenue • new york 3, n. y.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
AT ROCKEFELLER CENTER, WHITE PLAINS, SPRINGFIELD, N. J.

S. F. A's hand-sewn oxford

From our great collection—this one with one-piece upper that extends below the stitch line to join the belting-leather sole. Black or brown calf, sizes 6-13, **32.50**. Street Floor. Mail, phone. Also in Chicago, Detroit, Beverly Hills.

Cheers, Chaps, here comes that

English Leather

after shave...
after shower...
after hours...

English Leather

English Leather
the only all-purpose men's lotion
From $2.00 to $6.50

MEM COMPANY, INC., N.Y.

and he was still dangerously ill; in the event of his death, Nebogatoff would automatically become second in command, but Rozhestvensky did not pass on even this news.

Nebogatoff's ships spent the next three days coaling and carrying out some urgent repairs, while Rozhestvensky hovered about impatiently. Then, on the fourteenth of May, the two squadrons took up cruising stations for the last lap of their voyage. De Jonquières was on hand, darting about like a nervous nursemaid. "Happy voyage and good fortune," he signalled in parting, and Rozhestvensky answered with thanks for France's courtesy and hospitality. It was May Day by the Russian calendar, so there were two reasons for celebration, and the officers on the Suvoroff cracked a crate of Mumm's Extra Dry and toasted the fatherland, the Czar, the Czarina, and Admiral Rozhestvensky. —RICHARD HOUGH

(*This is the second of a series of three articles.*)

•

Before his discussion of light, Mr. Wheelwright summarized his first two lectures. In the first, what he called "Radical Metaphor" and "Radical Confrontation" were most important. The former uses different new symbols in expression when the context determines the full meaning. Plurisignation, one symbol or vehicle with two meanings or tenors; and creative juxtaposition, two vehicles with one meaning, were expressions of radical metaphor. Radical Confrontation recalls Martin Buber's "I-Thou relationship;" both express the existence of the other by direct address.

The second lecture discussed the "mythoid." Said Mr. Wheelwright, "It seems to me that the mythoid has an important role in depth language. . . . It is a suggestive situation with mythic tendencies."

No one was seriously injured.—*Smith College Sophian.*

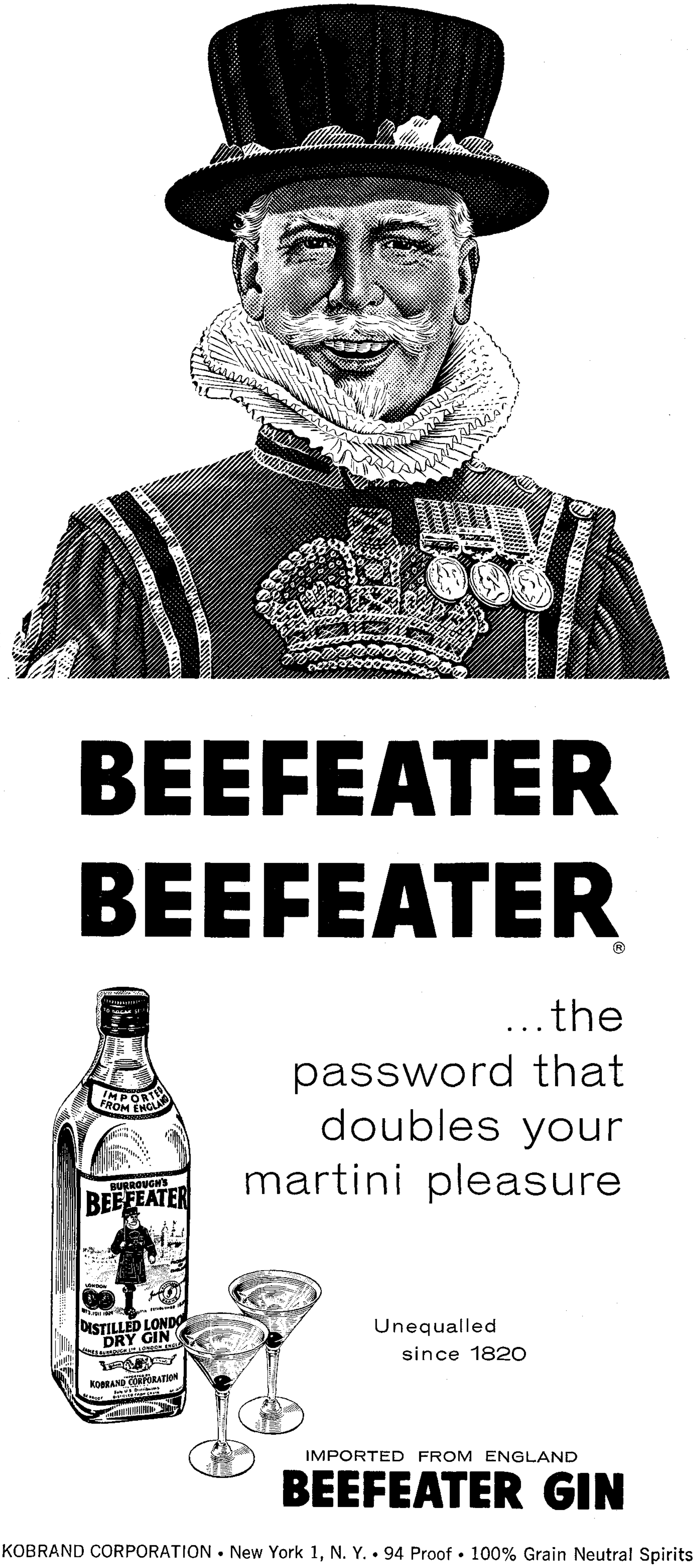
Just sheer good luck.

•

MUTTERINGS WE DOUBT EVER GOT MUTTERED BY AN ENTIRE GENERATION OF REPORTERS

[*From "Park Row," by Allen Churchill*]

In order to maintain its reputation for offering the newest, freshest girls, the Haymarket needed a steady stream of new talent fed into the place. Even from the Park Row days of Richard Harding Davis, reporters used the thought of this heartless place to cushion the shock when sent to cover the story of young girls who had committed suicide, been murdered, or killed in accidents. "At least she'll never get to the Haymarket," Davis and an entire generation of reporters muttered, looking down at the young bodies. Somehow it always made them feel a little better.

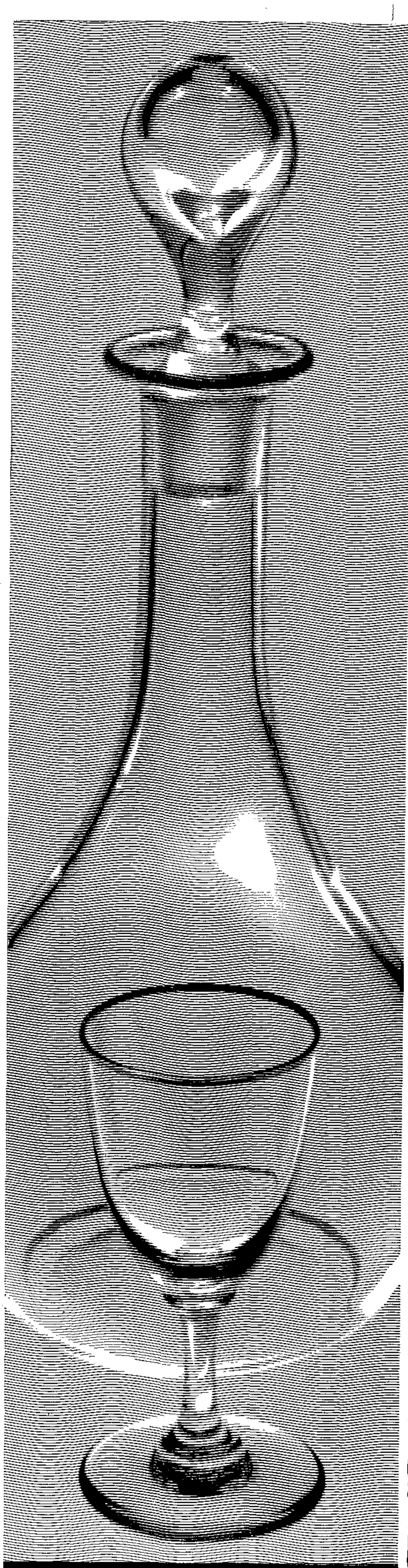

BEEFEATER
BEEFEATER®

. . . the password that doubles your martini pleasure

Unequalled since 1820

IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
BEEFEATER GIN

KOBRAND CORPORATION • New York 1, N. Y. • 94 Proof • 100% Grain Neutral Spirits



BACCARAT
55 East 57 Street, New York City

Sherry Set. Decanter $15, Glasses $3.50 each.* Baccarat...the crystal of kings...imported from France. At Saks Fifth Ave., N.Y. & Beverly Hills, and other fine stores. *slightly higher in the west

DEPT. OF CORRECTION AND AMPLIFICATION

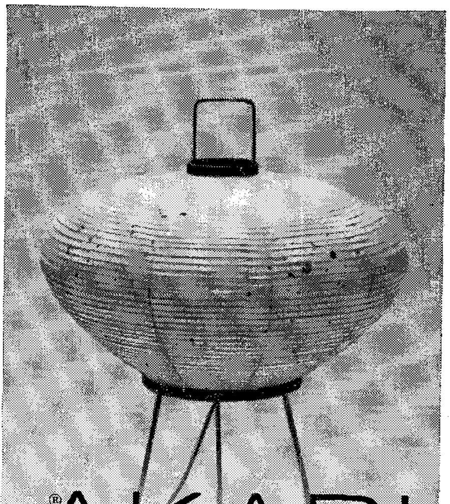
New City, New York,
September 24, 1958

To the Editors, *The New Yorker*,
Dear Sirs:

In your issue of September 13th, there is a cartoon by Claude that shows three people watching a baseball game on television. Now, while some people like to solve crossword puzzles, my hobby is looking for errors in baseball pictures, and in this case I had the satisfaction (or, rather, the discomfiture) of finding two. "Errors" may not be precisely the word; "anachronisms" may be closer. On the television screen are shown a cross-handed batter (that is, holding the bat with his hands in reversed position) and a left-handed catcher.

At present, I must inform you, there are no cross-handed batters or left-handed catchers in the major leagues, and I very much doubt whether there are any in the minor leagues, either. When I was a boy playing sand-lot baseball in New York, the constant adjurations from the bench were "Keep the label of the bat up!" and "Don't bat cross-handed!" Keeping the label (Hillerich & Bradsby) face up was supposed to prevent the bat from splitting along the grain of the wood; batting cross-handed, it was said, would break your wrists. (Actually, it was just awkward and reduced your hitting power.) The only cross-handed batter I can remember even hearing about was Frankie Frisch, and he wasn't one for long. When he came to the New York Giants in 1919 as a rookie second baseman fresh off the campus of Fordham University, John McGraw, the Giants' manager, spotted him batting cross-handed and immediately put a stop to it.

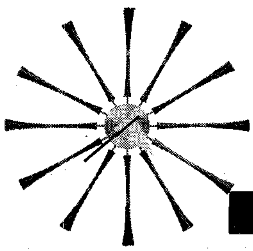
As for left-handed catchers, they are really oddities. There have been only seven of them since Abner Doubleday laid out the first baseball diamond, in Cooperstown, in 1839. Since most hitters bat right-handed, blocking a left-handed catcher's throwing arm, lefties behind the plate are considered dangerous. Four of them—John T. Clements, William A. Harbidge, Michael P. Hines, and Fred Tenney—caught prior to 1902, and in that year John A. Donohue, of the St. Louis Browns, and Joseph F. Wall, of the Brooklyn Superbas (later the Dodgers), laid down their catcher's mitts. Fifty-six years went by before the seventh one appeared. He was Dale Long, of the

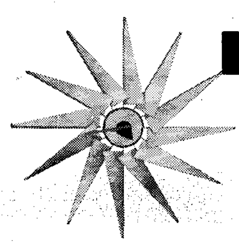


®AKARI
BY ISAMU NOGUCHI

Contemporary lamps with Oriental feeling created for Bonniers by this well-known American artist. Table lamp 27" high, rice paper shade 17" diam., black legs. Folder on other models available. ppd. 12^{50}

BONNIERS
605 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.





it's time

HOWARD MILLER CLOCK CO.
Zeeland, Mich.

Write Dept. C for free brochure.

Chicago Cubs, who caught two-thirds of an inning against the Pirates in Chicago on August 20th of this year. His was a freakish appearance, however. Long is not a catcher but a first baseman. He was put behind the plate when the Cubs ran out of regular catchers. In the seventh inning, Sammy Taylor, who opened the game, was dropped for a pinch hitter—another catcher, Jim Bolger. But when the Cubs were retired in that inning, Bolger was replaced on the field by Cal Neeman. In the top of the ninth, with one Pirate out, Neeman got into an argument with Umpire Frank Dascoli, who tossed him out of the game. The Cubs' last listed catcher, Morris Thacker, was sidelined with a knee injury. And that is where Dale Long came in. Naturally, there was no left-handed catcher's mitt available, so he used his first-baseman's glove. The remaining two outs of the game were routine. It wasn't exactly a new position to Long. When he was in spring training with the Pirates in 1951, Branch Rickey tried to convert him into a left-handed catcher, for reasons I can't remember. However, the experiment never worked out, and Long went back to first base.

Right here, I must admit that in addition to studying baseball pictures for errors, I read baseball record books.

Yours truly,
JOSEPH R. CARROLL

◆

THE SPY
Play in Act by Eddy Ghilain

Secret agent B34, has asked in the honnor of macking and immasking the elusine Dimitri "The face-less man" and Dimitri has accepted the mission of beating the successful B34 hat knowing that the agent is a woman.

Destiny united them in a Zurich clinic and there, withent renealing them tnul iden titys they ful passionatily in lone. She belienes him to ke Seniss, and her Smedist. But this lone has warned Julias chief- he takes the appaine in hand and unmaskig Dimitri.

Suspecting Julia of dontale game and wen of tneason he gnes to Dimitris room and planes a contraption which, bnanch to the clocks mecanism will kiss the lowers as midaignt stnikes. In any cuse, because y her past services, he will gine a last chance to Julia in remeating that she has become the mistress of the man she must kill.

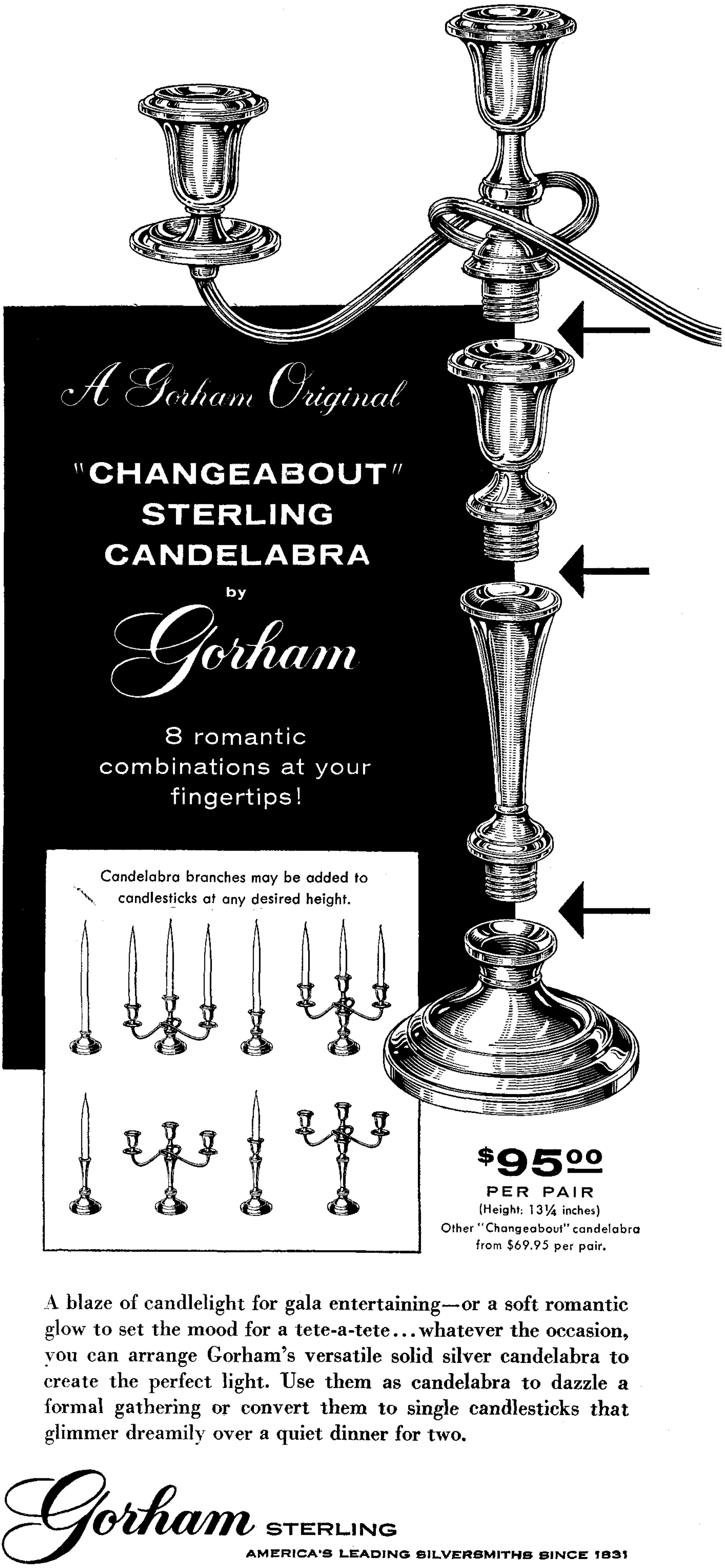
Will she do new mark & accomplish her mission?

On dins she lone emongh to comant theusen to same him?

Can they rescape the contraption which will mark on the last stnake of widnight?

—*Grand Guignol theatre program.*

We'll soon know. It's almost widnight now.



A Gorham Original

"CHANGEABOUT" STERLING CANDELABRA by Gorham

8 romantic combinations at your fingertips!

Candelabra branches may be added to candlesticks at any desired height.

$95.00 PER PAIR
(Height: 13¼ inches)
Other "Changeabout" candelabra from $69.95 per pair.

A blaze of candlelight for gala entertaining—or a soft romantic glow to set the mood for a tete-a-tete...whatever the occasion, you can arrange Gorham's versatile solid silver candelabra to create the perfect light. Use them as candelabra to dazzle a formal gathering or convert them to single candlesticks that glimmer dreamily over a quiet dinner for two.

Gorham STERLING
AMERICA'S LEADING SILVERSMITHS SINCE 1831

PRICES INCLUDE FEDERAL TAX — SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE.

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

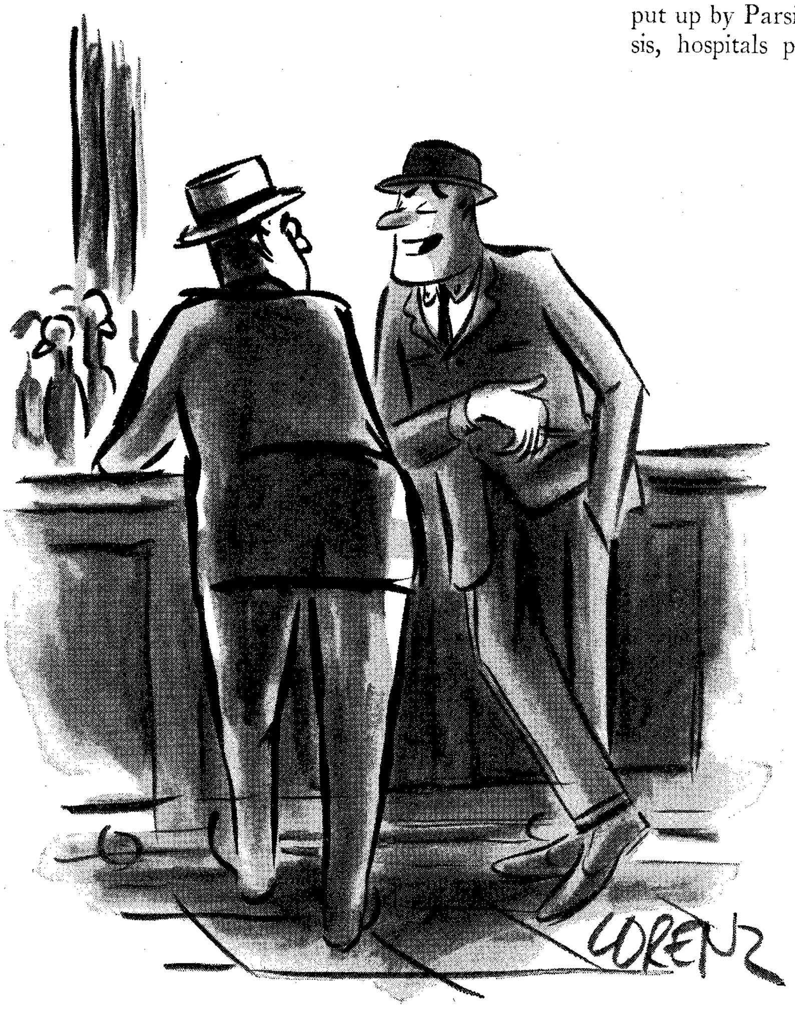
THE PARSIS

INTRODUCING me to a Parsi at a party in Bombay, my host said, “Meet Mr. Engineer, our contractor.” At least, that is what I thought he said at the time. A little later, I began to wonder if it hadn’t been “Meet our engineer, Mr. Contractor.” It could easily have been either way, because plenty of Bombay Parsis have names like those. Everybody who stays any length of time in Bombay becomes used to them. My hairdresser is a fellow named Guard, and I know a dentist named Captain. One Bombay family is named Commissariat, and another Sodawaterwala, and neither can see why such names should be a source of mirth, as they frequently are, to foreigners. “It’s not funny when you get to understand it,” an exasperated Parsi told me. “You people have your Goldsmiths and Millers and Brewers—all occupational names. Well, it’s the same with us. The first Sodawaterwala probably worked in a factory that made soda water, or had a shop where he sold it. Since ‘wala’ means ‘man,’ what’s so sidesplitting about that name?”

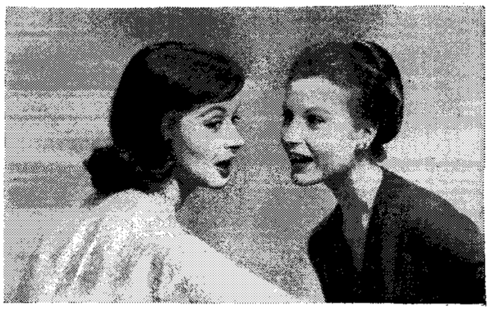
The parallel is not quite exact, however. An American named Miller inherits his name from his father, who got it from *his* father, and so on back, presumably, to some Miller who actually ground corn for a living. But those Parsi families who have adopted the occupational name system (some haven’t, for among them it is a comparatively recent innovation) have modified it to suit themselves—and why not? “If the son is named Ardeshir, and his father’s name is Framji, the name he would always bear would be Ardeshir Framji,” the Parsi scholar Dosabhoy Framji wrote in a history of his people that was published in 1858. “When this son attains to man’s estate and a child is born to him, and supposing that he is named Pestanji, he is called Pestanji Ardeshir.... So the grandfather’s name is always dropped. Owing to there being many persons of the same name, it became a practice to add a certain ‘*atak*,’ or distinguishing affix, indicating the profession to which they belong. This is handed down for one or two generations, but as soon as any member of that family takes to any other profession or calling he changes his ‘*atak*.’ For instance, if Manakji Kavasji is a carpenter, he writes his name as Manakji Kavasji Sutar (carpenter). If his son Jamshedji becomes a schoolmaster, he calls himself Jamshedji Manakji Master, and if his son becomes an attorney or solicitor he adds Vakil (solicitor) after the names of himself and his father. In some cases, the name of a distinguished ancestor is preserved by adding it after the father’s name instead of the ‘*atak*,’ but this is not continued for more than four or five generations.”

Twenty-six years after Dosabhoy Framji’s history appeared, he brought out a revised and expanded edition, writing now under the name of Dosabhoy Framji Karaka (“*karaka*” means “agent”)—a switch that I am cross with him about, because it makes him a hard man to keep track of in library card catalogues. A grandson of the historian’s, who publishes a weekly paper in Bombay, is duly preserving the name of his distinguished ancestor by calling himself Dosoo Karaka, and other Parsis are similarly holding on to important *ataks* in their heritage, and sometimes even unimportant ones, whereas the famous art collector Sir Cowasjee Jehangir, whose grandfather’s *atak* was Readymoney, has understandably preferred to drop that one. All this seems clear enough once you put your mind to it, but it admittedly complicates life for a Westerner new to Bombay.

A STRANGER entering India by way of Bombay might reasonably assume that the Parsis outnumber everyone else in the country, since the city is full of them and of evidence of their presence—commercial buildings put up by Parsis, businesses run by Parsis, hospitals presented to the city by Parsis, schools subsidized by Parsis. The Flora Fountain, as prominent a part of the Bombay scene as the Eros statue is of London’s, was donated by a Parsi. The influence of Parsis in business matters extends well beyond the city limits and, indeed, beyond the borders of the subcontinent itself, into China and Malaya and Europe and America, through their banking and importing connections, not to mention the Air India International airline, which, until its nationalization a few years ago, was a branch of the powerful Parsi-owned Tata Industries, Ltd. But it is in Bombay that their impact is really felt. Over the past hundred years, Bombay’s growth has been swift, and it was a Parsi who was responsible for one of the most important factors in that growth—the



“Here’s one baby who’s not worried about the decline of the American male.”



"You went down a full size in just one day?"
"Yes–the day I found SOCIAL WHIRL by Warner's!"

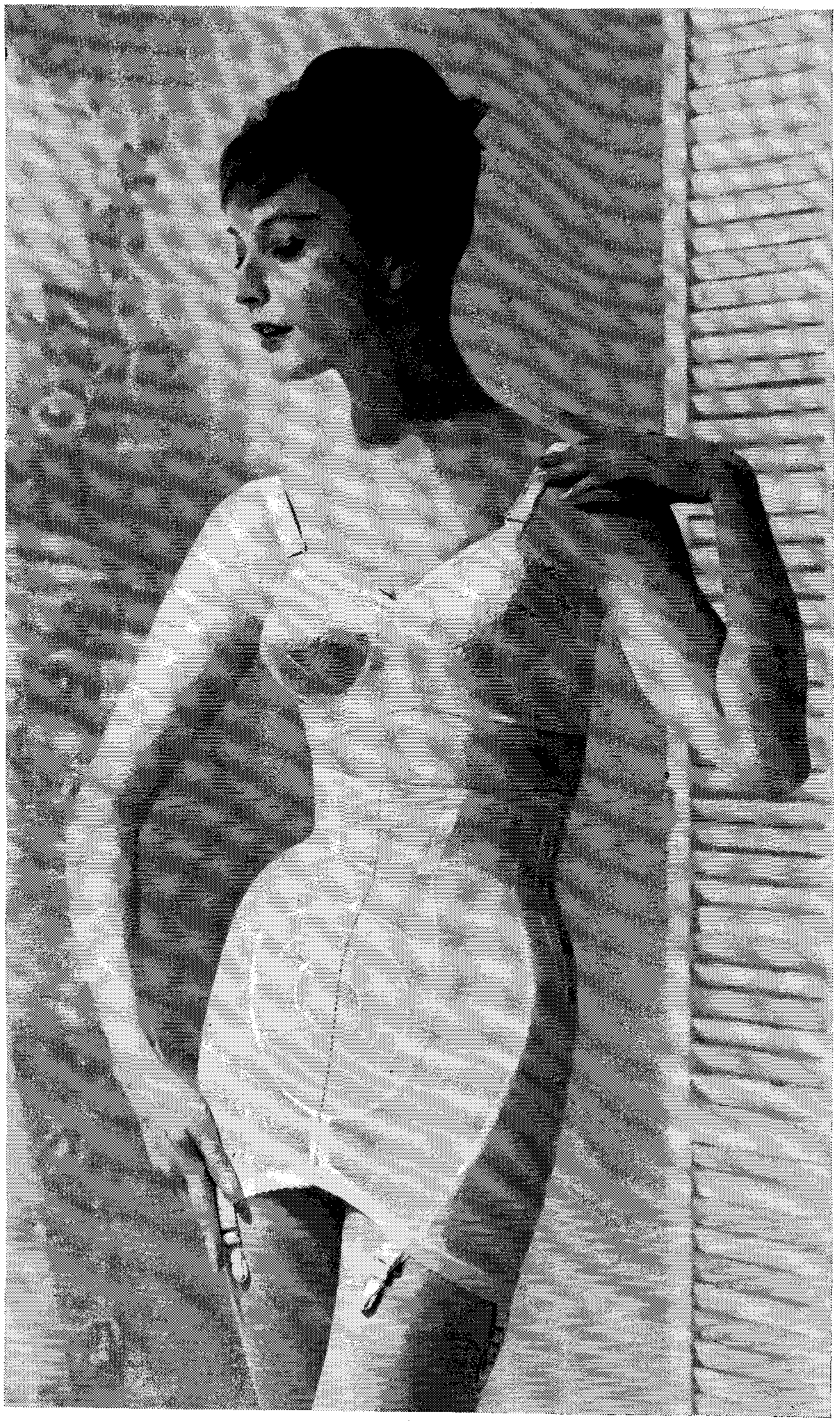
Concentrates slimming power in the 2 places you need it most!

THE NEWS IS BIG—because it's about a wonderfully different way for you to be *small!*

Note the unique construction of new Social Whirl. Five concentric circles are embroidered, front and back, on this light and lovely power-net girdle. Control is concentrated just where you need it—tummy, derriere. And the comfort's astounding. Social Whirl flattens you firmly, yet adjusts to your every movement.

Start looking and *feeling* a whole size smaller in this lightweight wonder. You'll find Social Whirl girdles at your nicest stores. (If not, write Warner's®, Bridgeport 1, Conn., for name of store nearest you.)

Waistline girdle #656 has a dipped front. White, $12.50. Matching pantie #657, $13.50.



Right, High-waisted Social Whirl has slimming satin elastic side panels. #956. White, $16.50 The bra: Warner's famous A'Lure® #1047, $5.00.

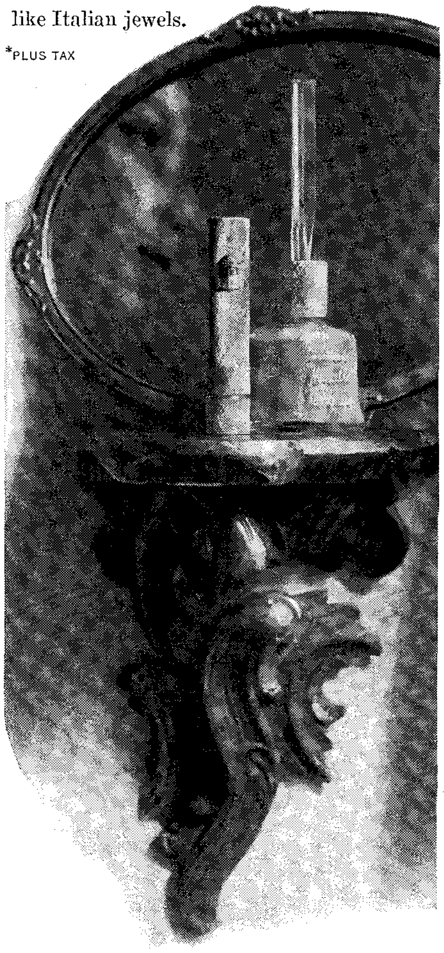
For the woman who selects her cosmetics like precious jewels

LIP BRILLANTE: glistening, ultra-creamy moisturizing lipstick, as soothing as a beauty treatment. Contour-shaped. $3.50*

NAIL CRISTALLO: uniquely proportioned ingredients make it longer-lasting, smoother flowing, more luminous. $1.75*

AND THE COLORS: Continental fashion colors that glow like Italian jewels.

*PLUS TAX



PRINCESS Marcella Borghese

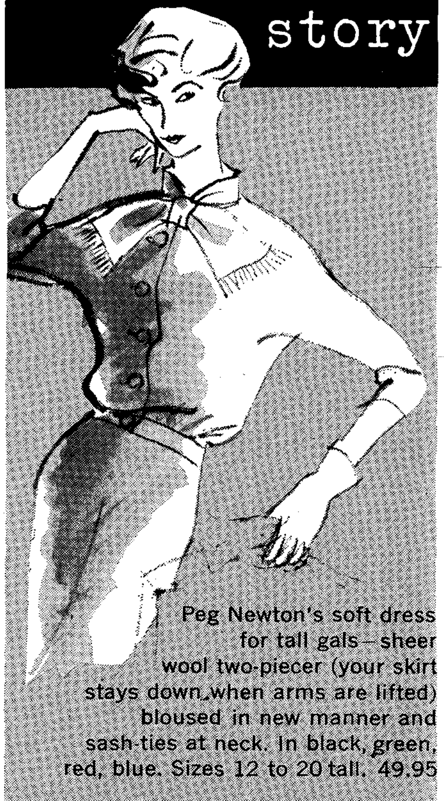
Vandever's, Tulsa;
The J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit;
Marshall Field, Chicago.

first railway linking the city with the interior. Despite the general impression one gets in Bombay, however, Parsis constitute a very small fraction of the population of India, let alone the world. According to the latest statistics—obviously based to some extent on guesswork—all the Parsis everywhere add up to only about a hundred and fifteen thousand souls, of whom sixty thousand live in Bombay. But one of the latter group told me the other day that he's pretty sure the total number is greater. "It's probably nearer a hundred and twenty thousand," he said. "As you may have noticed, we Parsis like to exaggerate how few of us there are. It makes us seem that much more wonderful."

Whether or not most Parsis want to seem wonderful, they naturally take a lot of pride in being members of such an infinitesimal minority group with so many achievements to its credit. In India today, communal feeling is deprecated, but the Parsi pride differs somewhat from that of the vastly more numerous Hindus and Moslems, and cannot really be called communalism in the currently accepted sense of the word. Still, quite a few Parsis, though on the whole receptive to progressive ideas, are afraid that at a time like this, when the New Delhi government is trying to get its variegated peoples to put aside their long-standing differences and peculiarities and concentrate on being citizens of India, their group may lose its historical identity. An alarmed Parsi woman recently wrote me, "Americans have for years been interested in our religion—Zoroastrianism—but it is not just this which singles us out, for we are both a religious sect and a distinct racial entity. However, we are now being adjured to disown this fact in the light of larger interests and to drown our heritage in the ocean of Indian citizenship."

The Parsis have a past that makes ours seem trifling, and a correspondingly intense fondness for it, which may strike a visitor from the United States as almost irrational. Of course, we, too, have our nostalgic side, but it usually expends itself in harking back no further than 1848 or, at most, the Mayflower. We hardly know what to say when we're confronted with a people who can, and do, talk knowledgeably about a migration from Persia that their forefathers undertook thirteen hundred years ago. Nevertheless, throughout their long history the Parsis have never been a dominant group. Traditionally, all they have wanted was a

"tall" fashion story

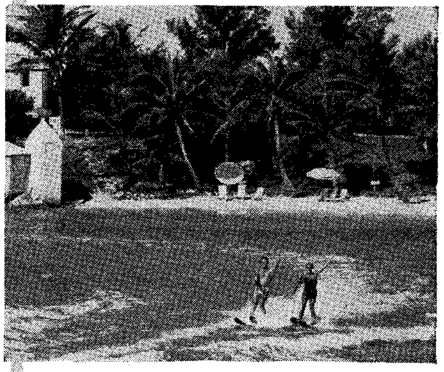


Peg Newton's soft dress for tall gals—sheer wool two-piecer (your skirt stays down when arms are lifted) bloused in new manner and sash-ties at neck. In black, green, red, blue. Sizes 12 to 20 tall. 49.95

PEG NEWTON
tall girls haven
3 East 48th St., New York 17, N. Y.

Mail orders accepted. Add 50¢ postage.

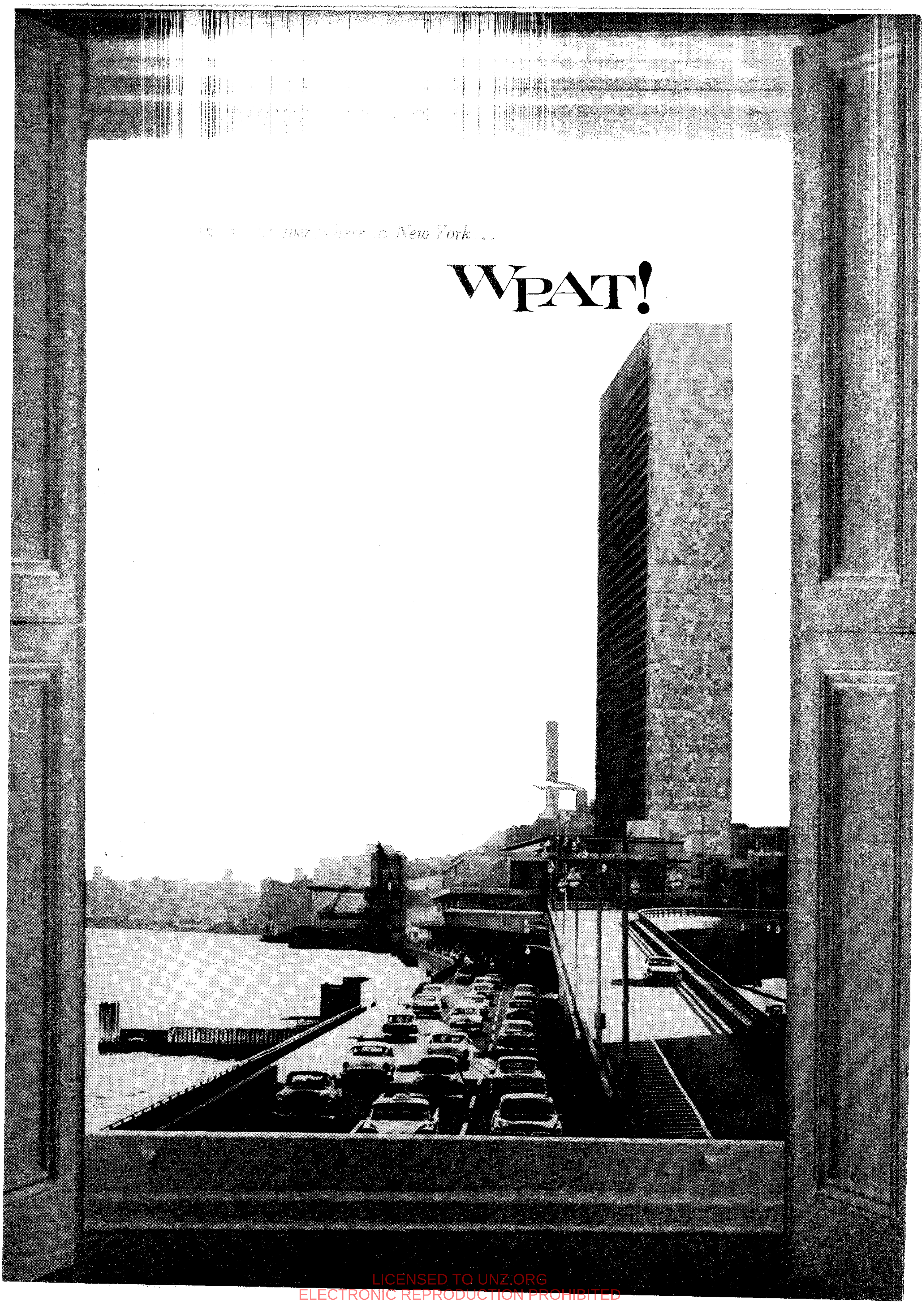
Blue Water AT YOUR DOOR . . . IN SOMERSET, BERMUDA

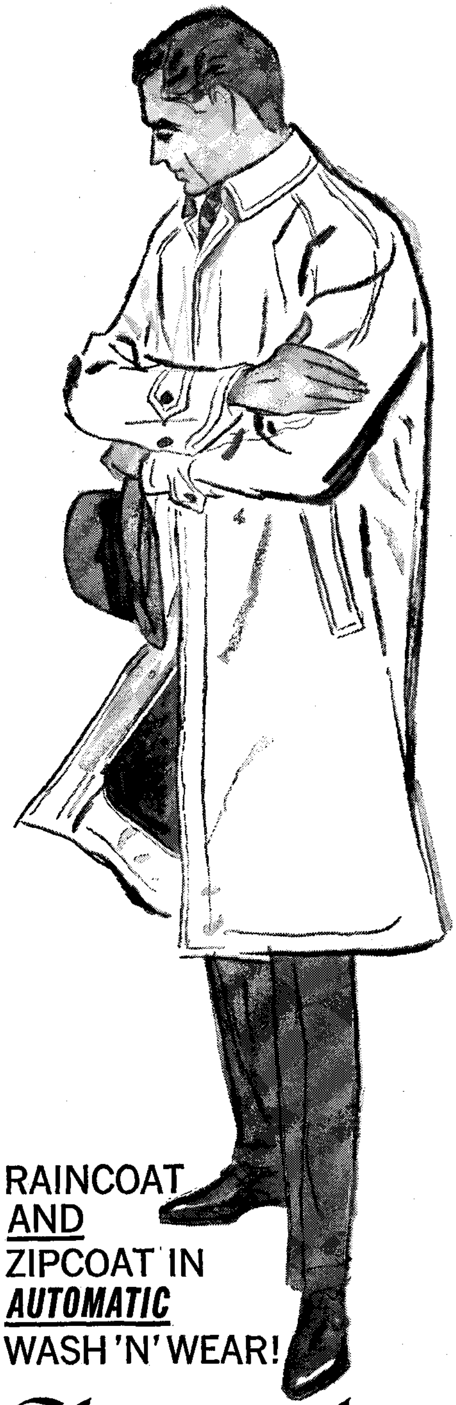


Cambridge Beaches

- In Bermuda's Garden Parish . . . 26 finely appointed cottages . . . 25 acres of lawns and flowering hibiscus.
- Palm-fringed beaches, water-skiing, sailing, fishing. Golf, tennis nearby.
- Breakfast served in cottages, luncheon and dinner on terrace overlooking Mangrove Bay. Tea, cocktails, dancing at the "Mixing Bowl."

For Color Booklet, reservations
SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT *or*
LEONARD P. BRICKETT, Representative
32 Nassau St., Princeton, New Jersey
WAlnut 4-5084


[illegible] everywhere in New York . . .
WPAT!



RAINCOAT
AND
ZIPCOAT IN
AUTOMATIC
WASH 'N' WEAR!

Gleneagles
ALL-SEASON COAT

A very versatile coat! First, a handsome raincoat, tailored of Aqaron® (65% Dacron — 35% cotton), durably water-repellent. Cold weather coat, too, thanks to a full-sleeve, zip-in pile lining of Orlon and Curon. Lightweight, even with lining . . . and so easy to clean! Just toss entire coat into washer and dryer.

Sandune or Beige $45

At the stores listed, or write for store nearest you:

In New York:
BROADSTREET'S • BROWNING KING & CO.
Buffalo, N. Y. .... **THE KLEINHANS CO.**
Detroit, Mich. .... **HARRY SUFFRIN**
Phila., Pa. .... **JOHN WANAMAKER**
Pittsburgh, Pa. .... **KAUFMANN'S**
Wash., D. C. .... **RALEIGH HABERDASHER**

LAMM BROS., INC., 311 N. Exeter St., Balt. 2, Md.

place where they could live and worship in peace. Their commercial and civic leadership has been a latter-day flowering, and sometimes I get the feeling that they are surprised by it themselves.

My Parsi friends are inclined to observe gloomily that no matter what their present total number may be, it was much larger a hundred years ago, when their people were not so dispersed and it was possible to take a fairly accurate census; that one put the figure at a hundred and fifty thousand. This drop of thirty-five (or thirty) thousand worries ardent Parsis, and they are hardly reassured by one of the explanations that have been offered for it—that the decline in numbers is not so much a matter of dying out as of opting out of the community, usually because of the stringency of the Parsi marriage laws. These stipulate that if a Parsi woman marries a non-Parsi man, their children aren't Parsis and never can be, and, as Bombay zealots admit, regretfully but accurately, such marriages are becoming more and more common. The other side of the medal is brighter, since a Parsi husband's children *are* Parsis, regardless of what his wife is—though she herself, if she isn't a Parsi, can't become one. Parsidom is a hereditary condition, not to be acquired through marriage or conversion.

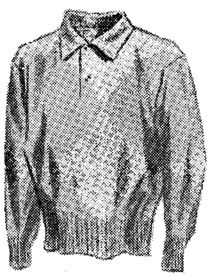
The gloom of the more fervent members of the group is not lessened by the fact that all the marriages of Parsis to non-Parsis have had a marked effect on the appearance of their Parsi descendants. I've heard old-timers in Bombay assert, in the teeth of visual contradiction, that you can spot a Parsi anywhere. And it is true that many Parsis still possess the distinctive features of their kind, which my old edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica sums up as follows:

> The men are well formed, active, handsome, and intelligent. They have light olive complexions, a fine aquiline nose, bright black eyes, a well-turned chin, heavy arched eyebrows, thick sensual lips. . . . The women are delicate in frame, with small hands and feet, fair complexions, beautiful black eyes, finely arched eyebrows, and a profusion of long, black hair, which they dress to perfection.

No one would quibble with this as far as it goes, and you will see many people like that around Bombay—people of whom you can say to yourself with certainty, "There goes a Parsi." But things have changed in the fifty years since this Britannica article was written, and what it doesn't mention—any more than the Bombay old-timers do—is that some of today's Parsis have short,

CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP

Custom Tailors *Furnishers*



Long Sleeve Sport Shirts

Hairline Lisle Cotton Pullover—Tan-White, Navy-White, Navy-Maroon **5.50**
Orlon & Cotton blend, a quick-drying long sleeve pullover. Knitted full-fashioned collar and cuffs—Natural or Blue-Grey **8.50**
Wool long sleeve Pullover—2 button placket, hand washable—full fashioned—Navy, Cream, Lovat, Straw Yellow, Flannel Grey, Oxford Grey **12.75**
Wool long sleeve Cardigan Sweater Shirt. Can be worn over regular shirt or separately, rib knit collar and cuffs, white edge collar trim. Mid-Grey or Blue **20.50**
Shetland Shirt Sweater, Pullover, 2 button placket, rib knit collar and cuffs. Natural, Rust-Lovat *or* Grey **17.50**
Shetland Shirt Sweater Cardigan—full *button opening, rib knit collar and* cuffs, Natural, Mid-Grey, Lovat **20.50**

Sizes—Medium, Large, Extra Large.
Brochure upon request
No. C.O.D.'s Mail Orders Accepted
Add 50¢ Postage

Chipp
14 East 44th St. • New York 17, N. Y.

CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP

MUMM'S
THE WORD FOR CHAMPAGNE

CORDON ROUGE AND EXTRA DRY

Sole U. S. Distributors, Browne Vintners Co., Inc., N.Y.C.

straight noses, or light-colored eyes, or dark complexions, or frames that can scarcely be called delicate. Parsis do not hesitate to talk to outsiders about this trend, with the candor that is one of their most charming characteristics. For example, at a recent party I said to my host, who himself could pose any day for a seventeenth-century Persian miniature, "I think Bomanjee over there is a perfect Parsi type, don't you?" Solemnly, my host turned and looked across the room at Bomanjee, contemplating him as if he had never seen him before, although, as members of the same tight little Bombay social community, they had known each other all their lives. "He's not bad," he admitted, at last. "But I don't like that hair, you know. It shouldn't be curly. Must have been some hanky-panky somewhere."

SOMETIMES I wonder if it doesn't now and then irritate today's Iranians—predominantly Moslems, and the inhabitants of an area that for at least two thousand years was known as Persia (or Pars, or Fars, or Persis)—to realize that these infidel foreigners in distant India are known throughout the world as Parsis, meaning simply "Persians," as if they were the only people qualified to claim the name. But whatever the Iranians' feelings may be, the Parsis do have an excellent claim to the name. Back before 641 A.D., when the Arabs invaded Persia, the official religion of that country was Zoroastrianism, and its people were monotheists whose prophet was Zoroaster (or Zarathustra). They were firm believers in astrology, and also revered fire to such an extent that they built temples in its honor, an activity that gave them the reputation of being fire worshippers. Modern Zoroastrians are still ardent astrologers, but, making a clear distinction between reverence and worship, insist that they are not and never have been fire worshippers. Scholars are unable to agree just when Zoroaster lived, or where, although many of them have published conjectures on the subject. My Britannica doesn't commit itself, merely citing pertinent remarks by various classicists, and adding, with what I consider a dash of testiness, that the name "seems to mean 'possessor of old camels.' " Anyway, Zoroaster certainly lived long before the incursion of the Arabs—even before Mohammed himself.

As soon as the conquerors had moved in, they commanded the Persians to give up their religion and embrace Islam, with death as the alternative, and

Captain L. J. Alexanderson, Executive Officer of the S. S. United States, U. S. Lines

Men who sail the seven seas choose the protection of

Old Spice
Old Spice
After Shave Lotion

Selected by the U. S. Government for showing at the World's Fair in Brussels

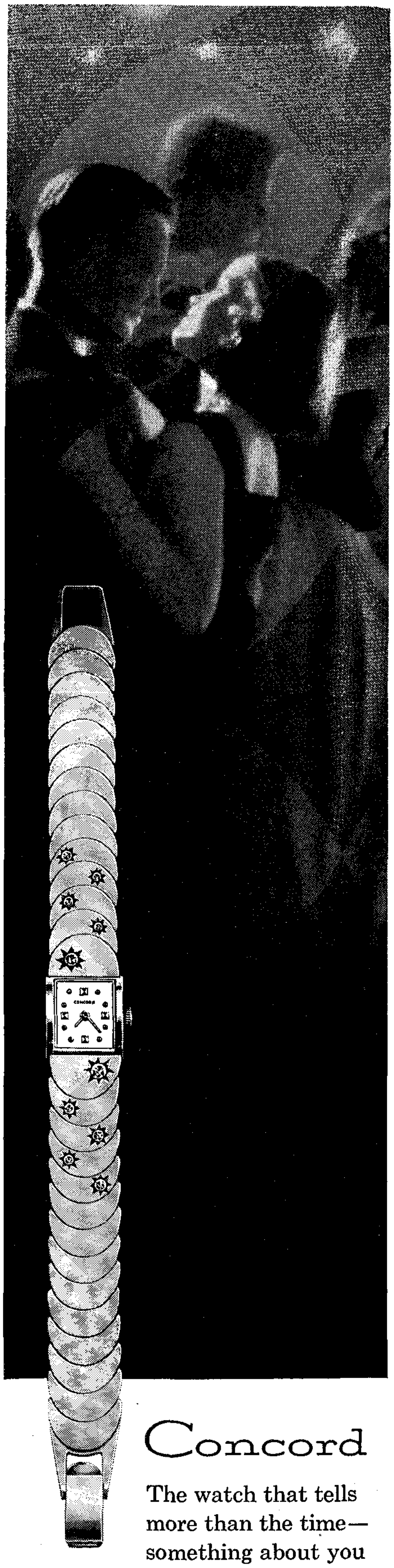
Old Spice

AFTER SHAVE LOTION

Now with extra emollients to keep your skin healthy!

Follow the lead of the seafaring men who face winds and weather daily. Protect and refresh your face with Old Spice After Shave Lotion. Good for your skin: stimulates to a healthy glow, contains extra emollients to guard against loss of vital skin-moisture. It feels good! Clean. Fresh. Brisk. With that tangy Old Spice scent. Try it—happiest ending a shave ever had! 1⁰⁰ plus tax

SHULTON



Concord

The watch that tells
more than the time—
something about you
. . . something about
excitement to come

shown: 14K Gold Coin Bracelet.
Star-set fine quality diamonds—$540.00
Write for illustrated folder.

Concord Watch Company
720 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, New York

they began either destroying the fire temples or turning them into mosques. About a hundred thousand of the natives complied with the edict, but the rest, rather than abandon their faith, fled to the mountainous country of Khorassan, near the eastern boundary of Persia, and when the Arabs hounded them out of there, most of them moved on to the island of Ormus, in the mouth of the Persian Gulf. In time, even this refuge became unsafe, and during the eighth century the Zoroastrians moved again—across the Arabian Sea to India. This was probably not a mass exodus but a steady trickle that went on for years, shipload by shipload. (The Arabs never did succeed in ridding Persia of all its Zoroastrians; a few of them have hung on at home to this day.) While some small groups of refugees presumably went elsewhere, the majority of them landed on Diu, an island off the Indian coast, a hundred and seventy-five miles northwest of Bombay, and now one of the disputed Portuguese possessions in that part of the world, like Goa.

After some twenty years on Diu, the migrants, probably because of an augury made by one of their astrologers, moved to the mainland—to a place called Sanjan, in the province of Gujerat, and applied to the Hindu ruler of Gujerat, Jadi Rana, for permission to live in his country. The Rana declared that he would consider the matter if the Parsis would draw up a statement setting forth who they were, where they came from, and in what manner they worshipped the gods. This they did, in a declaration that has survived and is interesting today because, for one thing, it shows that the immigrants were clever people, who knew how to present an approximation of the truth in a tactful manner, and, for another, it explains how some mistaken ideas about Zoroastrianism—which, after all these centuries, still haunt the Parsis—first gained currency. Since the monotheistic Parsi priests had been called upon to describe to the polytheistic Rana their way of worshipping the gods, plural, it was practically obligatory for them to say who their gods were—a ticklish problem that they solved by listing one as "Ahura Mazda, the Supreme Being" and throwing in, for harmless good measure, "the sun and the five elements." In addition to being somewhat misleading, this was an oversimplification of the elaborate philosophy of Zoroastrianism, but the priests no doubt felt that it would do under the circumstances. Expediency may also account for a line they included about "making offerings to fire," which

The opulent bag

from Italy—rows of handwoven
silk velvet and cording, fully
lined with soft leather. Black
combined with beige and brown
or with red. 49.95 plus tax.

Street Floor, Lord & Taylor

Marcel Franck

THE FINEST
ATOMIZERS IN
THE WORLD

THE
"WEEK-END"

You can take it with you!

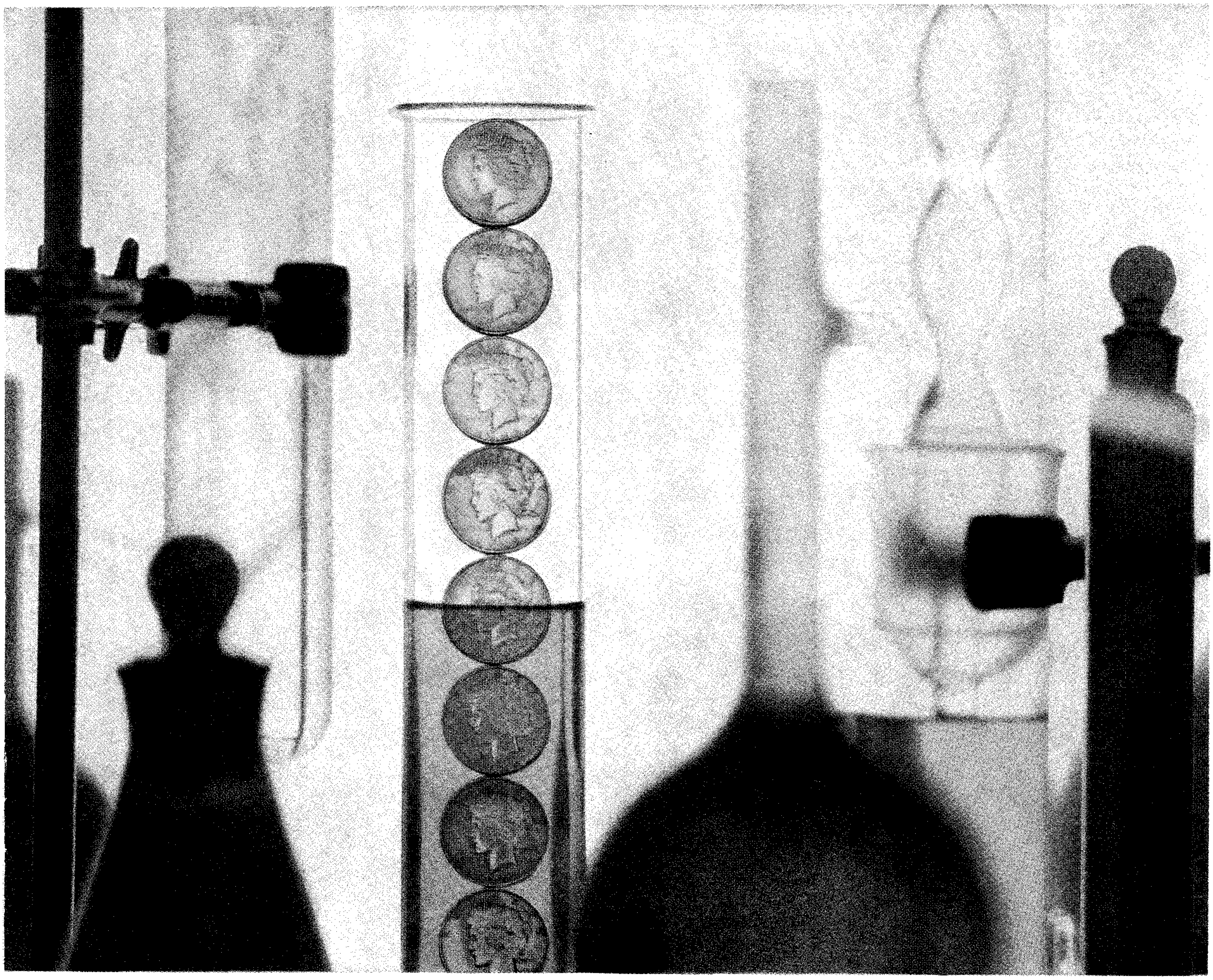
If it's perfume — and you have this perfect purse-size atomizer.

It puts your perfume where you want it — not all over the inside of your handbag!

Made in France, and complete with black suede travel bag, in Chrome 9.00; in Gold Finish 11.50.

FRENCH ATOMIZER CORP.
730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 19

THE BANK OF NEW YORK *". . . there is a real place in New York for conservatively managed banks and trust companies of moderate size where customers may have easy access to and personal acquaintance with the senior officers . . ."* QUOTED FROM "THE BANK'S DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES"



A Banking Formula to Meet Your Needs

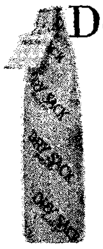
planned by Resourceful Officers . . .
incorporating Complete Services . . .
in a tradition of Loyalty to Customers
under all economic conditions

THE BANK OF NEW YORK

New York's First Bank • *Founded 1784*

Main Office: 48 WALL ST. ☆ *Uptown Offices:* 530 FIFTH AVE. ☆ MADISON AVE. AT 63rd ☆ MADISON AVE. AT 73rd

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation



Delightful at cocktail time...the superb nutty flavor of **DRY SACK**®

Julius
WILE
SONS & CO. INC.
ESTABLISHED
1877
NEW YORK, N.Y.
DRY SACK
SHERRY
Produced Shipped & Bottled by
WILLIAMS & HUMBERT LTD
LONDON, ENGLAND, & JEREZ DE LA FRONTERA, SPAIN

WILLIAMS & HUMBERT'S world-famous Spanish Sherry must have prompted the Hindu ruler and *his* priests to nod approvingly, for this was a ritual of theirs as well. Moreover, it may be assumed that the Rana was not put out when he came to a part of the declaration in which the Parsi priests professed to worship the cow and to make ablutions with cow's urine. They did make such ablutions, and certainly they thought highly of cows, but "to think highly of" is not necessarily synonymous with "to worship," and the Parsi priests knew that perfectly well. In any event, the declaration was acceptable to the Hindus, and that was the main idea. The Rana, deciding that these foreigners couldn't be so foreign after all, gave the Parsis a tract of land to live on, imposing only a few conditions, which they were quite willing to accept: They must speak the language of the country; they must not wear armor; their women must dress like the women of Gujerat; and they must hold their weddings in the evening, as the Hindus did, and not in the morning, as was the Parsi custom. Having agreed to all this, the Parsis settled down peacefully and built fire temples to their hearts' content.

In Persia, there had been no caste system, and in India the Parsis did not enter any caste—and could not have done so even if they had wanted to. Nevertheless, they slipped into certain grooves, working mostly as farmers or artisans while they raised their families and kept their place. In time, the colony outgrew Sanjan, and a number of its members moved on, some to the nearby village of Navsari, others to the somewhat more distant town of Surat, and still others to Gujerat communities even farther away, until at length they were scattered all over the province. Hundreds of years rolled by—uneventfully,

HE HELPED SHRINK THE EARTH

Since January, Captain Lyle Richardson has been taking part in the only regular airline flights that cross the U.S. coast to coast and completely circle the earth.

The fact that *Qantas* pilots do this is evidence of the superior airmanship that distinguishes the oldest airline in the English-speaking world. Qantas *airmanship,* coupled with really superb in-flight amenities, makes Qantas the most thoroughly enjoyable way you can fly east or west around the world. It is a magnificent adventure!

Qantas, too, offers you the fastest, most frequent service from the U.S. to Australia. And, you can fly this *better* way to London!

Ask your travel agent about the Qantas Credit Travel Plan, which lets you enjoy our service now for just ten per cent down.

QANTAS AUSTRALIA'S ROUND-THE-WORLD AIRLINE

Call QANTAS in New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Honolulu, Vancouver, B.C., or BOAC, general sales agent for Qantas, in New York, Chicago, Washington, Boston, Detroit, Miami, Dallas, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Winnipeg, Montreal, Toronto.

Miss Dior

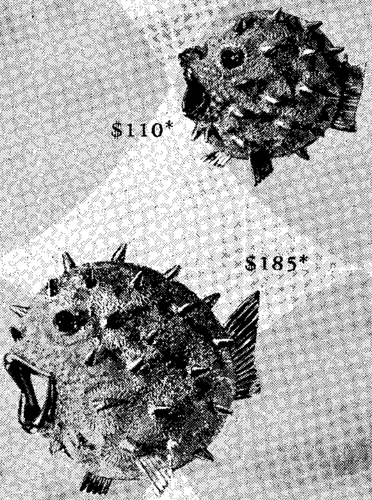
Parfum
de
Christian Dior

Made in France

Perfumes : $ 5.00 to $ 175.00
Eau de toilette : $ 4.00 to $ 37.50

for the most part—and then, in the sixteenth century, the Moguls invaded India, from Persia, and Islam again knocked on the Parsis' door. As might be supposed, the Parsis sided with the Hindus against their ancient spiritual enemy, taking up arms when necessary. The struggle resulted in a partial victory for the Moguls, and the Parsis suffered some persecution in consequence, but it was nothing like the persecution their ancestors had suffered in Persia. Indeed, when the Moguls set about converting the Hindus, they found the task too much for them; so many thousands resisted that the invaders had to recognize the impossibility of putting all unbelievers to the sword. So, with a few exceptions, the Hindus continued to be Hindus, and the Parsis, forgotten in the crowd, kept their fire temples and waited for the crisis to pass. To be sure, there was always the hazard that some Mogul would remember his duty to Allah, and crack down on the nearest infidel, but the Parsis got used to living with that danger, as people do with any danger if it stays around long enough.

As a matter of fact, the Parsis even managed to get along pretty well with the Moguls. In Surat, for instance, some Parsis held minor posts in the Moslem Nawab's court, and, as anyone who has lived in the East can testify, that way lies fortune. The Talyarkhans, one of Bombay's present leading families, trace their name to an eighteenth-century Parsi resident of Surat, who acquired it after making good with the Moguls in a spectacular fashion. He was originally named Sorabji (it would have been Sohrab in Persia, but the Parsis had by then taken to tacking the Hindu suffix onto their names), and he had acquired a reputation as an accomplished mechanic and watchmaker. The Mogul Emperor in Delhi had a passion for clocks and watches—an occupational characteristic of Eastern potentates—and he owned a fine collection of them, but they kept getting out of order and there was no one in Delhi who could fix them. He wrote to the Nawab of Surat, asking if he knew of a good repairman over there, and the Nawab immediately thought of Sorabji. So the Parsi was summoned to the Nawab's court and offered the job. The Parsi was reluctant, however; he was forty-seven years old, he explained—by no means a young man—and he had spent his whole life in Surat, never having so much as ventured outside the city walls. A journey to Delhi would take many months, and was bound to be dangerous, and


18 kt gold Fish Pins
Made in France

$110*

$185*

Olga
TRITT
424 Park Avenue
(Between 55th and 56th Streets)
New York 22, N. Y.

© Olga Tritt, Inc.
*Federal Excise Tax Included

somewhat
uppish

...the empire blouse with a
noble disdain for the iron...
in a remarkable Dacron-pima, 3.98

Ship'n Shore®

TV GUIDE®

Best-selling weekly magazine in America

A daily habit in millions of American homes

Her children are off to school . . . her husband is off to work . . . and her day is off to a bright start with TV Guide.

First she'll enjoy an article over her second cup of coffee. Then she'll check the day's program notes to see what's worth watching. And when she's done she'll keep her TV Guide within reach, for handy reference through the day.

You see, TV Guide is more than a magazine. It is a part of America's new way of life. For television has reshaped the pattern of family living . . . absorbing more time and interest than any other leisure activity. And TV Guide is the only national magazine that covers television *exclusively* and *in depth* . . . with news, articles and commentary about television programs and personalities.

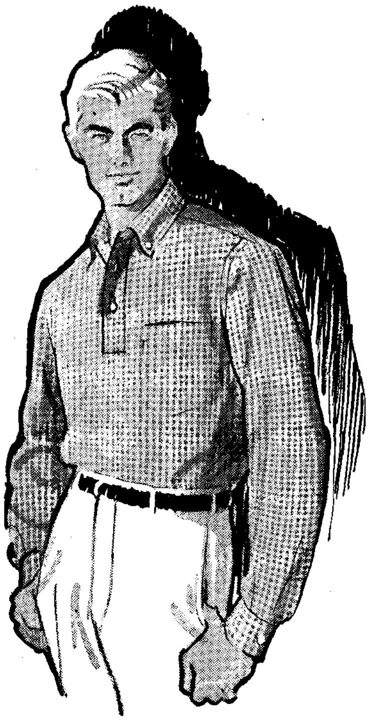
In short, TV Guide is a *reader service magazine* in every sense. Only this can explain its phenomenal hold on the American public. Today people buy more copies of TV Guide and read it more often than any other weekly magazine in publishing history.

This unparalleled acceptance, this vital force that has made TV Guide a daily habit in six and a half million homes, is the measure of TV Guide's potential value to you as an advertiser.

We earnestly suggest that you exploit this potential by putting TV Guide on your next schedule.

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE . . . A DAILY HABIT

Hathaway dividends, imperial gingham checks from Britain



Handsome investment for your leisure, our gingham pullover masterfully woven in the English tradition and expertly tailored by Hathaway. Blue, gray, yellow, black or red checks on white. Small, medium, large or extra large, 8.95

Bloomingdale's Men's Store

New York · New Rochelle
Fresh Meadows · Stamford

Bloomingdale's • 59th and 3rd • EL 5-5900

anyway, how could he go off and forsake his family?

The Nawab replied that he personally would see to it that the family was well taken care of. He assured Sorabji that here was an opportunity to make his fortune and that he would be a fool not to take advantage of it. Sorabji, still far from convinced, did what practically any good Parsi would do today in similar circumstances, and consulted an astrologer. The augury was good; the journey would go well, the astrologer said, and Sorabji ought to undertake it. So the watchmaker gave in and started out, taking with him two of his sons—Pestanji and Bejanji—to whom he had taught his trade. The Nawab, much relieved, provided the trio with a splendid escort and a lot of costly gifts for the Emperor—as well as a Parsi priest to act as interpreter, for Persian was the court language, and Parsi priests were the only men around Surat who still knew their mother tongue. The long journey was every bit as hard as Sorabji had feared, but after six months on the road the party arrived safely in Delhi. Sorabji and his sons were cordially greeted at court by deputies of the Emperor, who informed them that one of the broken-down clocks was something very special, being highly prized by the monarch not only as a fine piece of craftsmanship but as an object of sentiment, because it was a present from the Sultan of Turkey. The clock had once played a tune each time it struck the hour, but that was long ago, and now it didn't work at all—a sorry state of affairs, especially since the Mogul Emperor liked it better than any other item in his collection. Sitting down then and there in the empty throne room, Sorabji, with the help of his sons, fixed it, and, just as the Emperor entered to take his seat on the throne, music tinkled prettily from the clock for the first time in many years. Delighted by this happy coincidence, His Majesty ennobled the three artisans from Surat on the spot. Sorabji was dubbed Neksantkhan, or Lord of the Auspicious Moment; one of the sons, Pestanji, was named Talyarkhan, which means Lord Watch Repairer, and the other Beheremandkhan, which means Fortunate Lord. Sorabji Neksantkhan was also given a fortune, as the Nawab had predicted, and a village in the vicinity of Delhi as well, which he later turned in for another, nearer Surat. It took the father and his sons a long time to disentangle themselves from Delhi's ceremonial life without hurting anybody's feelings, but they succeeded at last and

"My name is Tage Petersen, I am a Dane. I have been in the United States for six months and back to Copenhagen once. I've looked at all of George Tanier's selections of Danish furniture and lighting and to my mind they certainly represent the best things being made in Denmark today. This is the Tanier chair I'd pick for myself. It was designed by Greta Jalk."

GEORGE TANIER INC.
521 Madison Avenue · New York 22
Through dealers, decorators, architects

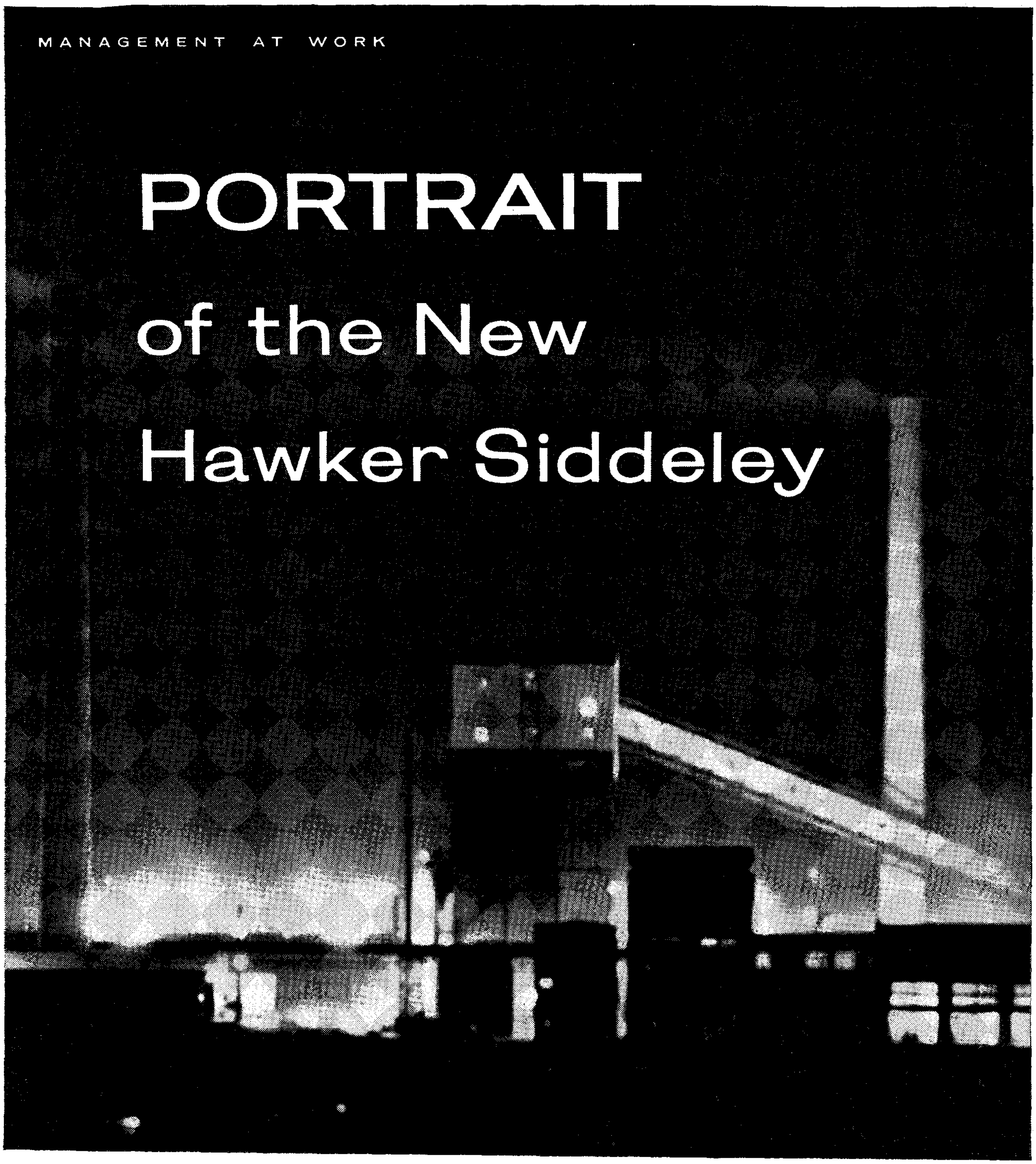
George Tanier Selection

"What next?" said the Duchess...
THE ACME ARISTOCRAT
The Refrigerator with the HIDE-A-WAY RANGE

Small wonder the lady is astounded! The ingenious Acme Aristocrat permits you to store and cook food in one compact space. Perfect at the office for lunch, brunch, coffee breaks or after hours . . . wonderful for homes, dens, etc.

Contains 25 lb. freezer, holds many ice cubes for beverages. In luxurious walnut, mahogany or blonde finish.

Write or phone for further particulars to:
Weiss & Besserman Co., Inc.
41 East 42nd Street, New York MU 7-8730



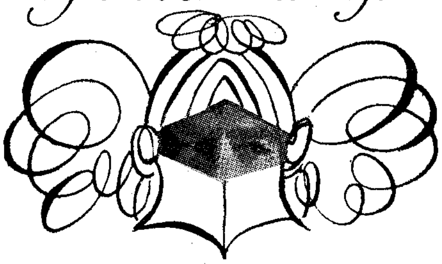
MANAGEMENT AT WORK

PORTRAIT
of the New
Hawker Siddeley

Dosco Coke Ovens at Sydney, Nova Scotia

For a quarter of a century the name of Hawker Siddeley stood for one thing – British Aviation. Today, it means something entirely different. For Hawker Siddeley has joined the select band of world leaders in Heavy Industry, with assets of $600 million and an annual turnover of more than $728 million. Behind these facts lies one of the great industrial feats of the post-war world. For in less than three years, a policy decision to expand and diversify their interests has become an accomplished fact. Today, Hawker Siddeley companies are turning out coal, steel, rolling-stock, cars, electrical power plant and hundreds of other engineering products, as well as aircraft. An exceptional feat – reflecting vigorous management policy – giving Hawker Siddeley the strength of great diversity.

HAWKER SIDDELEY One of the World's Industrial Leaders *a french couturier in fur*



everyone takes a good peek at the girl in the georges kaplan fur . . .

Golden Ceylon Leopard . . . beautifully tamed into a slender wrapping collared with black-dyed mink.
1850.
plus tax

Georges Kaplan
730 Fifth Ave New York CI 6-3416
In the Arcade between 56 & 57 *Closed Saturdays*

returned home. The two sons went into business, making a lucrative arrangement with the British East India Company, which had just recently obtained permission from the Moguls to operate in their country, and had chosen Surat as headquarters for its traders along the west coast. In addition, Bejanji became a magistrate under British rule. Thus, in a few years, three Parsis made considerable progress up the ladder of affluence.

Presently, it became clear that the era was a good one for Parsis in general—the first they had enjoyed since the departure of their ancestors from Persia. In the thousand years they spent under the thumb of the Hindus, they had never complained of their lot, at first because it seemed so far preferable to Arab persecution, and later because they had become so accustomed to the status quo that it did not occur to them to rebel. They were Indians by that time, but they were unusual Indians, with talents that went unrealized as long as Hindus ruled the land. It took the influx of Europeans to give the Parsis a glimpse of what they themselves were good at—commerce and industry. Then, suddenly, the long-dormant racial genius that had once made Persia a great mercantile nation began to stir, and soon it was flourishing again. It was as if one of those mammoths that are occasionally found preserved in glaciers should walk out of the ice alive. The British in Surat were much taken with the Parsis, who showed themselves to be not only industrious and dependable but natural-born go-betweens, infinitely easier to deal with than their Hindu neighbors. The latter had such an un-European outlook on most matters that communication with them was frequently all but impossible, and while the Moslems were not quite so baffling, they, too, could be pretty opaque at times. But the Parsis were different; a Westerner could strike up a satisfactory relationship with them in fields where he couldn't get through at all to the other natives. At the outset, the Parsis were taken on merely as interpreters, but before long, having proved themselves to be trustworthy and quick-witted, a lot of them rose a good deal higher, because the British, unlike the Hindus, permitted them to engage in trade, and they quickly took full advantage of this privilege—acting as brokers, compradors, or general provisioners for the newcomers. It was a happy relationship, for if the British liked the Parsis for their ability to smooth the way for them in a strange land, the Parsis liked the British for not

florence **LEWIS**

the lovely "look"
...yours, in this late day dress, so divinely flattering with a gently fitted waist and romantically shaped skirt... pure silk peau de soie in fez red, delft blue and black. 8 to 16.
89.95
711 Madison Avenue at 63rd St. New York, New York

THE EMPIRE ROOM

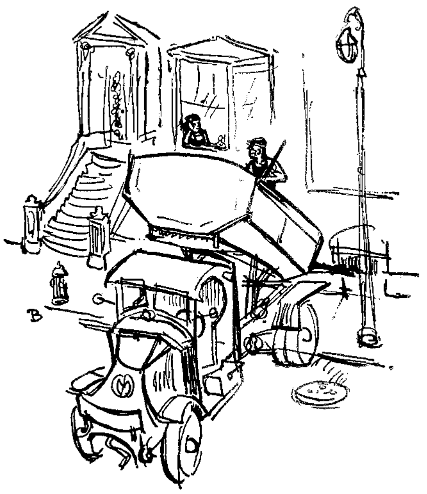
Glamorous Star of Opera, Radio and Television

Marguerite Piazza

EMIL COLEMAN
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
BELA BABAI "King of the Gypsies" AND HIS ORCHESTRA
SHOWS: 9:30 and 12:15
WALDORF·ASTORIA
ELdorado 5-3000

trying very hard to convert them to Christianity, as the Portuguese, who were also active in the region, had been doing.

IN the seventeenth century, Bombay was one of a cluster of seven islands a little more than a hundred and sixty miles down the coast from Surat. The islands, separated from one another at high tide by shallow water and at low tide by dismal salty swamps, were covered with coconut palms and populated mostly by toddy-tappers, who collected the sap of the palms for use in wine-making, and by fishermen. ("Bombay" is a corruption of "Mumbai," the name of the fisherfolk's patron goddess, and one of the city's earliest exports was dried fish, sent abroad as "Bombay duck.") In 1534, Portugal had bought the rights to the islands from the Sultan of Gujerat, and they had subsequently been developed, after a fashion, as a private estate by a succession of Portuguese tenants. For a while, they were owned by Garcia da Orta, a famous physician and botanist, who ran them rather like a South American *estancia*. In 1665, the King of Portugal gave Bombay to Charles II of England as part of the dowry of his bride, Princess Catherine of Braganza, but there was some confusion over whether he meant just the one island of that name or the whole group of seven, which by that time had come to be known collectively as Bombay. No matter which he meant, the gift was far from popular with the Portuguese in India, who pointed out that even if they hadn't yet got around to fortifying the place very well, Bombay and its environs were potentially the best port on the west coast. And their indignation became truly monumental when they learned that the authorities in Lisbon responsible for this dreadful giveaway hadn't even known where Bombay was—a fact betrayed by a number of official dispatches plac-



so
uniquely
Italian
STREGA
Try it on the rocks

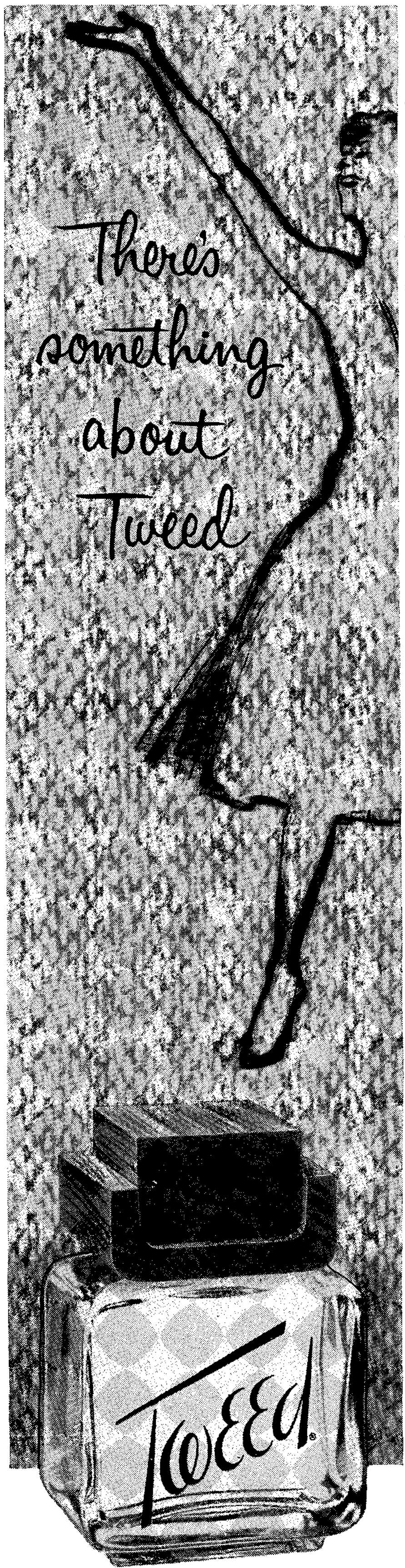
It's so tantalizingly tangy . . . the authentic Italian liqueur that brings the joyous spirit of Italy to your dining. Try it. Now you know why it's been the choice of smart diners everywhere since 1860 . . . why people with discriminating tastes enjoy it as the delightful after-dinner beginning to an exciting evening.

STREGA LIQUEUR, 85 PROOF. IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

ing it somewhere near Brazil. At the time Bombay passed into British hands, it was occupied by a wealthy widow, Dona Inez de Miranda, known as the Lady of the Island, and she, of course, was outraged at having her domain suddenly pulled out from under her. So was the Portuguese Viceroy, the administrator of the islands, who felt so strongly about the matter that when the British arrived to accept the gift in the name of their king, he refused to move out. With the fervent backing of Dona Inez, he resorted to every technicality he could think of to delay the transfer, and meanwhile sent repeated protests to his superiors in Lisbon, imploring them to renege on the gift or, if this was impossible, to buy it back. His stalling tactics effectively kept the British out until 1668, and for some time after that the Portuguese retained possession of the largest island, Salsette, contending that it was not included in the dowry.

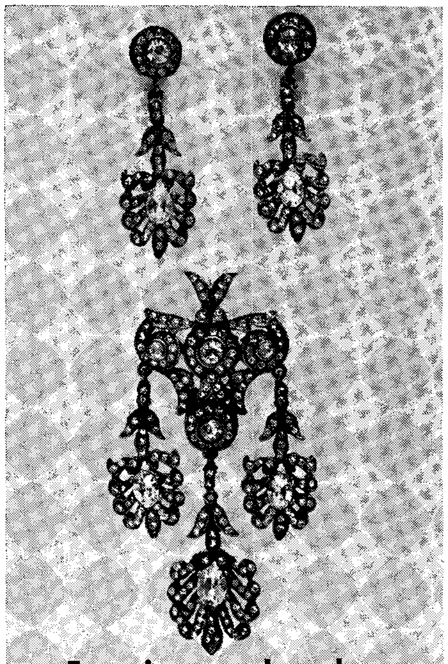
Contemporary accounts of Bombay's desirability in those days differ, depending on who was doing the talking. As soon as the British came into possession of the islands, many Portuguese, at home as well as in India, set up a mournful howl, and for years thereafter Portuguese historians continued to lament the loss of what they described as nothing short of an earthly Paradise. The British were less enthusiastic about their new acquisition; one English writer called the place "a contemptible patch of mud-flat and fishing-village." Charles II, however, was apparently unwilling to believe this tidbit his bride had brought with her was as bad as all that, for he ordered officials of the British East India Company at Surat to hurry down there and take over. When, at last, they managed to ease out the tenacious Viceroy, the King sold Bombay outright to the company, which thereupon gave one of its Surat agents, a man named Gerald Aungier, the job of running the new holding. Aungier's instructions were to build up the place as a colony and to encourage immigration in order to provide the labor needed for weaving cotton textiles, the company's principal export at the time, and he energetically proceeded to carry out his orders. All sorts of immigrants—but principally Hindus, Moslems, and Parsis—poured in, in such numbers that in 1708 the company transferred its west-coast headquarters from Surat to Bombay, where it had a monopoly on nearly all forms of business.

At least one Parsi predated the British in Bombay—a certain Dorabji



The ounce—fourteen dollars plus tax

PERFUME BY
Lenthéric


Empire splendor
adapted from court jewels—brilliants set in antiqued golden metal, to dazzle an evening audience. Earrings, 7.00; pin, 12.50 plus tax.
Fashion Bazaar, Lord & Taylor

FLY TO FASCINATING
LACSA LAND
the Heart of the Americas!

Seven delightful vacation spots... every one "different," beautiful, and easy-on-the-budget... all of them served by LACSA Airlines!

MIAMI • HAVANA
GRAND CAYMAN (B.W.I.)
COSTA RICA • PANAMA
EL SALVADOR • MEXICO

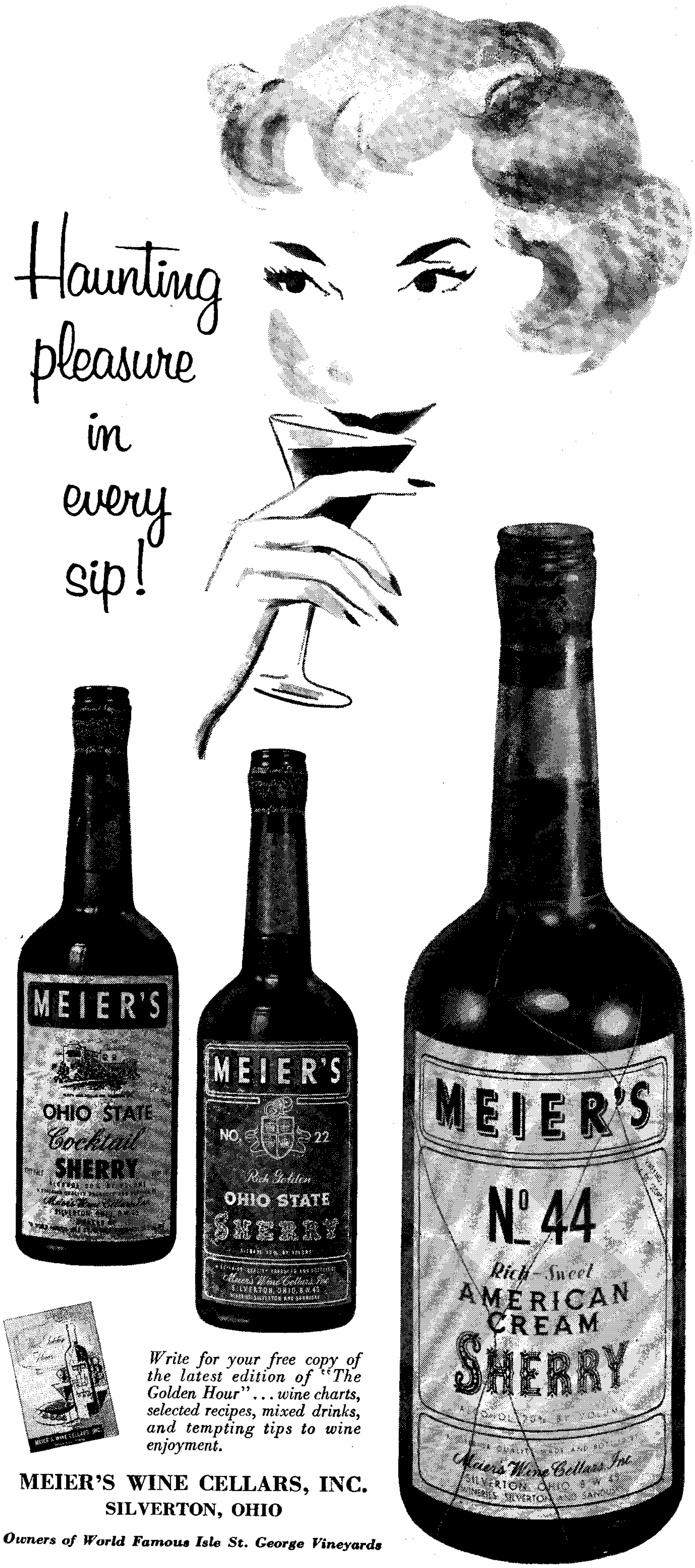
Fastest flights; lowest fares; modern Convair-340 planes; delicious hot meals en route!

For complete information on flying to LACSA-LAND, see your Travel Agent or write to LACSA, Dept. N, 232 Plaza Bldg., Miami, Fla.

LACSA
INTERNATIONAL AIRLINES
Affiliate of PAA

Nanabhai, who had been employed by the Portuguese there as an interpreter. In 1692, while Bombay was enfeebled by an epidemic of the plague, pirates attacked, and were successfully repulsed when a son of the interpreter's, Rastamji Dorabji, hastily organized an emergency fishermen's militia and led it against them, thereby achieving the distinction of becoming the first of a host of Parsis who in one way or another have contributed substantially to the city's welfare. Epidemics were commonplace in Bombay then; for years it had the reputation of being as unhealthy as the notorious Gold Coast. Nevertheless, people kept moving into the city, lured by the prospect of good jobs, and the more the population increased, the higher the death rate grew. Drinking water was a serious problem, and so was drainage; the swamps between the islands stank of sewage, and malarial mosquitoes abounded. For more than a century, the irreconcilable Portuguese kept up their quarrel with the British, using the mainland town of Bassein as a base from which to delay shipments of provisions to Bombay. Dutch and French privateers joined with the pirates (Captain Kidd was one of these) in making things difficult for the struggling colony, and often the company's ocean-going vessels had to fight their way both into and out of the harbor. This strife resulted in Bombay's becoming a shipbuilding center, since London was not prepared to launch enough warships to protect the merchant fleet in India. At first, no one in the city knew much about naval architecture, but in 1735 the situation was partly remedied when a Surat Parsi named Lowji Nasserwanji Wadia ("wadia" means "shipwright") was brought in to help out in the shipyards.

As Bombay grew, Parsi influence grew with it, while that of the British East India Company weakened. Officially, the company wasn't disbanded until 1873, but in 1813 it relinquished its monopoly of the city's business activities, precipitating a glad rush by local merchants, especially Parsis, who were eager to pick up the pieces. This revision of Bombay's economic setup probably marks the beginning of general Parsi prosperity; certainly it introduced the era of Parsi millionaires. But the city, though its commerce was no longer much threatened by its earlier enemies, still had its troubles. A fire levelled hundreds of houses, the swamps stank worse than ever, epidemics of cholera were



Write for your free copy of the latest edition of "The Golden Hour"... wine charts, selected recipes, mixed drinks, and tempting tips to wine enjoyment.

MEIER'S WINE CELLARS, INC.
SILVERTON, OHIO
Owners of World Famous Isle St. George Vineyards

diva
tailored by Evan-Picone

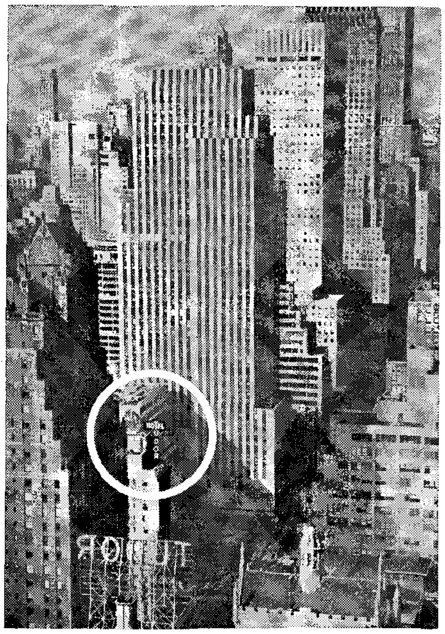
Slacks...so slim, so trim, so striking, you just know they have to be "Diva tailored by Evan-Picone"...in a vibrant wool plaid by Crestwood... about $17. The pure silk shirt by Epic...about $12.

B. ALTMAN & CO.
THE DAYTON CO.
J. L. HUDSON
HALLE BROS.

more and more frequent, and there was a chronic water shortage. Pariah dogs swarmed and starved in the streets, but when the authorities tried to exterminate them, shocked Hindus and Jains started riots. The jungle outside the city walls was infested with cobras and tigers. More than one English soldier posted in Bombay, unable to endure the place and despairing of escape in any other way, deliberately shot a native, an offense punishable by transportation to Australia. Gradually, however, prosperity and self-interest brought some relief. The seven islands were not big enough to accommodate the ever-increasing population, and the squeeze forced land values up to a level where real-estate speculators found it profitable to fill in the swamps and build on the reclaimed areas. Gradually the islands grew into one, and magically—or so it seemed to many at the time—public health improved.

And through all this the hard-working Parsis were busy making money. They bought and sold land, built ships, and spun cotton, and some went far afield, to Singapore and Canton and Siam and London, where they set up branch offices. Outstanding among these energetic people was Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, a regional hero, whose career makes a fine Oriental success story with Occidental trimmings. His parents were weavers who had migrated from Navsari—one of the towns that had absorbed the first wave of Parsis when Sanjan became overcrowded—to Bombay, where he was born in 1783. When he was twelve, his parents farmed him out as an apprentice to an uncle, Framji Nasserwanji Batliwala, who, as his *atak* suggests, bought and sold bottles—a business he carried on near the Army commissariat godown, or warehouse, in Bombay's Fort area. Jamsetjee's native language was Gujerati, and he made do with it throughout his busy cosmopolitan life. He learned to read and write it in his uncle's bottle shop, so that he could keep the accounts, but he certainly had very little, if any, formal education (although some of his biographers vaguely mention an interval in his teens when he may have attended school for a single term and picked up a small amount of English). Not that he was especially underprivileged in this respect; with the possible exception of student priests, none of his contemporaries on the same social level went to school at all.

The uncle had a daughter, Avanbai, who was ten years younger than Jamsetjee. That made her two years old



your hotel... from the U.N.

The Tudor would look almost as close from Grand Central or Radio City or the Empire State Building. Yet, handy though it is to stores and theaters, it's quiet as its residential neighborhood! Garage. *Single rooms from $6*

HOTEL **Tudor**

Folder from Paul A. Denis, Manager
304 East 42nd Street, N.Y.C.

DE BUSSCHERE OF BRUGES
SHOE ARTISANS FOR OVER 300 YEARS

BELGIAN SHOES

COUSU-MAIN PAR
De Busschere

THE ELEGANCE OF SIMPLICITY COMPLETELY AND EXQUISITELY HAND-MADE TO INSURE LONG WEAR AND SUPERB FIT. BROCHURE A ON REQUEST

BELGIAN SHOES, INC.,
60 EAST 56TH ST., NEW YORK

at the time he joined the household, but her parents nevertheless affianced her to him almost at once—a step that created no stir in Bombay, for the Parsis, influenced by the Hindus, had come to take child marriages as a matter of course; in this case, the couple were married when the bride was ten. A generation later, such marriages fell into disrepute, and Parsi savants dug out of their records the news that Zoroastrian law forbade any girl under fifteen and any man under twenty to marry, but this wedding took place in 1803, and nobody objected, especially since the twenty-year-old groom was well able to support a family. Young as he was, he had already made several business trips to China, and had amassed a fortune trading there. In the first four years following his marriage, he continued to travel, and he rarely returned home from a trip without having at least doubled his fortune. At twenty-four, however, as befitted a wealthy trader who had roamed the world and made his pile, he settled down in India, raising a large family and keeping a leisurely eye on his interests, which in time came to include a shipping company that backed, among many other lush ventures, the famous import-export firm of Jardine Matheson, in China. As the sons of the family grew up, they went into business with him, and the Jejeebhoys became a symbol of the whole busy, prosperous community of Parsis. The members of this community had always contributed generously to charity—it is a part of the Parsi code of behavior—but Jamsetjee indulged in benevolence on an unprecedented scale, pouring whopping chunks of his fortune into public works of all kinds, as well as into myriad lesser, personal causes. He footed the bills for public wells and bridges, and contributed lavishly to innumerable funds, some of which he had established himself and some of which were simply called to his attention—funds for edu-

A La Paglia Original

Majesty in Sterling by International

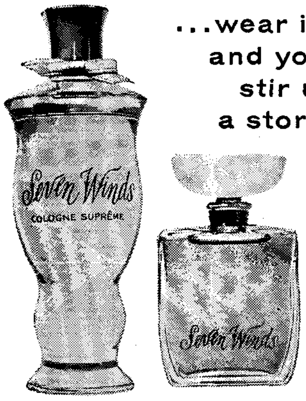
This regal La Paglia-designed tea and coffee service is made in the most precious solid silver.

Simply conceived to fit the trend of modern living, yet sculptured with infinite detail, this royal ensemble becomes a focal point of your gracious life. Complete service, $885.00. Coffee, $285.00. Tea, $285.00. Sugar, $140.00. Cream, $105.00. Waste, $70.00. Matching Tray, $600.00. Prices include Federal Tax.

International Sterling
another fine product of The International Silver Company

Available at C. D. Peacock, Chicago; J. B. Hudson, Minneapolis; Bloedel's Jewelers, Milwaukee; and other fine stores.

Seven Winds



...wear it and you stir up a storm!

Perfume 2.50, 10.00, 18.50
Cologne Suprême 2.50, 4.00 PRICES PLUS
Also in Bath Powder and Cologne Spray Mist

DUBARRY

NEW YORK • PARIS

cation, famine relief (in faraway Ireland, among other places), poor Parsis, poor non-Parsis, soldiers' widows, and so on and on. For no reason that I have been able to discover, the Military School of Devonport, England, was one of his beneficiaries. Jamsetjee's wife—or, rather, Jamsetjee in his wife's name—paid the cost of building the Mahim Causeway to join the island of Salsette to that of Bombay. The Parsis in Bombay have adopted Jamsetjee's principle of helping anyone who needs it—not just fellow-Parsis; they give even when they have no use for the cause they are giving to. I once heard a director of the Tata Industries complain to his fellow board members that he had just been approached by someone asking for money to support a society devoted to the furtherance of madrigal singing. "And I hate madrigals!" he said wryly. "But, of course, I put my name down. After all, I could hardly refuse." His friends nodded in grave agreement.

The tremendous handouts from Jamsetjee and his family for municipal improvements, as well as the more modest ones of less affluent Parsis who followed his example, naturally met with the approbation of the British. They found themselves liking the Parsis better and better—so much, in fact, that the Governor of Bombay conceived a novel and daring idea, which he passed on to the right persons when he was recalled to London. His idea was that it might be a good thing all around to honor Jamsetjee with a knighthood, and when, in due time, the proposal reached Queen Victoria, she proved to be agreeable. So the Parsi who had got his start in life buying and selling bottles in the shadow of a Bombay godown became Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, the first Indian ever knighted. The event occasioned great rejoicing among the Parsis of Bombay, all of whom felt that they shared in his triumph, and, as an expression of their pride, they commissioned the Italian sculptor Carlo Marochetti to execute a white marble statue of Sir Jamsetjee. Today one can see not only the original statue, standing in the Town Hall, but a large number of miniature copies of it, under glass, in Parsi houses all over Bombay. The likeness is of a venerable-looking gentleman with a beard, in the flowing robes and high, stiff hat that are a part of the conventional attire of Parsi males. Thus arrayed, he much resembles one of the Three Wise Men of the East, as they are usually pictured, and this is as it should be, since the Magi

Sing a song of **North Star**
Blankets made of wool
Just the thing for baby
Warm and wonderful

"Bouquette", dainty flower print blanket, all washable wool. Pink, white, maize, mint, blue. Crib size, $9.95. At **Bloomingdale's**, New York and fine stores everywhere.

when good design meets fashion it's a scarf by Vera

were Zoroastrians. (In some parts of the world, Parsis are still known as Magians.)

Shortly before he died, at the age of seventy-six, Sir Jamsetjee was elevated to even dizzier heights when Victoria made him a baronet, a hereditary title, and the Legislative Council of India, by a special act designed to perpetuate his name, decreed that heirs to the title would become Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy when the time came for succession. The heir also simultaneously assumes a kind of honorary leadership of the Parsi people all over the world. "Yes, I'm the headman, for what it's worth," the present Sir Jamsetjee told me not long ago, when I brought up the subject. His name used to be Cowasjee, but since he became a baronet his friends have taken to calling him J. J. "It's a pretty vague thing, you understand," he went on. "We have meetings at Mazagon Castle, where I live, and people are supposed to write in to me on certain matters. Quite often they do, at that."

Other Parsis have become knights and baronets in their own right since the first Sir Jamsetjee showed them the way. And some—quite a number, in fact—have also become very wealthy. "But don't get the notion that every Parsi is a millionaire," a Bombay Englishman warned me recently. "For one thing, they've been hit by all this new taxation, which is even harder on rich people in India than it is in England. But aside from that, there are plenty of Parsis who aren't rich at all and never have been. Personally, I think they're more interesting, because they aren't as Europeanized as the rich ones are. Your ordinary middle-class Parsi deserves more attention than he gets. He's diligent and reliable, to mention just two of his many virtues. We think a lot of the Parsi employees at our office. I like their community spirit, too—they know how to look out for themselves. The Parsi housing developments are an example of what I mean—scores of decent flats, with the rent subsidized, and a fire temple and a school in each group. They're wonderfully organized."

It comes naturally to the Parsis to look out for themselves, because for a long, long time—while they were living more or less on sufferance in the vicinity of Surat—no one showed any interest in doing it for them. All during the early days of Bombay's emergence as a metropolis, their ancient governing body, the Panchayet (pronounced rather like "Punchawt"), continued to function as a legislative and judicial entity, side by side with—although

LET'S FACE IT!
THIS IS AMERICA'S MOST GLORIOUS CHAMPAGNE
Great Western
EXTRA DRY
NATURALLY FERMENTED IN THE BOTTLE
New York State
CHAMPAGNE
CONTENTS 4/5 QUART
ALCOHOL 12%
BOTTLED BY GREAT WESTERN PRODUCERS, INC.

There's not a more exciting champagne on the face of the earth. A blessed blend of the world's most exquisite grapes and the infinite patience of man, Great Western is America's favorite. And the price of this extravagance is the nicest surprise. For Champagne Party booklet write: Dept. Y10, Great Western Products, Inc., Hammondsport, N. Y. 100 years old in 1960

ZERO KING
MAKES
NEWS

IN CROMPTON'S NEW WORLD CORDUROY

Coating for the country life—
handsome and rugged in Crompton's
NEW WORLD Corduroy with the
country squire look. It's The Webster,
pile lined for extra warmth.
Color: antelope. Sizes 36-46. $50.

Available at: ABRAHAM & STRAUS, New York City
WOODWARD & LOTHROP, Washington, D.C.
R. H. STEARNS Co., Boston, Mass.

Crompton
NEW WORLD FABRICS

CROMPTON-RICHMOND Co.
1071 Avenue of the Americas, New York 18, N. Y.

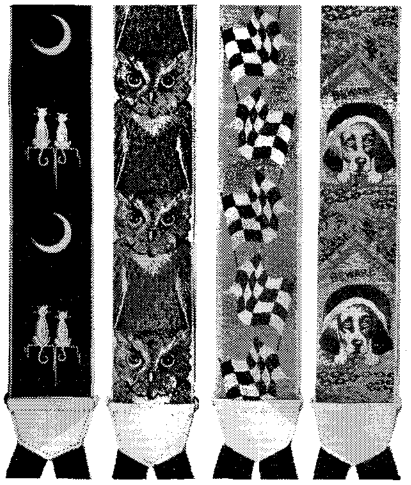
inevitably, as time went on, more and more subordinate to—the political mechanism that ran the city as a whole. The Panchayet was, and is, made up of the most respected Parsi elders, and it used to be the final authority on all important matters, secular and spiritual, relating to the life of their people. But after the British appeared on the scene and set up an orderly form of government applicable to all, the Panchayet found itself in an awkward position as an arbiter of temporal affairs; if a Panchayet decision conflicted with British law, it was the Panchayet that had to give in. An old Parsi punishment, for instance, was to beat the culprit publicly with slippers. At one point during the decline of the Panchayet, the elders decided that a certain offender merited this penalty, but they weren't sure the British would stand for it. To be on the safe side, they put in for special permission to administer the beating. This was granted, but the officials who gave their consent must have made it clear that they did not consider public slipper-beating an enlightened form of law enforcement, for soon afterward it went out of style.

Today, the Panchayet is preoccupied chiefly with religious issues, especially those involving marriage and divorce, and the only penalty it still imposes on transgressors is excommunication. An excommunicated Parsi, as long as he remains in that state of disgrace, will find himself shunned by his colleagues, who—theoretically, at least—will not even speak to him; no priest will minister to him or the members of his immediate family; he may not enter a fire temple; and if he dies while under the ban, his remains will not be disposed of in the accepted manner of his people. If he formally repents in time to be spared this last indignity, and applies for readmittance to the group, he must undergo an elaborate purification ceremony and give further evidence of good faith by performing whatever acts of penance the Panchayet may decree.

Orthodox Parsis don't smoke, because they look upon fire as a symbol of divinity, not to be misused in any such disrespectful fashion. (But, of course, not all Parsis are orthodox.) Fire temples must never be entered by non-Parsis, but all Parsis are free to enter them at any time of day for prayers. And many of them do frequent these temples at odd hours; among the Parsis, religious observance isn't a once-a-week, group affair, like Christian churchgoing. No set style of architecture marks their places of worship; ex-

For Sartorial Security

Stag . black, brown & white
Red Devils . on navy blue
Acrobats . white & red on black
Bubbles . charcoal and pink



Serenade . silver on midnight
Owls . shades of brown & grey
Winner . black & white on grey
Dog house . tan, black & white

Our famous brocade braces $8.50
Garters $3.50 Boxed sets $11.50
Gift-boxed. Add 25 cents for shipping

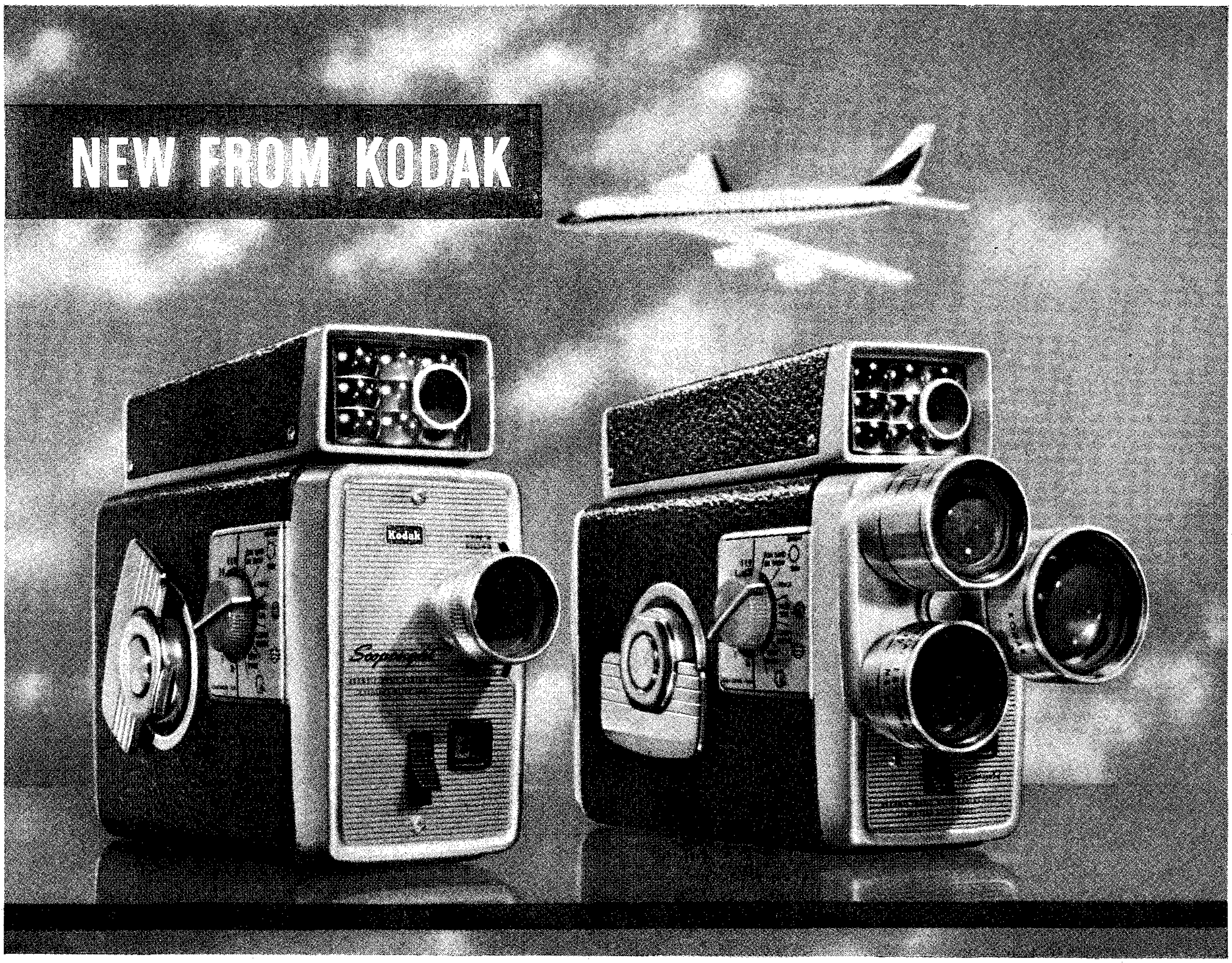
Calvin Curtis
CRAVATEUR
60 EAST 55th ST., NEW YORK
"CRAVATEUR" Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Ask for the
Mandolin
Flask

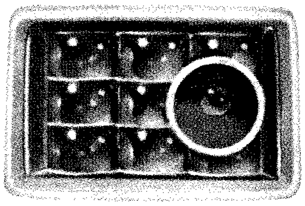
SOAVE
BARDOLINO
VALPOLICELLA

BOLLA
Italian Wines

U.S. Distributor: Fontana-Hollywood Corp., N. Y.



Brownie Movie Camera, Scopesight *f*/1.9 (Exposure-Meter Models). Single-Lens Model, $79.50. Turret Model, $99.50



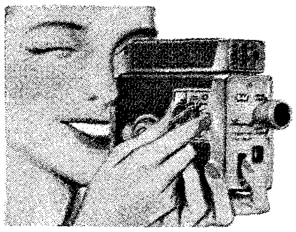
Brownie Movie Cameras with built-in exposure meter!

Automatically shows you correct exposure setting . . . for beautiful color movies, reel after reel!

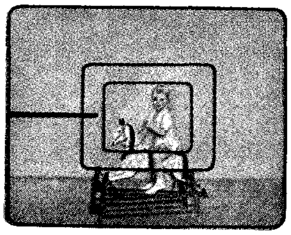
Kodak presents the easiest-to-use 8mm movie cameras in Brownie history . . . with an exposure-meter pointer right in the viewfinder! No more computing settings!

These new Brownie Movie Cameras have true telescopic viewfinders . . . fast *f*/1.9 lenses . . . built-in Skylight and Type A filters . . . easier loading mechanism. They're unmatched for value! Available at most photo dealers on convenient terms.

(Prices are list, include Federal Tax, and are subject to change without notice.)



The exposure-setting dial is coupled to the meter. You see the exposure-meter pointer right in the viewfinder. It moves as you turn the dial.



You get perfect exposure indoors or out, simply by centering the pointer as you view each scene.

All the action perfectly exposed . . . and you need never take the camera from your eye!

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester 4, N. Y.

Kodak
TRADEMARK

captured: the long-legged look

n leisure fashions of stretch nylon

hank Helanca® for this! Ski pants so slim, they ake your legs look *endless*. Leotards so taut, ey hug you like skin. Fashions that are long on ear, too, refuse to sag or bag, because they're *retch nylon*. Stretch processes mean more uses for today's better-than-ever nylon yarn. Right now, a good share of that yarn is the product of the only wholly unified plant, the most modern research facilities, the most exciting name in the industry: The Chemstrand Corporation.

CHEMSTRAND® NYLON

emstrand makes only the yarn; America's finest mills and manufacturers do the rest. THE CHEMSTRAND CORPORATION, 350 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 1 • Plants: CHEMSTRAND® NYLON—Pensacola, Fla. • ACRILAN® ACRYLIC FIBER—Decatur, Ala.

MARTINI & ROSSI
SWEET
MARTINI
MARTINI & ROSSI

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK SHAW

Just for fun—try Vermouth this way!

It's vermouth as you like it...in a highball, on the rocks or chilled.* The real trick is to make sure it's *Martini & Rossi imported vermouth.* Like this heads-up hostess, introduce your friends to the finest vermouth in the world.

With no other ingredient in the glass, Martini & Rossi Vermouth reveals subtleties of expert blending...a secret guarded for generations.

If it's time for an aperitif, choose either sweet or dry...for a long, cooling drink try Vermouth and soda. But make it M & R—not just for fun, but for quality.

MARTINI & ROSSI

IMPORTED SWEET OR EXTRA DRY VERMOUTH

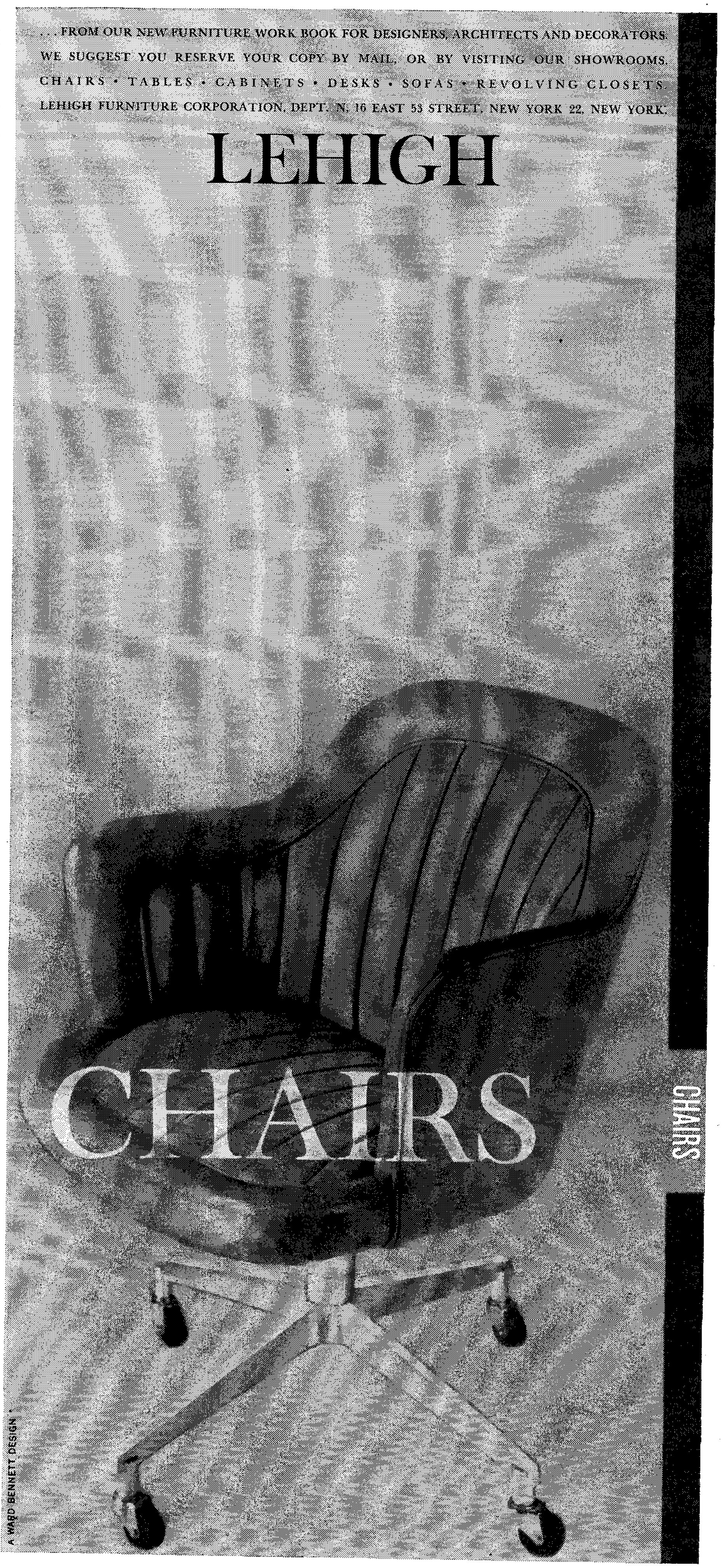
ASK FOR M&R

* *Long ago, before the first Martini or Manhattan cocktail, Martini & Rossi Vermouth delighted the continental palate with its magnificent taste.* ©Renfield Importers, Ltd., N. Y.

cept for one in a Parsi housing project, I have never seen a building that I could recognize at sight as a fire temple.

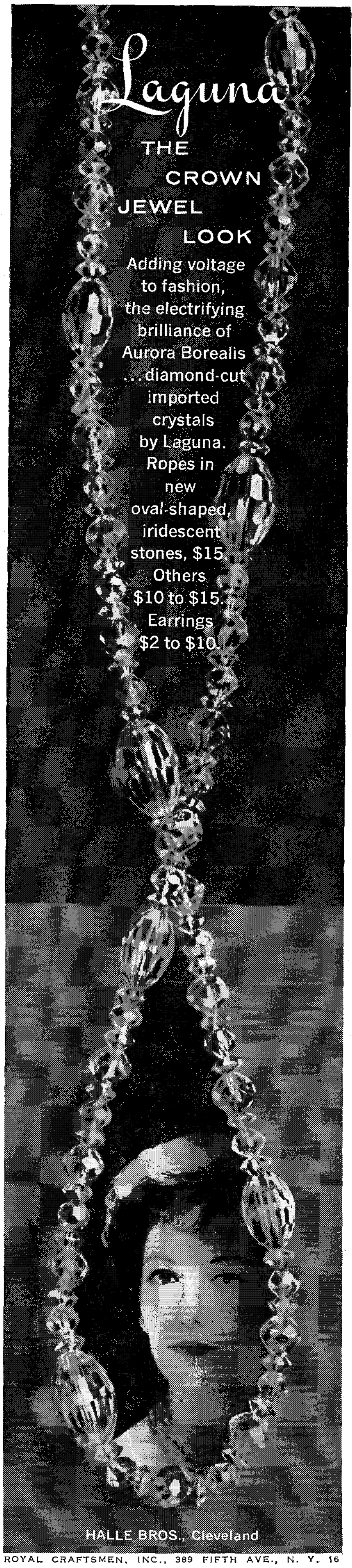
ALTHOUGH I wish Dosabhoy Framji Karaka had not changed his name between the two editions of his history, I am glad he issued the second one, because a comparison of the two provides a very revealing picture of how fast Parsi customs changed between 1858 and 1884. Reading the 1858 edition, I paused appreciatively at a passage dealing with Parsi ladies, in which the author observed proudly that they weren't as restricted as Hindu and Moslem females. They didn't, for instance, live in zenanas, and while they naturally didn't eat with their menfolk or leave their homes, they could be visited by even quite distant relatives, and many of them got a lot of exercise fetching water from the well. When I got hold of the second edition, I looked eagerly to see what had happened to Parsi ladies in the meantime. Quite a lot had. They now ate at table with the menfolk, and as for appearing outside their homes, Karaka wrote, "Parsi ladies of all classes may be seen in public just like the ladies of the Western world. . . . There is no public occasion, whether it be the landing of a new governor or a viceroy, or of a prince or princess of the blood royal, or the opening of any public institution, at which Parsi ladies are not only conspicuous by their presence, but at which they do not also lend an additional charm and grace to the assembly by their comely faces and the elegant dresses of a variety of colours in which they array themselves."

One of my friends in Bombay is a Parsi I shall call Pipsy, for the good reason that that is her name, and it would be silly to try to disguise her identity anyway, for Pipsy, whose husband is very wealthy, is very much in the public eye, what with committees, reform movements, blood banks, and societies to import concert artists. Her children are grown up and have their



. . . FROM OUR NEW FURNITURE WORK BOOK FOR DESIGNERS, ARCHITECTS AND DECORATORS.
WE SUGGEST YOU RESERVE YOUR COPY BY MAIL, OR BY VISITING OUR SHOWROOMS.
CHAIRS • TABLES • CABINETS • DESKS • SOFAS • REVOLVING CLOSETS.
LEHIGH FURNITURE CORPORATION, DEPT. N, 16 EAST 53 STREET, NEW YORK 22, NEW YORK.

LEHIGH



Laguna
THE CROWN JEWEL LOOK
Adding voltage to fashion, the electrifying brilliance of Aurora Borealis ...diamond-cut imported crystals by Laguna. Ropes in new oval-shaped, iridescent stones, $15. Others $10 to $15. Earrings $2 to $10.
HALLE BROS., Cleveland
ROYAL CRAFTSMEN, INC., 389 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. 16

own homes, but there is still quite a collection of people on her estate. The first time I saw the place, I was astonished. Arriving to spend a few days as a house guest of Pipsy's, I was driven in through a high, open gate, with a watchman drowsing beside it on a little stool, toward a cluster of so many buildings that I thought I must be entering a village rather than the courtyard of a single establishment. Behind this array was a long row of what looked like—and turned out to be—garages, made over from the carriage houses and stables of an earlier day. Men and women seemed to be everywhere—some tending vegetable gardens, some watering flowers, some walking from one building to another, some just standing around. After I had been shown to my room, in the main house, I went downstairs to meet my hostess, and said, "For goodness' sake, Pipsy, how many people have you living here?"

Pipsy hesitated long enough to make a hasty count on her fingers, and then replied, "About fifty."

"Who was that European woman I saw in the flower garden?" I asked.

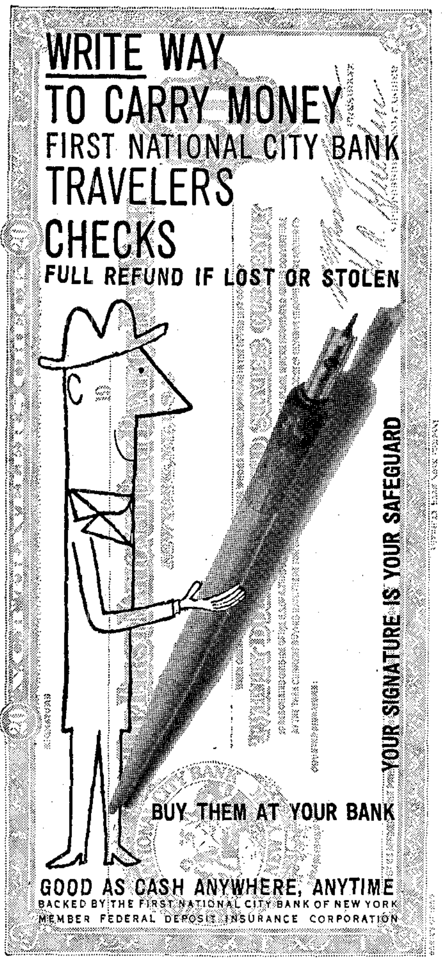
"European woman?" Pipsy repeated, with a perplexed frown. "There is no European woman here."

"Certainly there is!" I said. "She was wearing a straw hat and walking around with a couple of little dogs."

Pipsy's face brightened. "Oh, yes!" she said. "I forgot. That's my husband's governess. I mean, of course, she *used* to be his governess. She's lived here ever since, and I'm so accustomed to her I simply forgot."

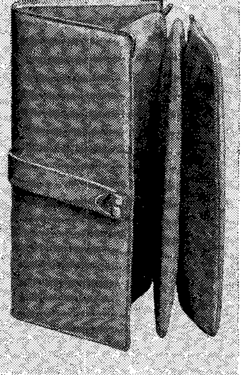
I grew accustomed to the former governess, too. I grew accustomed to a lot of things in that house. I was left to do exactly as I pleased, and often encountered people whose faces were new to me. One evening, I was dining alone—or so I thought. My hostess and I sometimes met for meals and sometimes didn't. We would send notes to each other in the morning, outlining our plans, and that evening, I knew, she was to be out. The table was set for a dozen or more, but then it always was. I had finished the first course when a young woman I had not seen before came hurrying in and sat down opposite me, saying, "Oh, I'm so sorry to be late!"

I looked at her with deep interest. The newcomer had on a most unusual costume—an airy, amber-colored sari, with a sleeveless choli, much more theatrical than an informal dinner would seem to call for—and her face was made up like a dancing girl's. She could



WRITE WAY TO CARRY MONEY
FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK TRAVELERS CHECKS
FULL REFUND IF LOST OR STOLEN
YOUR SIGNATURE IS YOUR SAFEGUARD
BUY THEM AT YOUR BANK
GOOD AS CASH ANYWHERE, ANYTIME
BACKED BY THE FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK OF NEW YORK
MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

Tyrolean Hat
Jaunty and casual is this Tyrolean hat, made of very soft green felt with perky feather and red silk cord. You'll feel so carefree, you'll want to yodel. A smart addition to campus or sports outfits or for those individuals who really want to be "individual." Made in Switzerland. Green only.
$3.95 plus 25¢ postage
Send for Gift Catalog
THE KREBS
Westerly 1, Rhode Island



TRAVELER'S JEWEL CASE
Convenient, copious, practical and attractive. 8½"x 3½" cover in genuine soft calf leather, three zippered compartments in suede with contrasting trim. Minimum room in your luggage, maximum storage for valuables. In red, black, pale blue and turquoise. Only $9.45 postpaid.
HOUSE OF EUROPEAN SPECIALTIES
22 East 56th Street, New York 22, N. Y.
Branch at Palm Beach Towers, Palm Beach

have posed for an illustration in "The Arabian Nights," and a strong scent of musk and sandalwood around her heightened this effect. A moment later, another woman slipped through the door and sat down beside her; she, too, wore amber-colored clothing, and she acted as if she were an attendant of the first girl. They ate a few grains of rice, then rose and drifted off into the night.

"That was Santha, the dancer," Pipsy said the next morning when I asked her about the apparition. "Didn't I tell you she was staying here? I'm sorry if you were startled." Her expression became thoughtful, and she added, "I suppose it *would* seem odd to a Westerner—coming face to face with Santha unexpectedly under such circumstances. I never thought of it that way. You know, to my mind the most exotic visitor we've ever had in this house was a British M.P. named Stokes."

Nowadays, Parsi women take a great interest in politics. I lunched not long ago at Bombay's Taj Mahal Hotel with several of them—pretty ladies, who talked all through the meal about how there was quite a lot to be said, after all, for Russia, and how there was no denying the materialistic attitude of the Americans. Afterward, they drifted en masse into Gazda's jewelry shop, in the lobby, to see if there was anything new. There was, and the proprietor brought out several expensive necklaces and bracelets for their admiring inspection and, in some cases—or so I judged—future purchase. None of them seemed to find anything incongruous in this sequence of interests. The opulent atmosphere of Gazda's inspired one of the group to tell me about an elderly Parsi lady—very rich—whose jewels are outstanding even in that glittering community. One day, she was talking to another woman, who complained about a recent Treasury edict requiring Indians who are planning a trip abroad to obtain a special license to take even so much as a trifling number of trinkets, by the Parsi girls' standards, out of the country with them. "It's an awful nuisance," the other woman said. "What's the use of having these things at all if I can't wear them in Paris and London?"

"But, my dear," the old lady said, "why don't you do as I do, and keep a duplicate set in Europe?"

True or not, this was clearly a story of recent vintage, but many of the same kind have been handed down from a time when it was easier to amass a

S
I
N
G
A
P
O
R
E

SINGAPORE
and so much more!

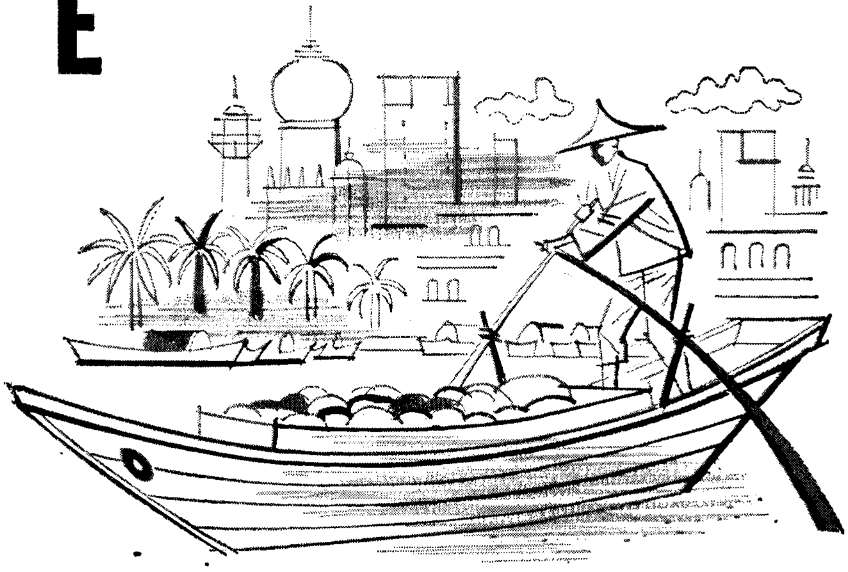
By sea or air, a
KEY POINT on Pacific
and World Tours

Singapore, in its own right, is a city of rare fascination. In addition, it is the crossroads of Southeast Asia...the logical base for short flights to Bali, Borneo, Malaya, Penang, Bangkok...all the travel magnets in one of the most glamorous areas in the world!

Give high priority to many-splendored Singapore, itself. The mystery and charm of the Orient stir you like heady wine...throngs on the street weave a tapestry of many races in many colored garb...magnificent temples and shrines rise in a clean, beautiful, modernized city.

And what shopping! Filigree and sarees from India, Swiss watches, Javanese carvings, Kelantan silks, laces and brocades set off by British woollens ...goods from everywhere offered at bargains which only a free port makes possible. With fine modern hotels, world-famed restaurants, exotically gay night life, Singapore entertains you royally.

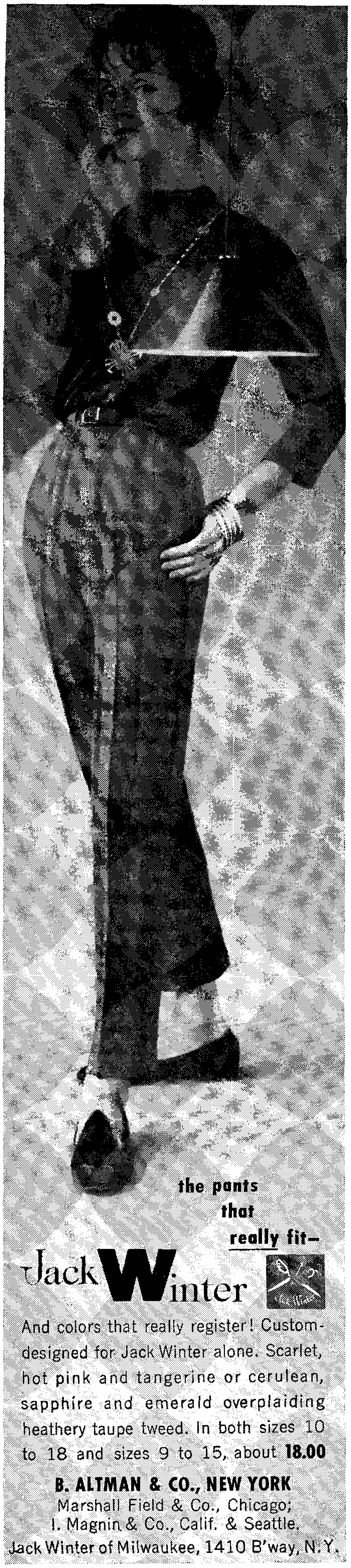
Have your Travel Agent schedule plenty of time for Singapore. And write us for literature and the answers to any questions.



SINGAPORE

DIVISION OF TOURISM • *Government of Singapore*
58 Sutter St., San Francisco • Box 887 Singapore

PATA Conference in Singapore Jan. 26-30
"SEE YOU IN SINGAPORE!"



the pants that really fit—

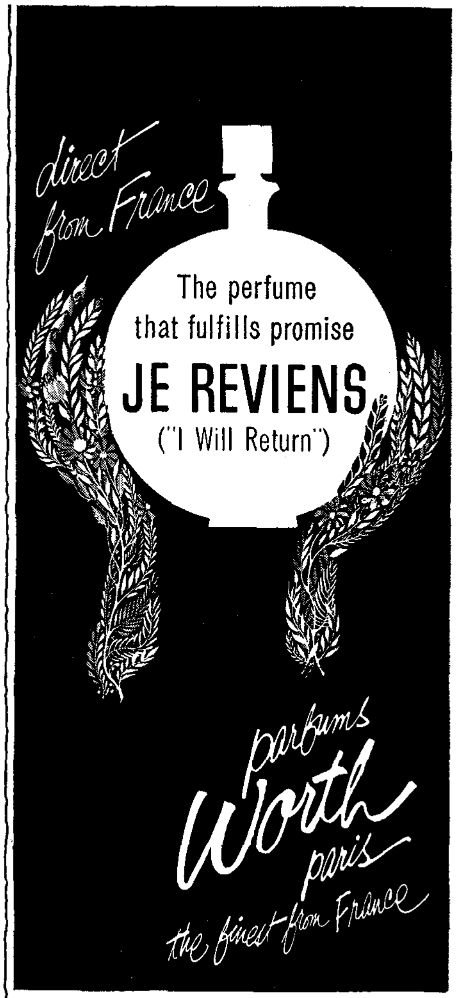
Jack Winter

And colors that really register! Custom-designed for Jack Winter alone. Scarlet, hot pink and tangerine or cerulean, sapphire and emerald overplaiding heathery taupe tweed. In both sizes 10 to 18 and sizes 9 to 15, about **18.00**

B. ALTMAN & CO., NEW YORK
Marshall Field & Co., Chicago;
I. Magnin & Co., Calif. & Seattle.
Jack Winter of Milwaukee, 1410 B'way, N.Y.

fortune than it is now and there were more newly arrived Parsi millionaires casting about for agreeable ways to spend their money. Parsis enjoy telling these tales as much as anyone—among themselves, and even to some outsiders. It was from a Parsi industrialist that I heard about a genial, aged gentleman who was noted for his foibles of generosity. A lot of Parsis of the old school have always been enthusiastic tippers, even to the point of slipping a rupee or two to the elevator boy every time they ride up or down in an office building, but this man outdid all the others of his day. Having grown somewhat decrepit, he could not get about much except by wheelchair, and when he wanted to show guests around the extensive grounds of his country estate, he provided them with wheelchairs, too, feeling that it was unseemly for him to ride while they walked. Here and there along the paths were gates, leading into walled gardens of one sort or another, each of them manned by a uniformed attendant, whose sole duty was to open and close the gate when a wheelchair party came along. While the old boy's friends admired this whole setup, what particularly impressed them was that at each gate, as they were being trundled through, their host would solemnly tip the attendant.

After India achieved independence, stories—no matter how good-natured—of Parsi prodigality took on a less diverting aspect. Because the Parsis had been closely associated with the British, they were now tarred to a certain extent with the same brush, and some Hindus and Moslems, displaying the compound of jealousy and ill-nature that is always directed toward a teacher's pet, could be heard declaring bitterly that these people had actually *liked* the British, had been on the British side, hadn't wanted a free India at all. As a blanket criticism of a whole people, this seems hardly fair. Undoubtedly, many conservative Parsis dreaded any change in a regime that was treating them so well, but there were also plenty of fiery, independence-minded Parsis who joined vigorously in the fight and went to prison for their beliefs, just like the Hindus and Moslems. At the time I first visited Bombay, in 1950, the controversy had pretty much subsided, but a little of the old resentment remained—enough for even a casual observer to be aware of it. One day, for example, while a Hindu acquaintance and I were standing in the lobby of my hotel, an Englishwoman I knew—Lady Brown, let's say—came in, ac-



direct from France
The perfume that fulfills promise
JE REVIENS
("I Will Return")
parfums Worth paris
the finest from France

LA CUISINIÈRE, INC.

2e PLACE DE L'OPERA

Très Chic!
FROM PARIS
STREET SIGNS ON BLUE AND GREEN GLASS COASTERS RED FELT BACKS

Set of four, each different 5.98 pp
Set of eight, each different 11.25 pp

Write For Free Catalogue

133 EAST 55th St., NEW YORK 22, N.Y.

OH
A RAINCOAT?
NO...
A MAINCOAT!
DUCHESS $30
LONDON FOG
LONDONTOWN MFG. CO.
350 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. 1

companied by several Parsis, and went over to the desk. Raising his voice so that it would be sure to reach the group, my Hindu companion said, ostensibly to me, "It's a funny thing how Parsis always play up to English people with titles, isn't it?" I rebuked him, but he was unrepentant. "Those Parsis!" he went on, just as loudly. "They're all the same. They *loved* the British, and imitated them, and went around with them whenever they got the chance. The women even wore European clothes, though they're glad enough nowadays to wear saris, I notice." My scornful Hindu friend, I might add, has since married a Parsi girl.

Later, I mentioned the business about European clothes to a young Parsi matron, and she insisted indignantly that it simply was not true. Parsi women, she said, had worn saris right along, just like other Indian women. "Still, a lot of us did use foreign material before the independence agitation," she conceded. "It wasn't until everyone started shouting for *swaraj* [home rule] that we took to using Indian cloth. But the fact is, there wasn't such a variety of Indian cloth to choose from in those days."

While most Parsi women continue to wear saris, many of their menfolk who can afford it wear European suits—as they, and other prosperous Indians, have long chosen to do. If they display anything distinctive in their everyday attire, it is their headgear, which may be either a skullcap, usually of felt, or one of the high stovepipe hats, brimless except for a ridge of twisted cloth—a mere hint of a turban—like the one sported by the statue of Sir Jamsetjee. On ceremonial occasions, the women pull the ends of their saris over their hair and the men wear special tall hats, which look as if they were made of patent leather, and have a crinkled bulge over the brow—again a faint memory of the turban. The men also wear white cotton jackets, and

vander noot

"LETTERA" TYPEWRITER—BY OLIVETTI
SCOOTER—BY LAMBRETTA
CANDY—BY PERUGINA
ACCESSORIES BY BARRA
ASHTRAY IMPORTED BY EDWARD P. PAUL
GLASS LAMP—BY VENINI
LIQUORE GALLIANO
A LIQUEUR
SPECIALTY OF
Ditta Arturo Vaccari
of Livorno
ITALY

FOND OF THINGS ITALIANO? TRY A SIP OF GALLIANO

For everything from ashtrays to accessories, if it's chic these days, it's usually made by a fine Italian hand. Galliano, for example, is the liqueur of those who adventure in taste. Describe it? Never. You must *taste* it.

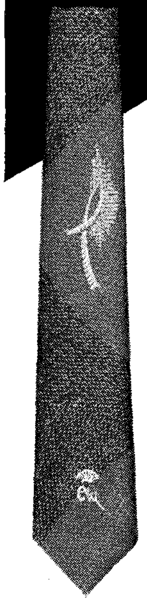
Behold the Galliano Mist . . . shaved ice in an Old Fashioned glass, splashed with 1½ ozs. of Galliano, and topped by the juice of ¼ *very fresh* lime.

IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., N.Y. 80 PROOF.

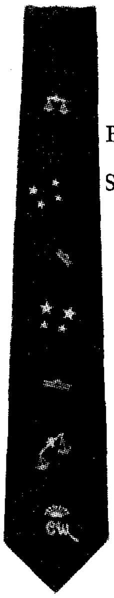
More pleasures in store for

"ONE MAN IN A MILLION"

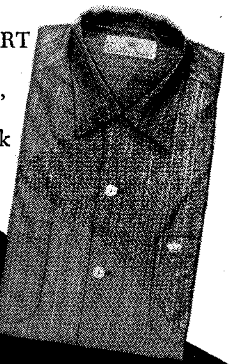
Now in either store, we're prepared to please a gentleman's pride with such fine things as these —all incomparable originals by Countess Mara.



UNDERKNOT
$12.50
Light Grey, Black, Maroon, Gibraltar, or Brown



ZODIAC
$8.50
Blue, or Brown in every sign.
Shown: "Libra"



CASUAL SHIRT
$22.50
Brown, Red, or Charcoal
Imported Silk

Countess Mara
MEN'S SHOPS
Park Ave. at 51st St.—PLaza 9-2488
East of Park on 57th St.—PL 1-5322
Mail and phone orders carefully filled

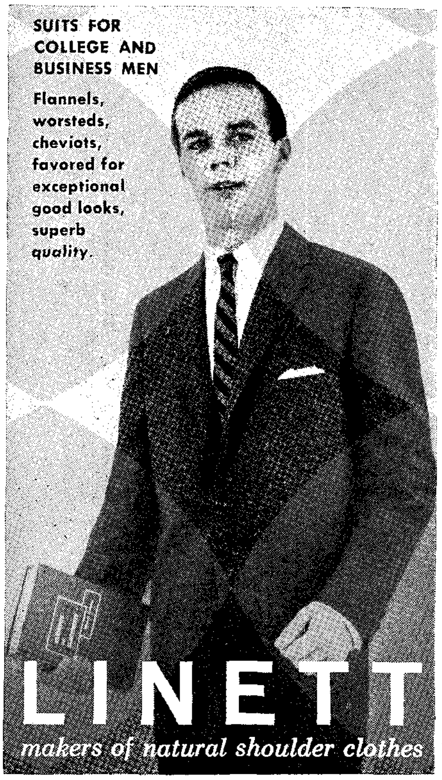
white trousers caught in at the ankle. Priests' garments, too, are white, from head to toe, including round skullcaps and apronlike overshirts belted at the waist. Thus attired, they suggest surgeons in an operating theatre, and when, during certain ceremonies, they cover their mouths with masks to avoid polluting purified articles, the likeness is complete.

MY familiarity with the way Parsi priests dress is derived principally from seeing several of them officiate one morning at the *navjot*, or confirmation, of a seven-year-old girl and her eight-year-old brother, in the home of one of their grandmothers. The ceremony was held in a room big enough for a fancy-dress ball, with high windows along one side looking out over the sea, and rows of gilt chairs flanking a center aisle. It was quite a lovely sight. The ladies wore their best jewels, the gentlemen wore their customary formal white, complete with high hats, and a swarm of children in party clothes and little caps perched on the edges of their chairs, swinging their feet, or ran about whispering to one another. Off in one corner, some of the male guests, with the help of a few servants, were happily absorbed in hitching up and testing a tape recorder to catch the voices of the brother and sister when it came time for them to say their prayers; the machine would blare out a few experimental snatches of songs from "My Fair Lady" and then would be abruptly cut off, only to start up again just as abruptly.

After a fairly involved preliminary ritual, the brother and sister were seated side by side on two low stools, with two priests squatting in front of them—one facing the boy and the other the girl. The priests began to intone prayers in Old Persian, pausing at intervals for the children to respond in chorus. Next, a priest helped each child put on a *sudra*, or sacred shirt, and tied it around the waist with a *kusti*, or sacred thread. Finally, praying all the while, he threw rice on the children's heads, and that was the end of the *navjot*.

"When I was a boy, it wasn't only rice," a man sitting at my left told me. "It used to be mixed with raisins and shredded coconut and almonds, and at my *navjot* I kept my mouth open and tried to catch the stuff and eat it while the priest was throwing it at me. My father beat me for that, as soon as everybody was gone."

The brother and sister had gone off to romp with their little playmates, but



SUITS FOR COLLEGE AND BUSINESS MEN

Flannels, worsteds, cheviots, favored for exceptional good looks, superb quality.

LINETT
makers of natural shoulder clothes

New York....The Village Squire
Brooklyn....Dobney's Ivy Shop
Los Angeles....Lew Ritter
Hempstead, N. Y.....Edw. Miller
Summit, N. J.....Root's
New Canaan....English Shop
Norfolk....Fishback & Lea
Charlottesville & Richmond....Eljo's
Jacksonville....Rosenblum's
Nashville....Dix, Ltd.
Chicago....Beacon's Ivy Shop
Iowa City....Bremer's
Burlington, Vt.....Miles & Riley
LINETT CLOTHES, LTD., 85 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

Fine Food & Lodging

Adjoining Princeton University campus, this charming Inn is a delightful setting for fine food and lodging. 100 guest rooms. Dining room and cocktail lounge. Private function rooms. Excellent golf course at door.

DOUBLE ROOMS FROM $10.00
WRITE, OR CALL, WALNUT 4-5200

PRINCETON INN
PRINCETON, N. J.

When Mr. C. E. Weed, Chairman of the Board of Anaconda Copper, wants portraits for his personal use, he comes to

Bachrach

54 East 52nd St.
New York
PLaza 5-6233

they were soon recaptured and presented to each of the guests in turn, and then sent upstairs to change. The little girl came back down wearing a smart white flounced frock and diamond earrings, and half an hour later, when I caught sight of her again, she had on still another party dress. It was quite a day for her.

Lunch was served somewhat the way Parsi meals were served long ago. Each guest was given a generous square of plantain leaf in lieu of a plate, and the food was ladled out onto it. But any Zoroastrian ghost from the eighth century who returned to see how we were getting on would not have felt at home, despite the plantain leaves, for we ate at a table instead of on the floor, and we used knives and forks. I discovered that knives and forks don't really work very well when plantain leaves are substituted for plates, because unless you know what you are about you are likely to cut little slits in them, through which anything gooey leaks out onto the table. Clearing away, however, is delightfully easy; the guests simply roll up their leaves with all the debris inside and hand the packets to the servants. Every course, my hostess told me, had some historic or symbolic significance, but I didn't press her to elaborate. As an outsider, I have given up inquiring into the background and meaning of all the ritualistic activities of my Parsi friends. For one thing, I am not an ethnologist; for another, many of these observances, such as the daily drawing of stylized flowers and birds in chalk on the floor outside the door to one's apartment, don't strike me as very interesting in themselves; and, for a third, experience has taught me that when I make inquiries about them, I usually get as many answers as the number of Parsis I consult, since their origin and significance have been almost wholly obscured by the passage of time.

THE ancient Zoroastrian death ceremony, which is still observed by nearly all Parsi families, orthodox or unorthodox, is something else again. While its origins, too, are cloudy, the reasons for at least some of it are self-evident, and certainly none of it seems dull, even to a non-ethnological non-Parsi. The subject is one that the Parsis, ordinarily a placid, self-assured people, are apt to be sensitive about, and a little investigation makes it easy to understand why. On Malabar Hill, adjoining the main residential district of Bombay, is a large and carefully kept park

TCHAIKOVSKY
CONCERTO No. 1
VAN CLIBURN
KIRIL KONDRASHIN, Conductor
RCA VICTOR

Van Cliburn

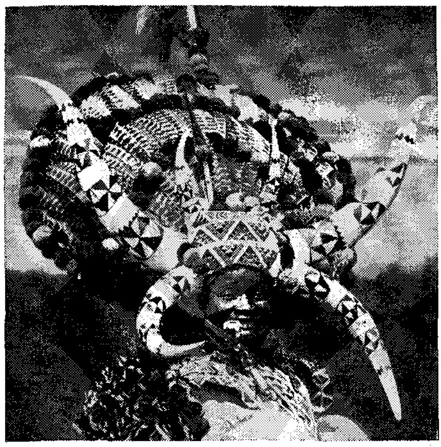
THE GENIUS THAT WON HIM FIRST PRIZE IN RUSSIA'S TCHAIKOVSKY COMPETITION IS CAPTURED FOR ALL TIME IN BRILLIANT NEW ORTHOPHONIC SOUND ON RCA VICTOR

Herschel Levit

Van Cliburn records exclusively for RCA Victor (Tchaikovsky Concerto No. 1 is also available on new Living Stereo records). For your 11" x 14" copy of this drawing, suitable for framing, send 25¢ with your name and return address to RCA Victor, Dept. A-10, Box 469, Madison Post Office, N. Y. 10, N. Y.

RCA VICTOR
RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



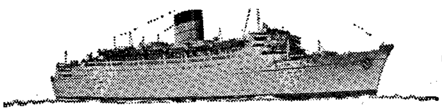
This Winter

- Ride a ricksha pulled by a feather-decked Zulu
- Enjoy sukiyaki and the Kabuki Dancers in Japan
- Gaze at Bombay's ghats, wonder at wats in Bangkok
- Live in luxury aboard the largest liner ever built for cruising

the Great
WORLD CRUISE
of **1959**
IN THE FAMOUS **CARONIA**
100% air-conditioned luxury liner
From N.Y. Jan. 20 • 108 days • $3,200 up

Explore ancient *and* modern civilizations ... contemporary Capetown ... India, land of fabulous riches ... Japan's legendary shrines and cherry-blossom beauty. Shore excursions planned by experts.

25 Ports At Their Seasonal Best:
Curacao, Recife, Rio de Janeiro, Tristan da Cunha, Capetown, Durban, Zanzibar, Mombasa, Port Victoria, Bombay, Colombo, Singapore, Bangkok, Manila, Hong Kong, Keelung, Naha, Nagasaki, Kobe, Yokohama, Honolulu, San Francisco, Acapulco, Balboa, Cristobal.



Other Cunard Cruises

AUTUMN WEST INDIES • CARONIA
Saturday, Nov. 1 from N. Y.
12 days • 4 ports • $300 up

ALL MEDITERRANEAN • BRITANNIC
Jan. 23, 1959 from N. Y.
66 days • 22 ports • $1,275 up

WEST INDIES & SO. AMERICA • MAURETANIA
Dec. 23, Feb. 7, Feb. 27, Mar. 21, & Apr. 7
12 to 18 days • 5 to 10 ports
$320 to $525 up

No Greater Name in Cruising
CUNARD
Main U.S. office—25 Broadway, New York, N.Y.
See Your Travel Agent

surrounded by a high wall, within which stand five roofless towers, the largest some thirty feet high and ninety feet in diameter (the first one was built in the seventeenth century), which have been known in the Anglo-Indian world as the Towers of Silence ever since an impressionable British scholar concocted the name as a more than loose translation of their Old Persian name "*daxmo*," meaning, literally, "place where corpses are disposed of." It is to these Towers that the bodies of Bombay Parsis are taken almost immediately after death (similar towers are to be found in the vicinity of other cities with large Parsi communities, such as Karachi, Surat, and Calcutta), and the manner in which they are then disposed of has often been described, and sometimes criticized, with horrified fascination by persons who happen to have been brought up with different views concerning the proper course of conduct on such occasions. The Parsis, made increasingly touchy about the matter by years of listening to this sort of gratuitous comment, which they naturally consider ill-informed, to say nothing of unmannerly, have reacted by ruling the Towers farther and farther out of bounds to non-Parsis. In 1896, when Mark Twain visited Bombay, the Towers—to judge from his observations about them in "Following the Equator"—were readily accessible to tourists, and were regarded as one of the sights not to be missed. Most of the tourists, it is reasonable to suppose, accepted what they heard and saw there with equanimity, and returned to their hotels to brace themselves for whatever attraction this strange country might have in store for them on the morrow, but the outcries of a vocal few were so shrill that presently non-Parsis seeking to visit the Towers were allowed to approach no nearer than a point just inside the entrance to the park on Malabar Hill, and for the past two years they haven't been allowed inside the park at all.

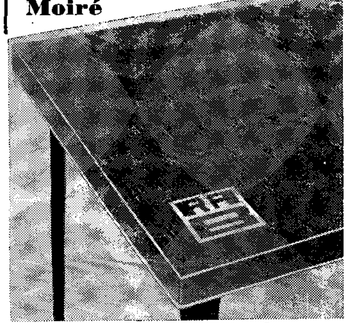
When a Parsi knows that he is dying, or his relatives know it, several priests are called in to pray over him, and he joins in if he is still capable of utterance. As soon as he is dead, he is moved from his bed to an oblong piece of polished stone, which is laid on the floor. Additional prayers are then in order, and these may be said in the home of the deceased, or, if his family prefers, he may first be moved to one of a number of small houses in the Malabar Hill park, which are maintained for that purpose and for the convenience of mourn-

Presenting our new exclusive
"KNITALIAN"

Go to the Cortina d'Ampezzo in northern Italy for the winter sports and this is the kind of heavy knit sweater you'll see on the most fashionable men. Or . . . easier still, come to Dunhill Tailors and try one on, yourself. Notice the new neckline and smart drop shoulders. Colors: white, navy, charcoal, heather green, wine, beige. Sizes 38 to 44. Price, $40—and you can order by mail.

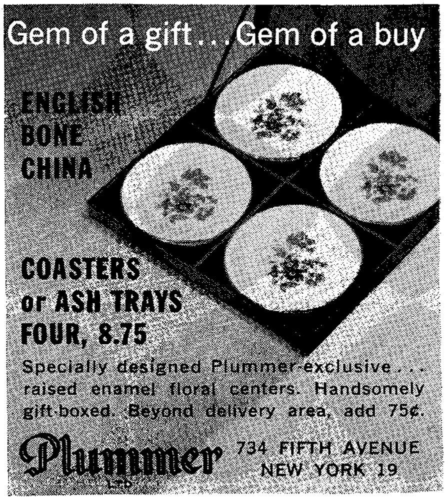
DUNHILL TAILORS
65 East 57th St., New York 22, N. Y.

Monogrammed Moiré



Bridge Table Covers. Silklike, washable moiré plastic. colors: gray aqua green haze sandalwood gold. Underline last initial $14.95 p. paid

Jean Gale inc.
535 Madison Ave., New York 22, PL 3-0990

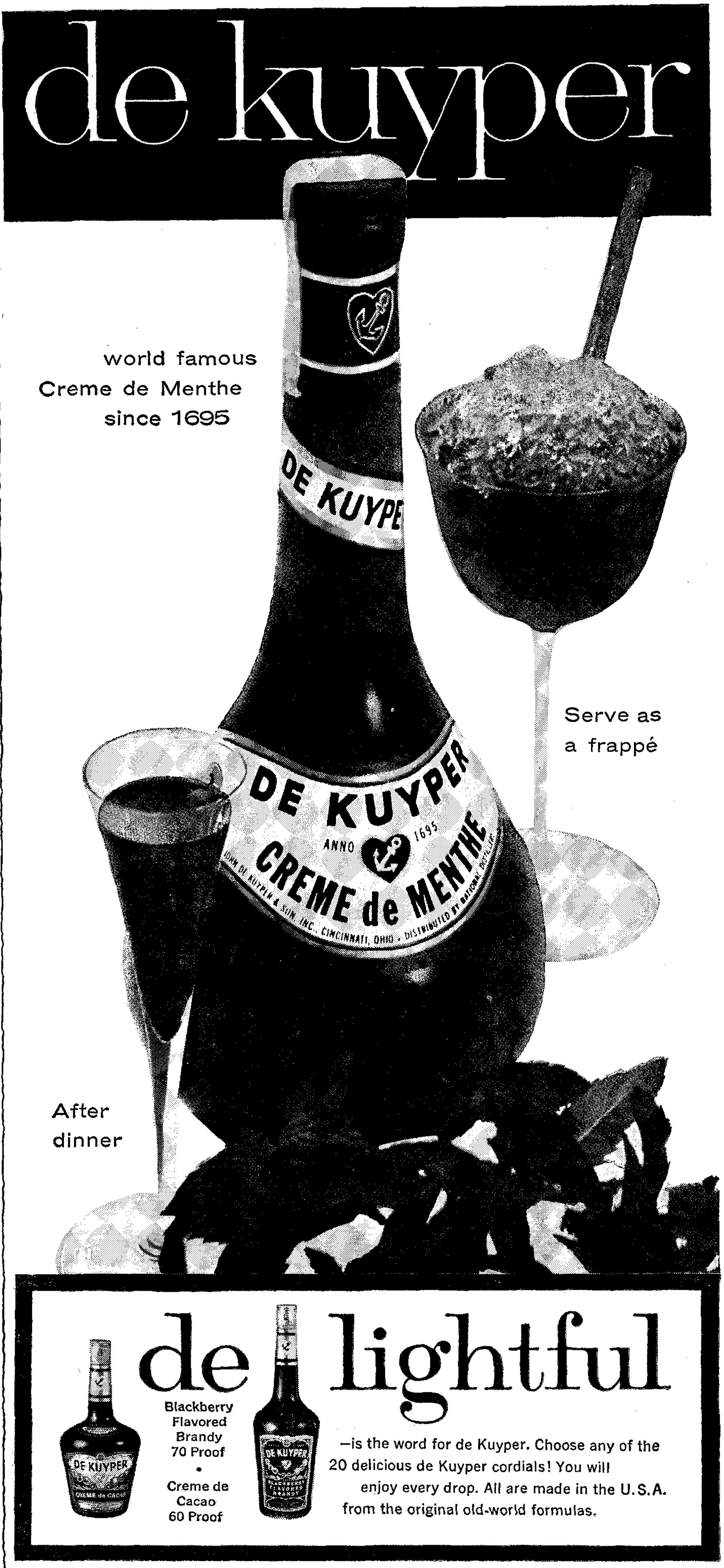


Gem of a gift . . . Gem of a buy
ENGLISH BONE CHINA
COASTERS or ASH TRAYS
FOUR, 8.75
Specially designed Plummer exclusive . . . raised enamel floral centers. Handsomely gift-boxed. Beyond delivery area, add 75¢.
Plummer LTD 734 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK 19

ers who desire to stay overnight. But wherever the prayers are said, the end of the ceremony is not long delayed, for one of the Zoroastrian tenets is that all death is impure and contagious. According to this doctrine, a dead body is a putrefying one, from which the elements—earth, fire, and water—must be protected, so it cannot be buried or cremated or cast into the sea. Covered only by a white cloth, it must be carried to the park, and thence to the Towers, on an iron bier—wood, being porous, and therefore absorbent, is out of the question—and the men who lift it onto the bier and do the carrying are professionals in their line, if perhaps reluctant ones. For although they use tongs and, as an additional precaution, wear gloves, they still feel far from secure, and between jobs they do what they can to purify themselves, throwing away the clothes they have just worked in and replacing them with new ones. Even so, they are marked men, and must always live a little apart from the rest of the community.

Dogs play an important role in the ritual of praying for the dead, and Parsi priests keep them on hand expressly for that purpose, taking one along with them whenever they are summoned to a deathbed. Periodically, during the prayers, the dog is led into the presence of the deceased, whose face is then uncovered and exhibited to the animal's gaze. This is one of the old customs that no one can account for with certainty; some people think that the early Zoroastrians regarded dogs as sacred animals, capable of repelling death's evil influences with a single glance, but that is just one of several theories. Anyway, the dog is a traditional part of the Parsi death ceremony and, as in the case of some rites observed by people of other faiths, the fact that the significance of the tradition has been forgotten is not considered sound cause for discarding the tradition itself.

Whether the second set of prayers is said at home or at the park, the women mourners remain behind in one of the small houses as the pallbearers set out to carry the bier on the final stage of its journey to the Towers. The male mourners follow, two by two, the leading couple prudently keeping thirty feet behind the bier, and the dog, led on an iron chain, trailing along in the rear. Each pair of mourners carry a white handkerchief between them as a symbolic rope holding them together against the threat of evil. Near the Tower that has been selected for the funeral, the procession halts, the dog is brought for-


de kuyper

world famous
Creme de Menthe
since 1695

Serve as
a frappé

After
dinner

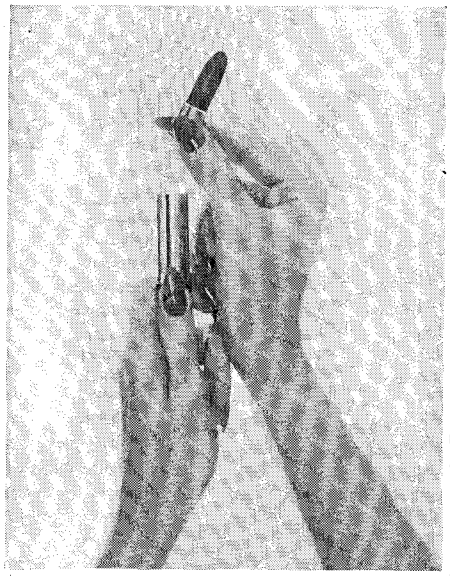
DE KUYPER
ANNO 1695
CREME de MENTHE
JOHN DE KUYPER & SON, INC., CINCINNATI, OHIO · DISTRIBUTED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS

de lightful

Blackberry
Flavored
Brandy
70 Proof
•
Creme de
Cacao
60 Proof

—is the word for de Kuyper. Choose any of the 20 delicious de Kuyper cordials! You will enjoy every drop. All are made in the U.S.A. from the original old-world formulas.

CREME DE MENTHE, GREEN OR WHITE, 60 PROOF. NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODS. CO., N.Y.



CLICK-CHANGE THE NEW LIPSTICK CASE AND REFILL

Meet Click-Change, the Elizabeth Arden lipstick and refill case that saves tempers and money. One twist and the used lipstick clicks out. Another twist and the refill clicks in. No messy fingers. Try Click-Change with a new Elizabeth Arden lipstick so creamy rich, long-lasting, lustrous, gentle! Click-Change lipstick, 1.75. Click-Change refill, .85. Plus tax.

Elizabeth Arden

ward, and the face of the deceased is uncovered to give the animal—and the mourners—a last look. Then the pallbearers cover the face again, unlock the door to the Tower, and carry the bier inside.

The Towers, made of stone and faced with white plaster, resemble those gigantic gas tanks that blight certain areas of New York and other big cities. They are open at the top, and halfway down is a masonry floor with a well in its center and, ringed around the well, three concentric tiers of shallow oblong indentations. In these the bodies of the dead are left, the indentations in the outer tier being reserved for men, those in the middle tier for women, and those in the innermost one for children. Originally, the idea of the Towers may have been that exposure to the air would bring about a gradual disintegration of the bodies, but if so it has long since been abandoned, for the vultures of India have speeded up the process. Great numbers of these birds live near the Towers, keeping a constant vigil; some people say they constitute a special flock, which acts as if it had a proprietary interest in the place and will allow no other vultures to come near. Many of them roost in long, tightly packed rows on the branches of nearby trees, and the rest wait, wing to wing, in a circle on the top of each Tower. As soon as the pallbearers have placed their burden in one of the indentations, they remove the white cloth and depart, and almost before they have reached the door, the vultures swoop down into the well. Within five minutes, according to one Parsi I talked with, or within an hour, according to another, the vultures have completed their job. After what remains of the body has been left in a Tower for a month, to derive the full benefit of the natural cleansing properties of air and sun, the pallbearers return with their tongs, and drop the bones into the well. At the bottom of the well, a system of conduits drains off rain water, filtering it through sandstone and charcoal before it passes into the surrounding earth.

Altogether, the Towers are a well-thought-out work of engineering, and they succeed in doing what they were designed to do, not only by isolating, as far as possible, the impurities of death but by furthering another tenet of Zoroastrianism—that the dust of all the dead, no matter how rich or poor or wise or foolish they may have been in life, must be well and truly mingled. Still, I have heard even Parsis differ over the question of whether the Tow-

Back Talk !

Rear-view pleats punctuated with white braid on the sassiest sailor dress of the year. Button front with removable dickie. Bright red or Navy broadcloth in Toddler sizes 2, 3, 3x (with separate panty) or 3 to 6x $9, 7 to 12 $11. At fashion-aware stores or write.

Her Fashion Future Begins with

Celeste

1350 Broadway, New York 18

Heavenly for Cocktails and Dinner and so auspicious for Autumn

LUNCHEON AND SUPPER, TOO!

The Golden Door

Atop NEW YORK INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

Reservations: OLympia 6-6060

MANDARIN DRESS

send for catalogue

SILK SHANTUNG $23.95 *ppd.*

Black, Red Jade, Beige, Turq., White

SIZES: 10-18

IMPORTED COTTON $11.95 *ppd.*

Black Blue Pink Red

SIZES: 10-18

Tel. JUDSON 2-3622

Penthouse Gallery

15 W. 55th St., Dept. Y21, N. Y. 19, N. Y.

ers are a good thing. Some argue that they are definitely preferable to cemeteries; to these people, the thought of being slowly consumed by worms is more loathsome than that of being swiftly disposed of by vultures, and they consider it better to be left out in the open than confined in a box underground. But other Parsis don't like the Towers, and not long ago one of my friends tried, rather haltingly, to explain why. In her view, it turned out, the Towers were not alone at fault; she found the ceremony preceding a visit to them equally disturbing. "It's all so hurried and unfeeling," she said. "I hate it when someone I love is taken away in that fashion—like something to be ashamed of—and then left there as nothing but naked carrion. People can say what they like, but I don't *feel* that way about my relatives, even when they're dead. I'd prefer a little more emphasis on affection and reverence. As a matter of fact, some Parsis *are* buried—those who happen to die abroad, where there is nothing else for it, since cremation is really out of the question. Sometimes I hope I'll die abroad myself."

Yet a few evenings later, after my friend and I had dined together and she had driven me home, she went on to the park on Malabar Hill, took a room in one of the prayer houses, and spent the night there. "I do that every once in a while," she said. "It's a good place to think things over." —EMILY HAHN

•

The temperature of a cricket can be determined by how fast it chirps; count the number of chirps in a minute, divide by four and add 40 and you have a good approximation of the temperature in Fahrenheit degrees.—*New Haven Register.*

And if it's running a fever, put it to bed.

•

Miss Schwab strives to impart to her students a fine appreciation of the beautiful art of the Ballet as well as a complete, balanced education in ballet: technique, style, manner, discipline, repertoire—to the end that they may become accomplished dangers—if not artists.—*From the program of a dance recital.*

Every girl's dream.

•

HANDY BREADBOARD

A piece of Masonite ¼ feet Tempered Presdwood 15 feet long and 12 feet wide makes an excellent breadboard for the housewife. Edges and corners of the panel should be rounded slightly with a file or sand-block.—*Tucson Daily Citizen.*

Step up there like a man and round 'em with a double-bitted axe.

MEMO TO THE CORPORATE PRESIDENT'S WIFE

Mrs. J. C. B. (shown shopping with her daughter at one of Oregon's outstanding fashion centers) leads a stimulating social life in Oregon. Three years ago, Mr. B. and his Board of Directors moved their business here to take advantage of the state's vast facilities for keeping people happy with a good life. Mrs. B., among other wives, saw the wonderful recreational, cultural and educational advantages in ever-growing, ever-green Oregon. You'll enjoy Oregon, too!

For your personal invitation from the wife of one of our corporate presidents, write to:
Julius R. Jensen, Director • **OREGON** *Department of Planning and Development, 721 State Office Building, Portland 1, Oregon*

VISIT OREGON'S CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION AND INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR IN 1959

WORLD'S GREATEST TOY STORE

wants you to have the

*WORLD'S GREATEST TOY CATALOG**

CHRISTMAS 1958 TOYS
FAO SCHWARZ
FIFTH AVENUE AT 58th ST., NEW YORK 22

FREE

** 96 pages*

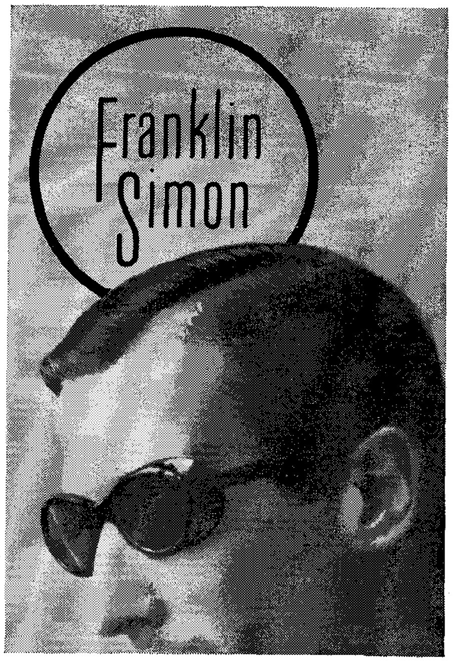
Send coupon today

F. A. O. SCHWARZ
745 Fifth Ave. at 58th St., New York 22, N. Y.
Dept. N.Y.1

Name________________________________

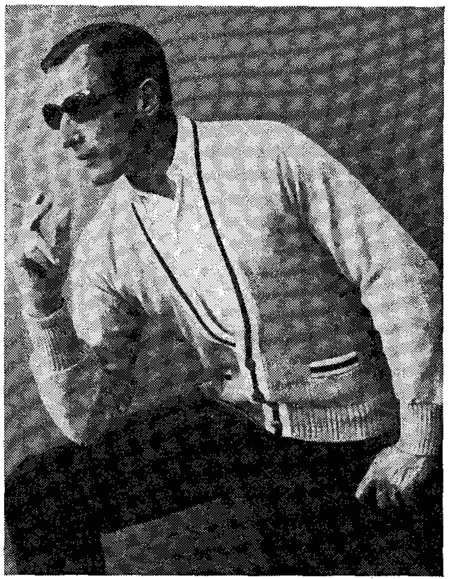
Address______________________________

City_______________________State_________



IMPORTED SPORTING SUN GLASSES *with wonderful mock tortoise goggle frames. For men and women, too. By Oculens . . . . .* **3.00**

COSMETICS, STREET FLOOR

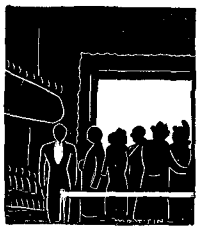


THE SPORTSMAN... *spends an active season before the mast or the fireside in our luxurious pearl-knit all wool cardigan. Man Alive sweater made for us by Rabhor, in black, charcoal grey, scarlet, coffee or light blue with contrast trim. Sizes sm., med., lg., xlg.* **12.95**

MEN'S SHOP, STREET FLOOR
38TH STREET ENTRANCE
FRANKLIN SIMON
414 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
WISCONSIN 7-9600
and all Franklin Simon stores
on orders outside regular delivery area add 35c

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Fish Story



SPENCER TRACY, who has been experimenting with Hispano-English accents for some time now (you may recall his linguistic work as a Portuguese in "Captains Courageous" and as a Mexican in "Tortilla Flat"), offers us another in "The Old Man and the Sea." This time, Mr. Tracy is trying out a Cuban accent as the hero of an adaptation of Ernest Hemingway's novel about an aging fisherman who is down on his luck and wants to catch the beegest dam' feesh in the ocean, to prove that he is just as good as ever he was. In the novel, according to Hemingway experts, this proposition was shot through with allegorical implications, but as it is set forth in the film, with Mr. Tracy talking his own brand of Antillean American, it has much of the style and content of those rod-and-reel shorts ("Angling in the High Andes" and the like) that are introduced into movie-house programs to give the patrons temporary relief from pictorial accounts of water-skiing on Lake Okeechobee. Although "The Old Man and the Sea" isn't long, as pictures go these days—it runs to less than an hour and a half—it concentrates so intensely upon Mr. Tracy's subjugation of his marlin that it puts a heavy strain upon the audience, as well as on the fish. The picture never gets to the bottom of what is eating the old man, and the scenic effects are nothing special. And, as an added handicap, Mr. Tracy's marlin, when we do get a close view of it, has an unhappy resemblance to that ersatz whale that swam across the screen not so long ago in "Moby Dick." Mr. Tracy's fish is smaller, of course, but he looks just as spurious.

"The Old Man and the Sea" is practically a solo performance; except for some brief assistance from Felipe Pazos, in the role of a boy who has faith in the tired fisherman, and a handful of actors who figure in a flashback that reveals our hero as the splendid fellow he was before the years slowed him down, Mr. Tracy has no company but his marlin. By way of dramatizing his struggle to catch his fish and then to keep sharks from devouring it, an ambitious score, by Dimitri Tiomkin, accompanies the

This year give . . .
FUN
SPILL AND SPELL
SPILL SPELL

Gift-giving is more fun when you *give* fun! *Spill and Spell* is fun for one person or a group, young or old, traveler or stay-at-home. Spill lettered dice from shaker, spell out words under exciting rules. Happy crossword fans have made *Spill and Spell* the top word game for 1958!

Sets at $2 (illustrated) to $15.95 including traveling and Deluxe 4-way models. Ask at the best store you know.

PHILLIPS PUBLISHERS INC.
NEWTON 58, MASSACHUSETTS

Regency Room

. . . for gracious dining

An atmosphere of charming English gardens, impeccable service, French, Continental, American gourmet cuisine. Vintage wines. A la carte. Luncheon entrees from $1.90. Dinner entrees from $2.25.

HOTEL CARLYLE

RHinelander 4-1600
Madison Avenue and 76th Street

Half Moon

HOTEL & COTTAGE COLONY • MONTEGO BAY • JAMAICA

Get away to tropic beauty . . .

Only 5 hours by plane from New York City. See travel agent or Oliver Kermit Associates, Inc., 521 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. MUrray Hill 7-6862.

"My beer is Rheingold — the Dry beer!"

says **IRENE DUNNE**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL HESSE

"My invitations always read *R.S.V.P.*" says Irene Dunne. "That means *Rheingold's so very pleasant.* And that's what makes Rheingold Extra Dry so very popular with all my guests—a pleasant, refreshing dryness all its own.

"Inviting, isn't it?" The very look of Rheingold announces the clean, clear *real-beer* taste no other beer can equal. It's never sweet, never bitter. Millions prefer this taste—the taste that makes Rheingold New York's largest-selling beer.

Rheingold
EXTRA DRY
Lager Beer
®

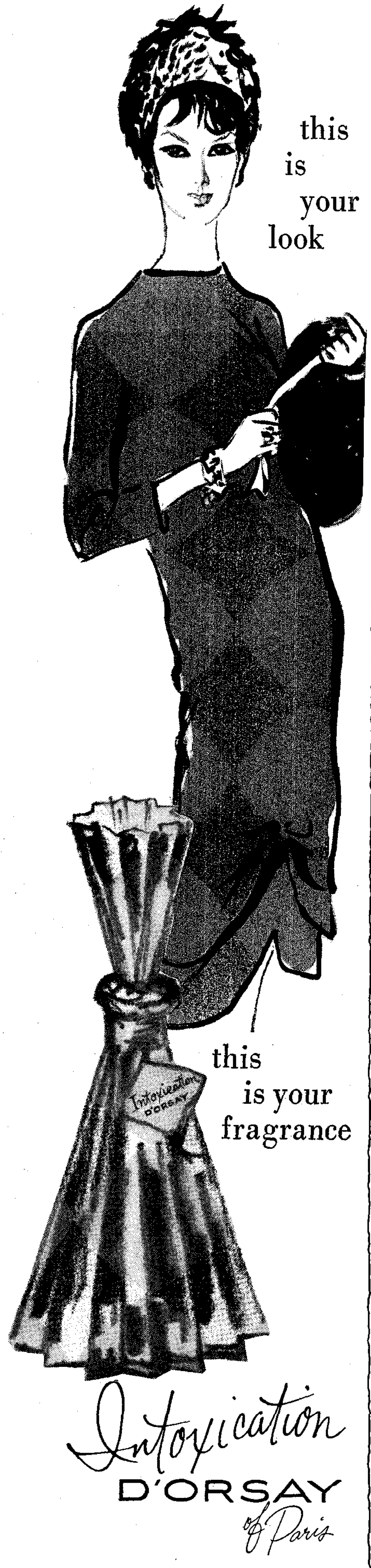
Rheingold
EXTRA DRY

It's beer as beer should taste!

Always refreshing — never filling

Copr. 1958, Liebmann Breweries, Inc., New York, N. Y.

BREWED BY *Liebmann Breweries,* BREWERS FOR 121 YEARS. ESTABLISHED 1837.



PERFUME and TOILET WATER $3 to $300 (plus tax)
CREATED IN PARIS... COMPOUNDED IN THE U.S.A.

action. Mr. Tiomkin's creation is rousing, on occasion, but in the long pull it just sounds bombastic as it strives to cover up the defects of a fairly dull monologue about the one that didn't get away.

As the hero of "Inspector Maigret," a French film based on the Georges Simenon novel called "Maigret Sets a Trap," Jean Gabin skillfully portrays a detective who goes about his work with a lot more intelligence and a lot less violence than gumshoes usually display on the screen. This time, Simenon's inspector is confronted with the problem of collaring a psychopath who is roaming around Paris carving up stout brunettes with a butcher knife. To discover this miscreant, Mr. Gabin has to investigate all kinds of people, and by the time he has nailed his criminal, he has explored high life and low life, good life and bad life, among the residents of Paris. Always operating in a low key, Mr. Gabin makes his inspector a likable sort, and he has a solid cast to back him up.

—John McCarten

•

A bus carrying 58 Deering High School pupils swerved off Rte. 201 in Gardiner yesterday morning, cut a wide swath across 200 feet of lawn and crashed into a clump of trees in a small ravine.

The occupants apparently escaped injury.

Misfortune dogged the group from the beginning. First they were delayed by two flat tires, about eight miles beyond Brunswick. A second Portland Coach Co. bus was sent from Portland to continue the trip.

After the 11:30 A.M. crash, pupils were transferred to the original bus, which had proceeded toward Augusta after changing tires.

The pupils are members of Elliott's Problems In Democracy class.—*Portland (Maine) Press Herald.*

And they haven't scratched the surface, either.

•

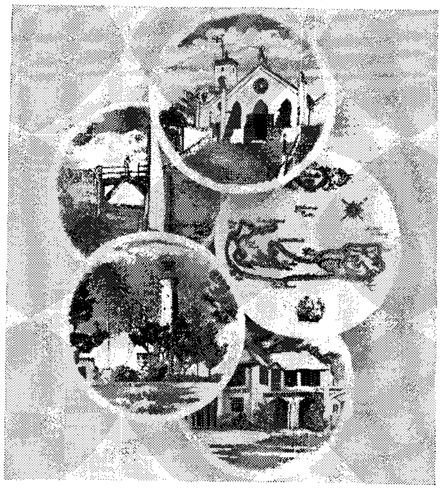
OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

[*From "Mother and Queen," by Marion Crawford*]

How proud she must have been of her first son, Edward, who, as soon as the war of 1914 began, went into training with the Grenadier Guards and was in action in France before he was twenty-one!

"What does it matter if I am shot?" he said. "I have four brothers." —*Page 18.*

But, of course, Prince Edward, as heir to the throne, was more in the public eye. He begged to be allowed to go to the front at once. "What does it matter if I am shot?" he asked. "I have three brothers." —*Page 175.*

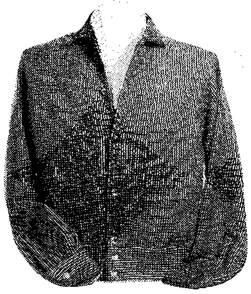


Beautiful Bermuda Landmarks on
GENUINE WEDGWOOD
HORS D'OEUVRES PLATES
Set of 5—$5.95 postage included

Made exclusively for Cooper's, in the world-famous Wedgwood Potteries, these hors d'oeuvres plates are perfect as serving pieces, or as decorative wall placques. Scenes in shimmering black against clear white background. Please enclose check or money order.

A. S. Cooper & Sons, Ltd.
Front Street, Hamilton, Bermuda

WONDERFUL WOOL KNIT



In Fine Stripes Of
Black & White
Blue & Black
or
Solid Red
Solid Black
$25

DESIGNED AND MADE BY
Alexander Shields
484 PARK • NEW YORK • PL 5-2588

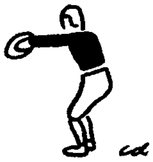
PIERRE
HOTEL MARQUES

The Ultimate in Acapulco,
Mexico!
•
Affiliated with Hotel Pierre, New York

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT
or International Representative
Robert F. Warner, Inc.
New York • Chicago • Wash., D. C.
Boston • Miami • Toronto • London

FOOTBALL

Status Quo



PERHAPS someone in the upper ranks of the universities' psychiatric staffs can explain why it is that, regardless of who is coaching and who is playing, a great many football teams maintain their basic characteristics year after year. A blindfold test would hardly be fair, but if a thoughtful student of the sport were allowed to watch two teams performing in unidentifying uniforms, he should be able to name them long before the game is over. In case you haven't been taking notes the past dozen seasons, here are hints: Columbia comes in like a lion (first half) and goes out like a lamb (second half). Army comes in like a lion and goes out like a lion. Yale is well drilled, confident, and a glorious opportunist. Harvard is small, brave, and beset by most of the furies of Greek tragedy. Penn is sturdy, methodical, and outweighed a pound or two by manpower, luck, or a combination thereof. Princeton is plentifully supplied with performers, is slow to catch on to enemy tactics, is endowed with approximately three hundred and eighty varieties of offensive plays, and is apt to sit around waiting for bolts from the blue to save the day. Dartmouth is dour, durable, inconspicuous, efficient, and relentless. Cornell is large and musclebound. Navy is given to skittering and slipping all over the place before it gets down to work. Brown is often a bridesmaid but never a bride.

Put these dissimilar factors in a saucepan, add salt, and you have a fair forecast of what is going to happen every Saturday this fall. Add too much salt and you get what happened last Saturday up at Baker Field, where Columbia (13) was entertaining Yale (0). Columbia came in like a lion and remained a lion, and Columbia was also the opportunist; a Columbia lineman, snaffling an errant pass thrown in desperation by a trapped Yale back, accomplished the decisive touchdown. (Yale's passing this fall is not, it might be added, the stainless-steel, or Winterbauer-Loucks-Furse, type that Yale is accustomed to.) Aside from that game, everything stayed within the range of predictability and probability.

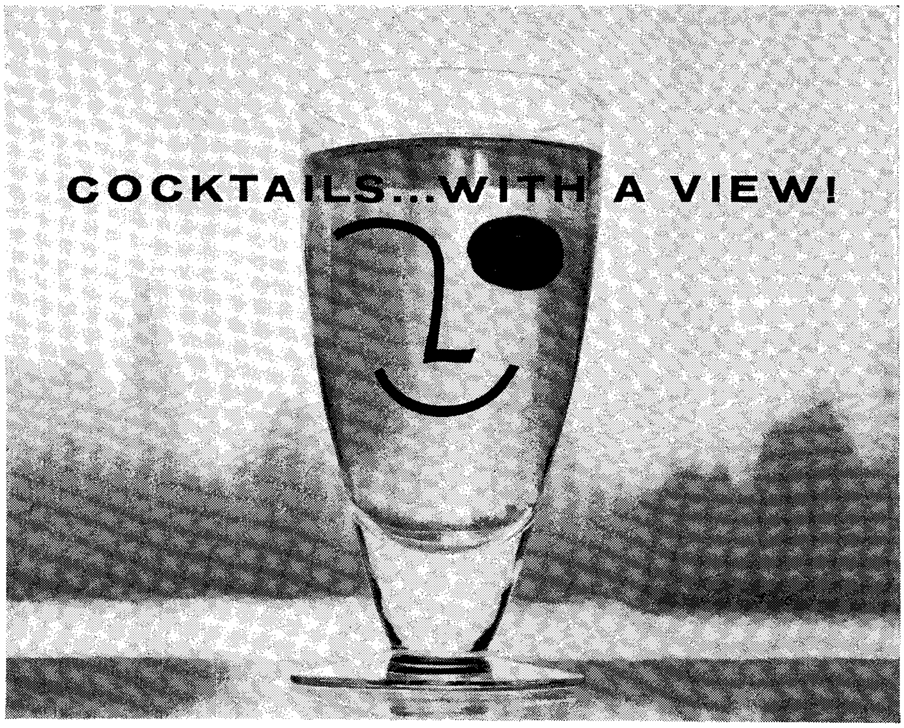
A PERFECT demonstration of the theorem that there is an almost universal balance of power in the Ivy

BRITISH AMERICAN HOUSE

for **HIM** or **HER**
the season starts
with
Burberry
outercoats

Handwoven, Irish tweeds . . .
Colorful grays, browns and
Heather tones in Classic raglan
balmacaan model
for him: **$135** — for her: **$125**
Featuring England's best:
AQUASCUTUM — RODEX — BURBERRY
and other fine Imports from France
and Italy — as well as America's
finest creations in luxurious imported
fabrics — from **$85** to **$190**
Imported Rainwear from $25 to $125

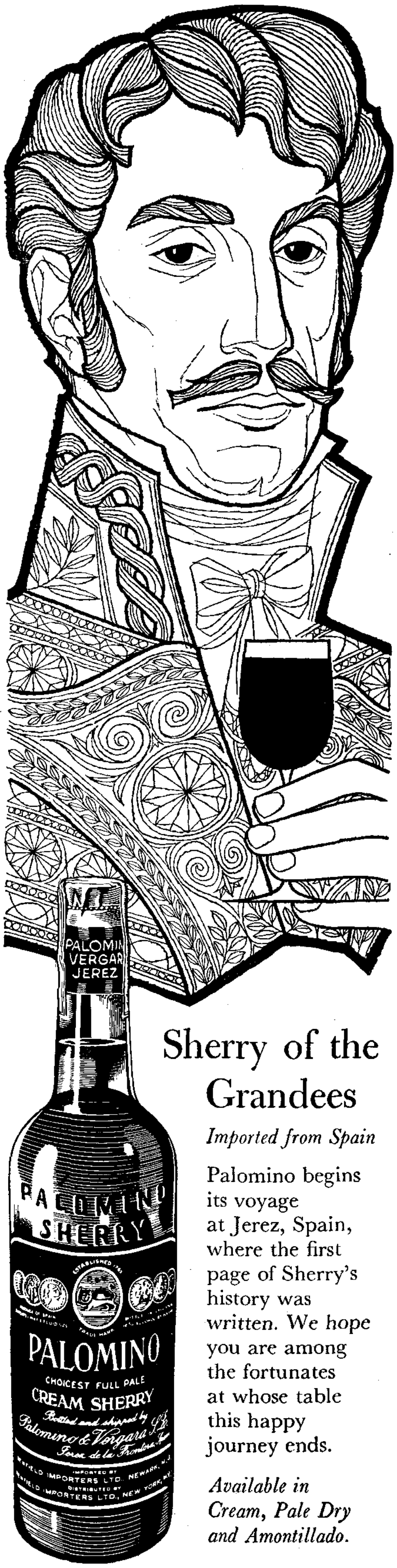
200 FIFTH AVENUE at 23rd St., N.Y.C. • *Famous for Rainwear & Casuals*



Rainbow Room

Delicious Cocktails • Wonderful Music
Hot Hors D'Oeuvres
Open 4:30 to 9 *(except Sundays)*
No Minimum Charge • Reservations: CI 6-5800
65th Floor—RCA Building—Rockefeller Center

THE MOST FABULOUS VIEW OF ALL MANHATTAN SURROUNDS YOU!



Sherry of the Grandees

Imported from Spain

Palomino begins its voyage at Jerez, Spain, where the first page of Sherry's history was written. We hope you are among the fortunates at whose table this happy journey ends.

Available in Cream, Pale Dry and Amontillado.

PALOMINO
SHERRIES

© RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK, N.Y.

League was put on at Franklin Field, in Philadelphia, where Penn was engaging Princeton. It was also a demonstration of the salient points and the failings of both teams. No matter what combination of Princetonians was sent to the front, the sturdy Penn offense (a four-man squad of blockers to lead the ballcarrier through the left side of the dishevelled Princeton line, plus a system of thrusts and feints that opened holes in the middle of the line through which the ballcarrier could wriggle unaided) went about its business, and Princeton, waiting for the bolt from the blue to set it free, was soon behind, 8–0. Sachs, who had provided the first bolt against Columbia the week before, tried it again, with an elegant runback of a Penn punt that took the ball half the length of the field. Princeton let that opportunity slide; Sachs (damaged by what seemed an ordinary tackle) withdrew for the afternoon; and in the middle of the third quarter Princeton was still in the rear, though now only 8–6. Then Jack Sullivan, who had taken over the bolt-from-the-blue part from Sachs, fielded another Penn punt and carried the ball to within arm's length of the Penn goal. A minute later, Princeton was in the lead, 12–8, and that should have been the ball game. But Princeton, forgetting all it had learned about the enemy's offense, let Penn hammer out another touchdown—Penn 14, Princeton 12. Sullivan was damaged and withdrawn, and Princeton, nearing the bottom of the barrel, came up with an unknown named Scott. The situation (the team was making a last-minute drive in Penn territory) called for Tiley to smash through center, but Penn was waiting for him and laid him low. The play, though, was one of the three hundred and eighty that Penn hadn't seen before; the man with the ball was not Tiley but Scott, who, running directly behind him, got near enough to the Penn goal to enable Tiley, with three short jabs, to butt through the Penn line for the winning touchdown. Once again, as in the 13–12 defeat by Dartmouth the week before, it was the extra pound of weight, the extra pound of luck, that beat Penn. —J. W. L.

•

MATURE PHYSICIST
Full of impractical ideas, seeks
PHILANTHROPIST
$20,000/year required for ten years.
BOX CM-225,
THE WALL STREET JOURNAL
711 W. Monroe St., Chicago 11, Illinois
—*Adv. in the Wall Street Journal.*

Better take $200,000 for one year. It's quicker.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
AT ROCKEFELLER CENTER, WHITE PLAINS AND SPRINGFIELD, N.J.

Drinks, Decked with Cards— S.F.A. deals out refreshments in black, red and gold Penny Ante glasses by Ceraglass. Highball or on-the-rocks size, 7.50 for 8. Suburban highballs, 9.00 for 8. Our exclusive Fiberglas bar tray, designed in vivid color, 13″ diameter, 5.00. Mail and phone orders filled. Also in Detroit, Beverly Hills, San Francisco, St. Louis.

GUEST AND GIFT SHOP
FOURTEEN EAST 50th STREET

This Week's Specialty
SUAN T'IEN
NIU JOU
PO LA TZU

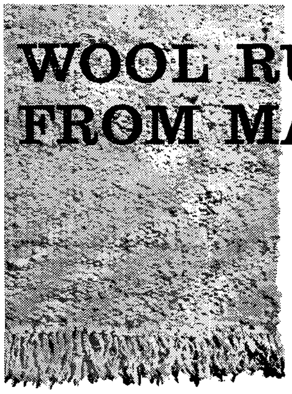
A Luau in name and in fact—made from a recipe that is the gift of the gods to beef from Oahu to Singapore. Served with steamed rice and tossed green salad..........**$1.95**

Every day: RUMAKI, TERIYAKI and our supper—the DO-IT-YOURSELF platter keeps 'em coming back for more. *Platter for 2*..............**$2.50**

Unusual fountain service. No liquor served

Lunch from 11, Dinner 5-10, Supper till 1 A.M.
Sunday Brunch 11-4 $1.75.

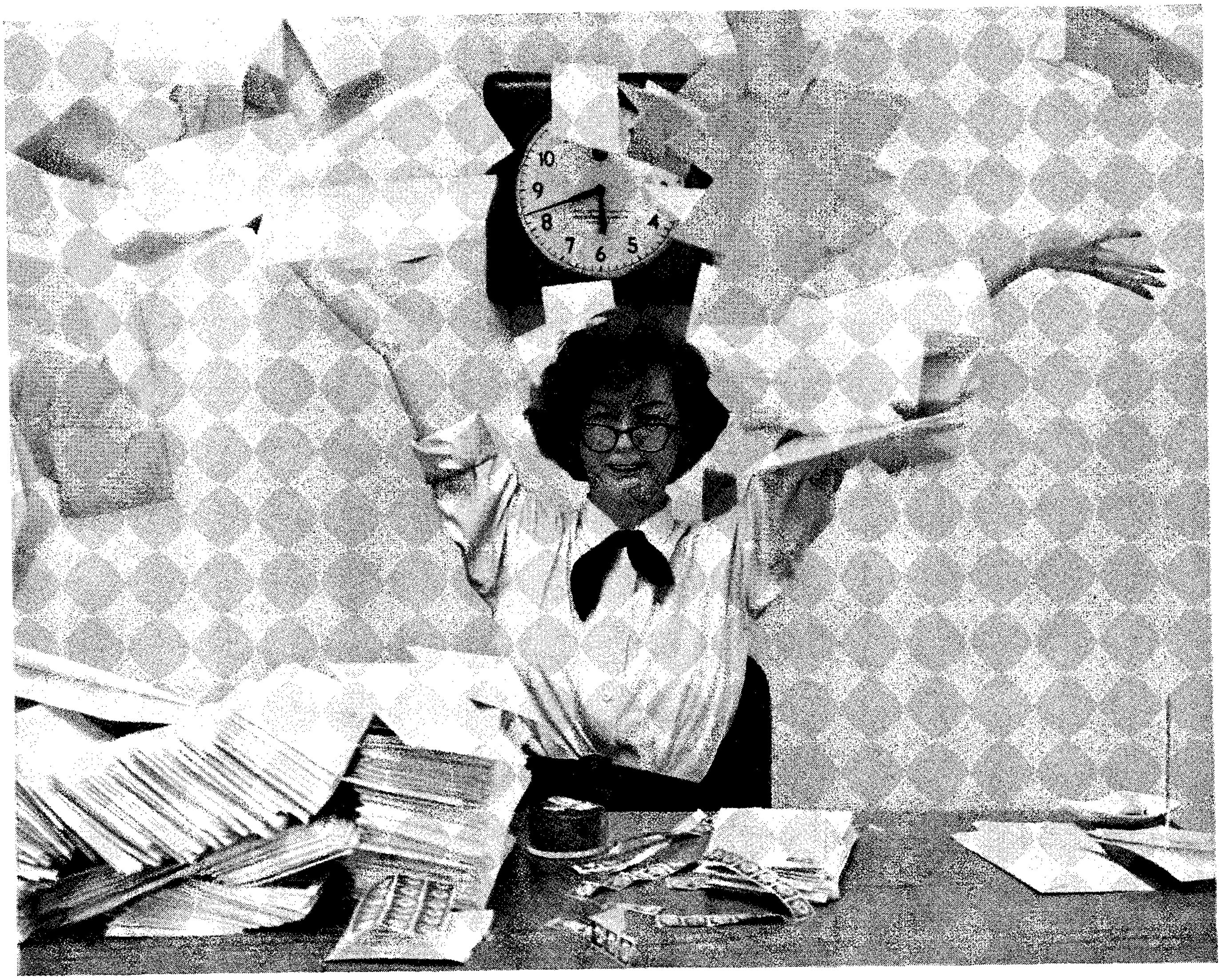
COOKERY Lafayette
8th St. & University Place, NYC
ORegon 4-4450



WOOL RUGS FROM MALTA

nubby texture
in creamy white
reversible
and washable
3 ft. x 5 ft. — $26.25
4 ft. x 6 ft. — $42.00
4 ft. x 7 ft. — $49.00
immediate delivery
larger sizes $2.00 sq.ft.
shipped express collect

a revival of an ancient craft,
handwoven especially for:
DESIGN RESEARCH INC.
57 brattle street, cambridge 38, mass.



The day I flipped!

"It was a frantic Friday—noisy, boss on fire, both phones ringing. At 4:50 he hands me the new price lists; says, sorry, doll, they gotta go out tonight. Well, halfway through the licking and sticking, something snaps. I'd asked ten times for a postage meter—so now I'm drafting an ad: SITUATION WANTED—IN OFFICE HAVING POSTAGE METER."

Today, no one has to put up with slow, sloppy, tedious lick-and-stick mailing. The little DM (desk model) meter *prints* postage of any value directly on the envelope with a dated postmark—and your own small ad, if you like. Saves time, money, postage—and temper!

Now, even the smallest office can afford a meter—one DM user in three spends less than $1 a day for postage. Electric models for larger mailers. Call the nearest PB office for a demonstration. Or send coupon for a free illustrated booklet.

PITNEY-BOWES

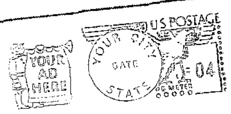
Postage Meter

Made by the leading manufacturer of mailing machines . . . Offices in 107 cities. In Canada: Pitney-Bowes of Canada, Ltd., Dept. 365, 909 Yonge St., Toronto

Postage rates are up! . . .

- Letters now cost you 33⅓ per cent more—so postage control is more important than ever.
- A meter protects postage from loss, misuse; does its own accounting.
- Postage is "dialed" for any class of mail—even parcels. And meters moisten envelope flaps for sealing!
- A postage meter requires no minimum mail volume. And anyone can easily use one—even the boss.

FREE: *Handy desk or wall chart of new postal rates with parcel post map and zone finder.*

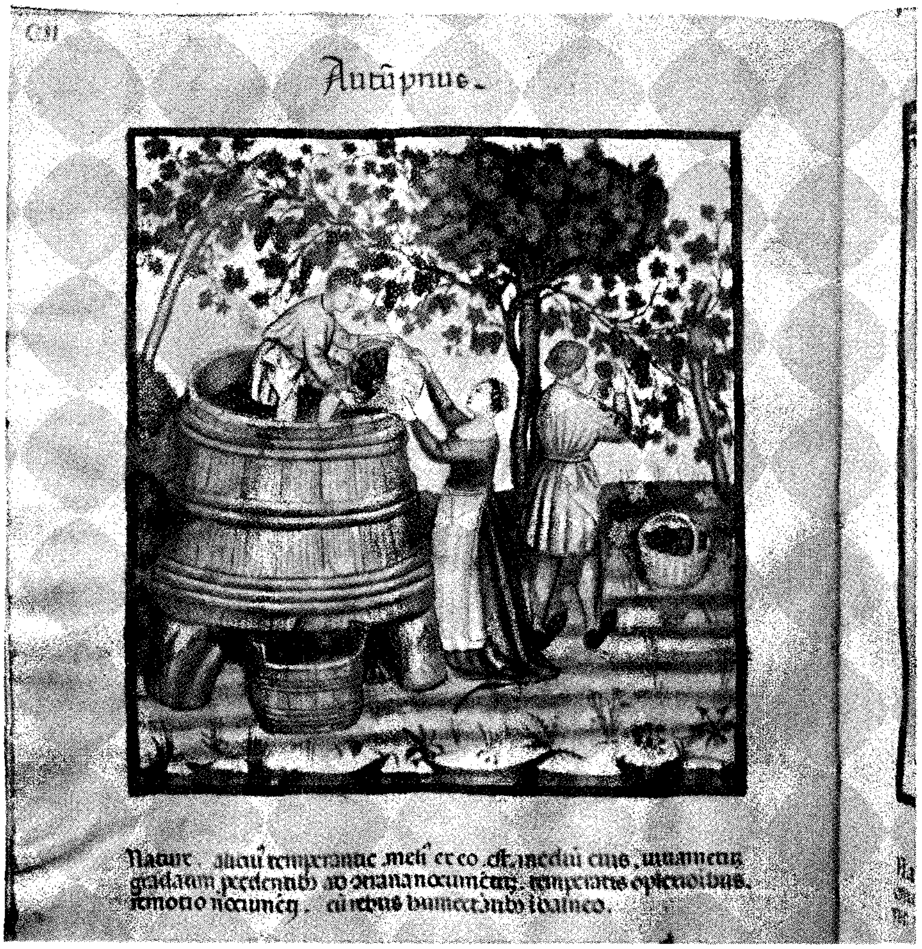


To: Pitney-Bowes
1665 Pacific St.
Stamford, Conn.

Send free ☐ *booklet* ☐ *Postal Rate Chart to:*

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________



autumn *in this fourteenth century illumination shows people grape harvesting and crushing. They had better stop where they are and get an empty bucket under that spout if we know anything about it · and we do.*

the frost is on the paul masson: tonight could be the night!

If you're temporarily short on things to celebrate with frosty champagne *the season is reason enough.* According to the above Mediaeval Latin critique on autumn. We translate:

autumn's nature is: nicely stimulating. its good: tingling anticipation. its benefit: it overcomes summer's harmful vapors and dispels lassitude by means of wet compresses (we take this to mean around the *bottle.* In those days there were no refrigerators for keeping Paul Masson California champagne at the ready in.) and serene thoughts.

Have a thought for future joys and stand by with Paul Masson champagne. Tonight could be the night!

PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS
SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA

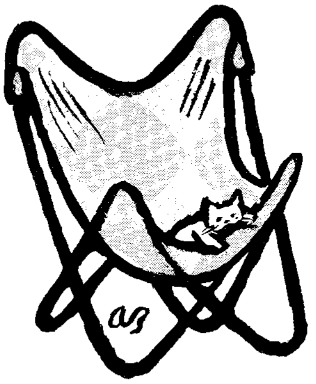
THEY INVENTED THE LUTE

IN Tangier, Morocco, one morning during the spring before last, my father and I were driving all through town in our Re-Purchase Plan Renault, trying to find the Kasbah. We hadn't been able to obtain a map; it was a *fiesta de trabajadores*, or workers' holiday, and the tourist agency and the Chamber of Commerce offices were closed. We did have a guide in the car with us—one of those free-lance guides, common in countries where a living is hard to make, who loiter around hotels, shops, and local marvels, offering their services to tourists. M. Kadir had got us in the hotel garage.

We'd been in Tangier only one day, having arrived the evening before, by ferryboat from Spain. Spain was rainy and cold, and my father—although he is remarkably healthy, not only for his age, which is eighty-two, but for anybody's age—does not like to be cold. We had figured that Tangier would be warmer than Málaga, where we'd been staying, and we had not been deterred by a tourist agent there who gave us meteorological reasons why it wasn't.

"If it isn't warm, then we'll keep on driving south," my father had said. "At least, our automobile's got a heater in it, which is one up on these damn hotels."

The tourist agent had been right; it wasn't any warmer in Tangier. But before we started down toward Rabat and Casablanca, I did want to see the Kasbah, and I told M. Kadir so.



He sat directly behind me, but all of him I could see in the rear-view mirror was a springy stand of straight black hair and his two bony knees, braced against the back of my seat. He'd slid down until he rested on his lumbar region; he was sulking. He wanted us to drive out to a place he called the Smugglers' Caves before we went to the Kasbah, and I'd told him we didn't want to take the time.

"Anyway, my father always likes, first thing, to see the American Embassy," I said, in Spanish, which was the language M. Kadir and I had in common. "We haven't even seen the Embassy yet, and already it's past noon."

M. Kadir pushed himself up fast. "That is all that detains us from the caves?" When he spoke he addressed the back of my right ear, and when *I* spoke he watched it attentively. "Well, then, please tell your father look to the left here. . . . Yes, Señora! Right here, the same. . . . Where the child plays, and the nurse. *That* is the American Embassy!"

I nudged my father, who doesn't understand Spanish. "He says there's the American Embassy."

The building M. Kadir pointed to was a big, square white plaster house with a flat roof and a side patio shaded by a grape arbor. It was not noticeably different from all the other houses in the European residential section through which we happened at that moment to be passing, and the coincidence seemed too great.

"Then where's the flag?" I asked.

"How?"

"The flag. If that's the American Embassy, out front there ought to be an American flag."

"Ah, the flag!" said M. Kadir. "One hears they have taken it inside to wash it."

"Then I do not believe that it is the American Embassy," I told him, "because the American flag is never washed."

"How dirty."

"No," I said. "It is cleaned in other fluids besides water. One may not touch the American flag with water."

He continued to gaze courteously at my right ear, apparently waiting for me to conclude.

"It is not important," I said. "At this moment, my father and I would like to go to the Kasbah."

"*Si, Señora.* Certainly, to the Kasbah! But first, Señora—to the caves."

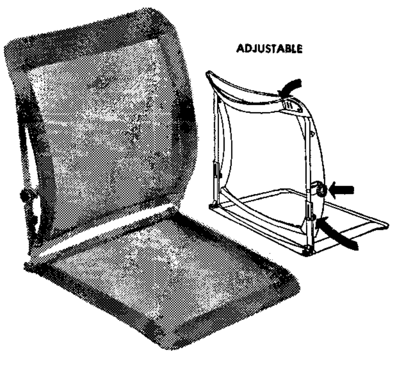
I gave in. "All right, M. Kadir," I said. "On to the caves, then."

I didn't want a fuss with M. Kadir; I wanted my father to like him. I live in New York City and am an enthusiastic internationalist, while my father lives—where many generations of his family have lived—in a village tucked away in a green fold between the Shenandoah Valley and the brambly foothills of the Blue Ridge, in Virginia, and he is not. Whenever we travel together, I remain alert to any opportunity to narrow the

HAMMACHER SCHLEMMER

Company Brunch starts with our Toastmaster hospitable 3-slice toaster. Automatic; exclusive timer assures perfect toast. Chrome, AC. **The Big Plus**—6 jars imported assorted Copper's preserves, 6 oz. size. **All for the price of toaster, 29.95.** Add 1.00 postage.

Rally 'Round the Hotray. Our Salton electric warmer keeps foods hot and flavor-perfect due to radiant heating, adjustable heat control. Aluminum with Walnut, AC. 26x13½" **34.95.** 22x11" **24.95.** Express collect.



Drive in Comfort. No more back ache with our Mark Fore Back Aide. Scientifically designed, adjustable as to firmness, height, forward position. Fiberglas with steel frame. **12.95.** Add 75c postage.

Hammacher Schlemmer

145 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y.

"Haven't we met?"

"A thousand pardons, but haven't we met before? In London, perhaps? Or Rome? Or was it India? Somewhere abroad, anyway. For my job is telling you, dear friends, about my rather tongue-tied employers. They're fine people, you understand, but a trifle bashful. They run one of the world's better airlines, AIR-INDIA International. But they're modest. For instance, they don't tell you that our network stretches half across the world . . . to 26 major cities in Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia. They never boast about our fleet of gleaming Super-Constellations. Or the fabulous personal service on board. Somehow they expect you to *know* all this. Please humor them. *Your travel agent will tell you how."*

AIR-INDIA

International

425 Park Ave., New York 22, N. Y.
Tel. PLaza 1-4146
In Los Angeles: 510 West 6th St.
Tel. MAdison 7-1189

gap between us—by, of course, trying to draw him closer to my side. M. Kadir was our first Arab, and I very much wanted the Arabs to make a good impression on my father.

"M. Kadir wants us to see some caves, before the Kasbah," I explained. "He says they were used by smugglers back in the old days. I think it might seem rude for us not to show an interest. He's terribly proud of Morocco. That's the one thing the Arab nations have in common, you know—national pride."

"What they've got in common is their damn fanatics," said my father.

M. Kadir was directing me, fluttering his slender, sun-browned fingers alongside the corner of my eye—right or left, depending on which way he wanted me to turn—the way rice farmers direct their oxen with a reed. He turned me south, briefly, away from the main part of town and the port, and in the rear-view mirror I caught jouncing glimpses of gray, chilly-looking water—the Strait of Gibraltar—and, drawn along the horizon, a line of cloudy dark, which was Spain.

Then we were driving east, by the coast. It had rained early in the morning, and yellow, clayey water filled the depressions in the highway. Our tires spun through with a sound of frying. But the road was well kept, with little motor traffic, and I was making good time when I heard M. Kadir begin a high-pitched, whiny monologue in what I took to be Arabic, for the word "Allah" came into it repeatedly.

I looked at him in the mirror. His eyes were closed tight and he was swaying elliptically from side to side. After a few moments, I noticed one word—"*rahmatu*"—that he repeated more often even than "Allah."

"*Rah-ma-tu, rah-ma-tu, rah-ma-tu, 'l-lah!*"

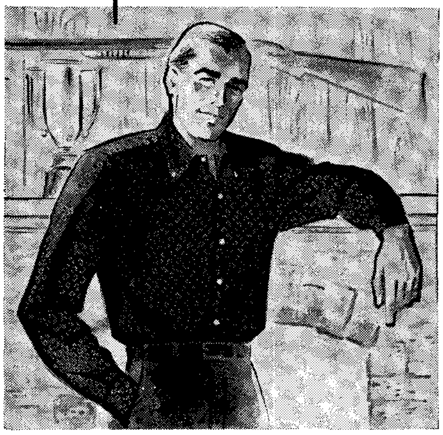
"What's the matter with him?" my father asked.

Curious myself, I relayed back, "Is anything the matter?"

M. Kadir opened his eyes, but he kept on swaying. "Never before have I been"—here he used the verb "*echar*" ("to shoot, eject, jet")—"in an auto managed by a female American, and I am praying to Allah for mercy."

"He's singing," I told my father, for I happen to know that he considers anyone who prays by himself in public emotionally unstable. "Arabs are very musical. Music . . . poetry . . . the Arts. That sort of thing means more to them than the materialistic side of life." Some

CLOTHES OF CHARACTER
EDDIE JACOBS, Ltd.
CHARLES & REDWOOD STS., BALTO. 2, MD.
(*also 3417 Walnut St., Phila., Pa.*)



Eddie Jacobs introduces the

FOULARD FOLLY
OXFORD EDITION

Foulard Folly provides an exuberantly casual escape from the tedium of things frightfully normal and slightly abstract, having all the classic subtleness of greatness with a slight pinch of salt. Tailored of fine Oxford cloth in deep-tone diminitive foulard patterns. Burgundy, black or olive grounds. Mail orders, no C.O.D. Add 35c postage in U.S.A. 7.95

NECK SIZES:	-14½	15-15½	16-16½
SLEEVES:	32-34	32-35	33-35

For Portfolio of our Winter apparel for men, address: Eddie Jacobs, Ltd., Balto. 2, Md.

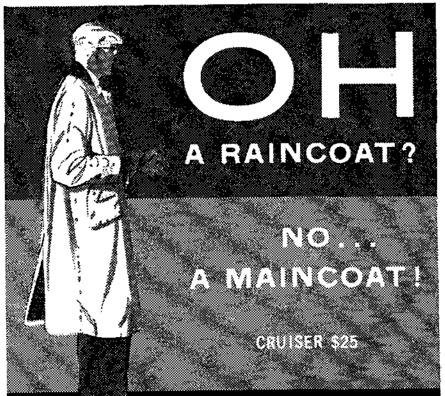
You belong to the
Beekman Tower
HOTEL
Family of Guests

Fashionable Beekman Hill—a walk from all midtown centers. Besides spectacular views of the city's skyline, East River and United Nations . . . a pleasant outlook on rates, too, singles from $7.50; doubles from $12.

Write for Booklet N.

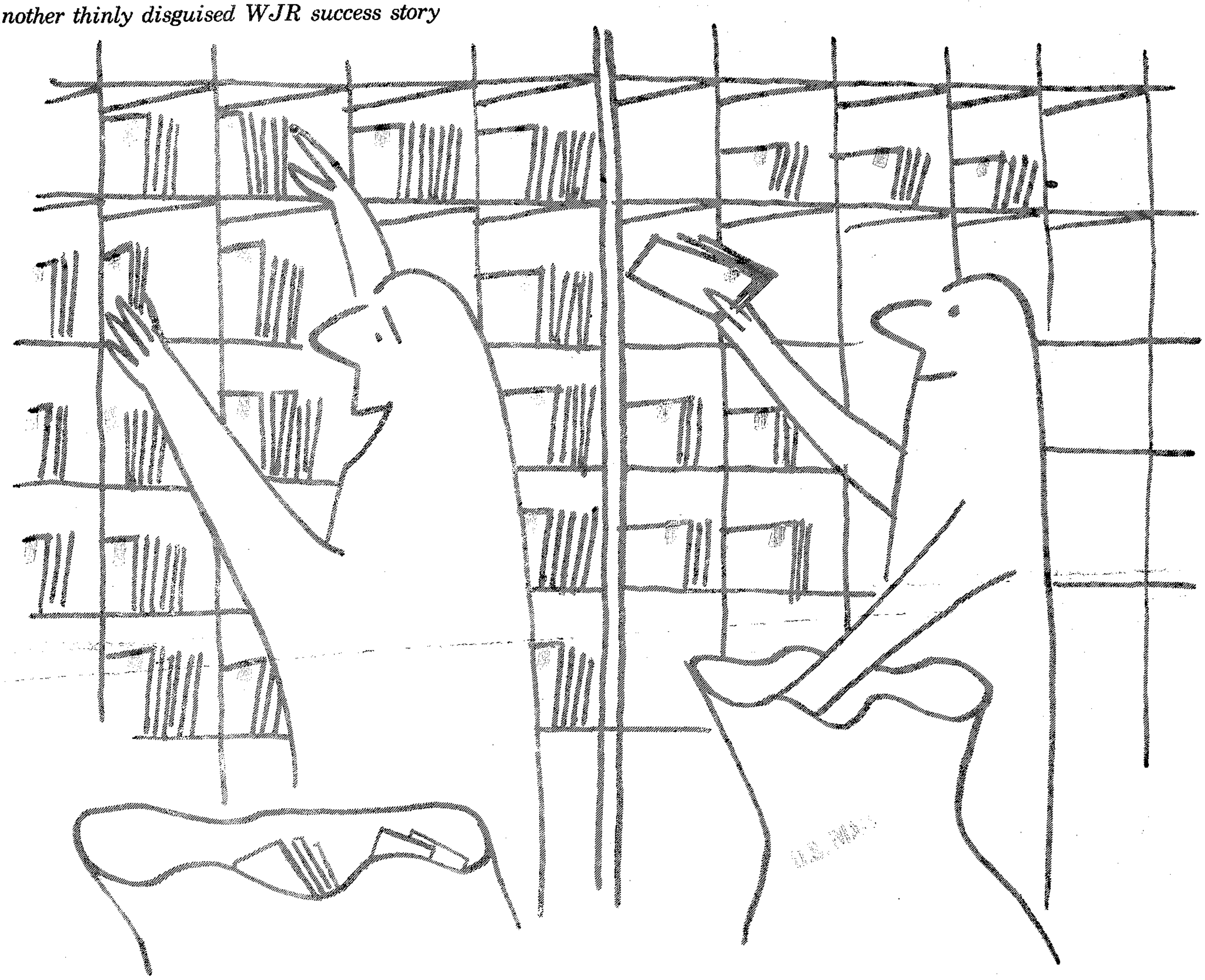
HOME OF TOP O' THE TOWER COCKTAIL LOUNGE

East 49th St., (at East River)
New York 17



LONDON FOG
LONDONTOWN MFG. CO.
350 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. 1

Another thinly disguised WJR success story



I'll take the Michigan mail, you take the rest of the country!

The above could very well be the conversation between two government clerks. They'd be discussing the handling of responses to a new Food Guide to Better Eating offered by the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture. The offer was nationwide, but 40% of the response came from Michigan. WJR was the only station in the Detroit-Great Lakes area to carry the offer—so WJR was given credit for the results. Proof that folks not only listen to WJR, but act on what they hear. And here's the real clincher. WJR made the offer on a Sunday at 6:30 in the morning!

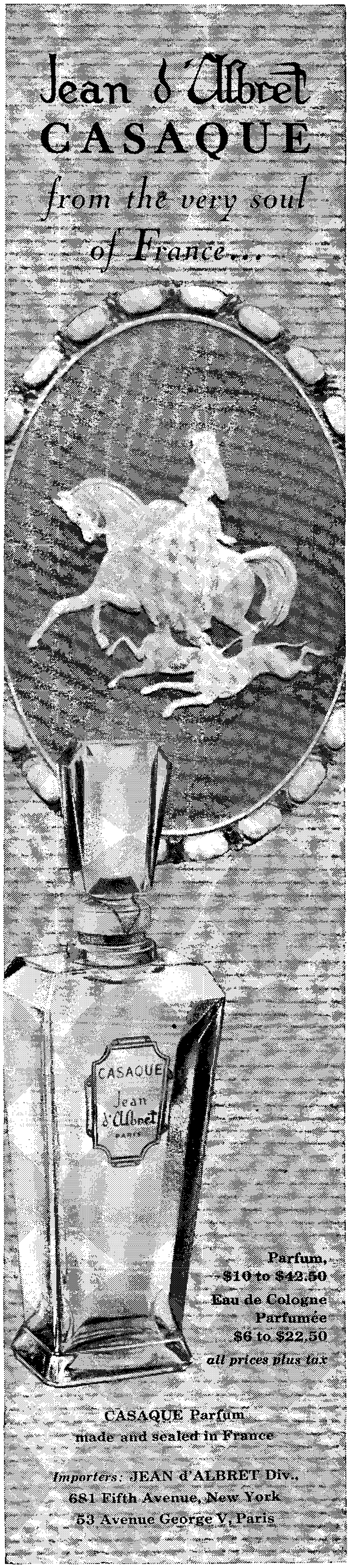
Wouldn't you like the single radio station that almost matched the rest of the country in pulling power to give your product a running start on competition? It can be arranged. Just call your nearest Henry I. Christal representative. He will show you that this is just one example of WJR's influence. Better yet, he'll show you why WJR is the No. 1 station in the Detroit-Great Lakes area—the country's fifth richest market.

WJR DETROIT

50,000 WATTS CBS

Radio Programs with Adult Appeal

Alfred Politz Research, Inc. discovered that WJR has more listeners in the age groups controlling 80% of the purchasing power than the next six Detroit radio stations combined!


Jean d'Albret
CASAQUE
from the very soul of France...

CASAQUE
Jean d'Albret
PARIS

Parfum,
$10 to $42.50
Eau de Cologne
Parfumée
$6 to $22.50
all prices plus tax

CASAQUE Parfum
made and sealed in France

Importers: JEAN d'ALBRET Div.,
681 Fifth Avenue, New York
53 Avenue George V, Paris

fact relevant to the point I wanted to make stirred in my mind. While my father, arms crossed, gazed out the window at the countryside, I coaxed it to the surface. "They invented the lute!" I said.

For several minutes, we listened in silence to M. Kadir praying in the back seat. Then my father said, "Well. He's a cheerful cuss, anyway."

WE had travelled some ten miles when we turned off onto a side road that terminated in an empty parking area overlooking the sea. A group of men squatting on the hard-packed earth swirled up as we drove past, and resettled, chattering noisily, in a cluster alongside the car. M. Kadir flung a spatter of words at them through the window, then explained to me that they were the guides who would escort us into the caves—all friends of his.

My father and I got out, and as we started down a slightly inclined path, four of the guides crowded round to support us, one to an elbow, while the remaining two stood at the cave's mouth and, as we stooped slightly to pass through, pushed down hard on our heads, forcing us to walk doubled over through the entrance and, in fact, several difficult feet beyond it.

The cave was a disappointment—no stalactites or stalagmites, no blindfish, bats, or bones, no blackened walls to hint of ancient fires—and, in my opinion, not worth seeing. M. Kadir's motive in insisting we come here, it occurred to me, was to enable him to pass us around, like a luckily intercepted CARE package, among his friends. I was afraid this might occur to my father, too, if I allowed him to linger, looking around and thinking, so I said, loudly, "Damp down here!" and shivered.

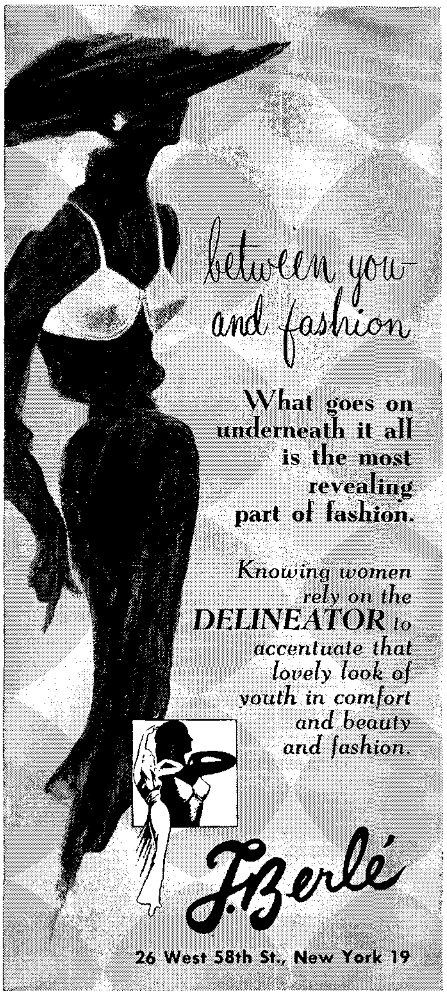
He was studying a rock tunnel through which water entered the cave—dark water, flowing quietly enough to mean depth—and didn't immediately turn around.

"Señora!" M. Kadir called to me, over what sounded like a quarrel developing among the six guides. "Tell your *papá* I have a story for him. Right here happened, tell him, please, at this same place, air cool lays the fifth labor, very interesting."

I looked at him. "... *a esta lugar misma*," I repeated to myself, "*air cool lays el labor quinto* . . ."

"What'd he say?" my father asked.

"I don't know," I told him. "I can't understand Spanish in a cave—it must


between you and fashion

What goes on underneath it all is the most revealing part of fashion.

Knowing women rely on the DELINEATOR to accentuate that lovely look of youth in comfort and beauty and fashion.

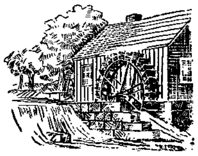
J. Berlé
26 West 58th St., New York 19

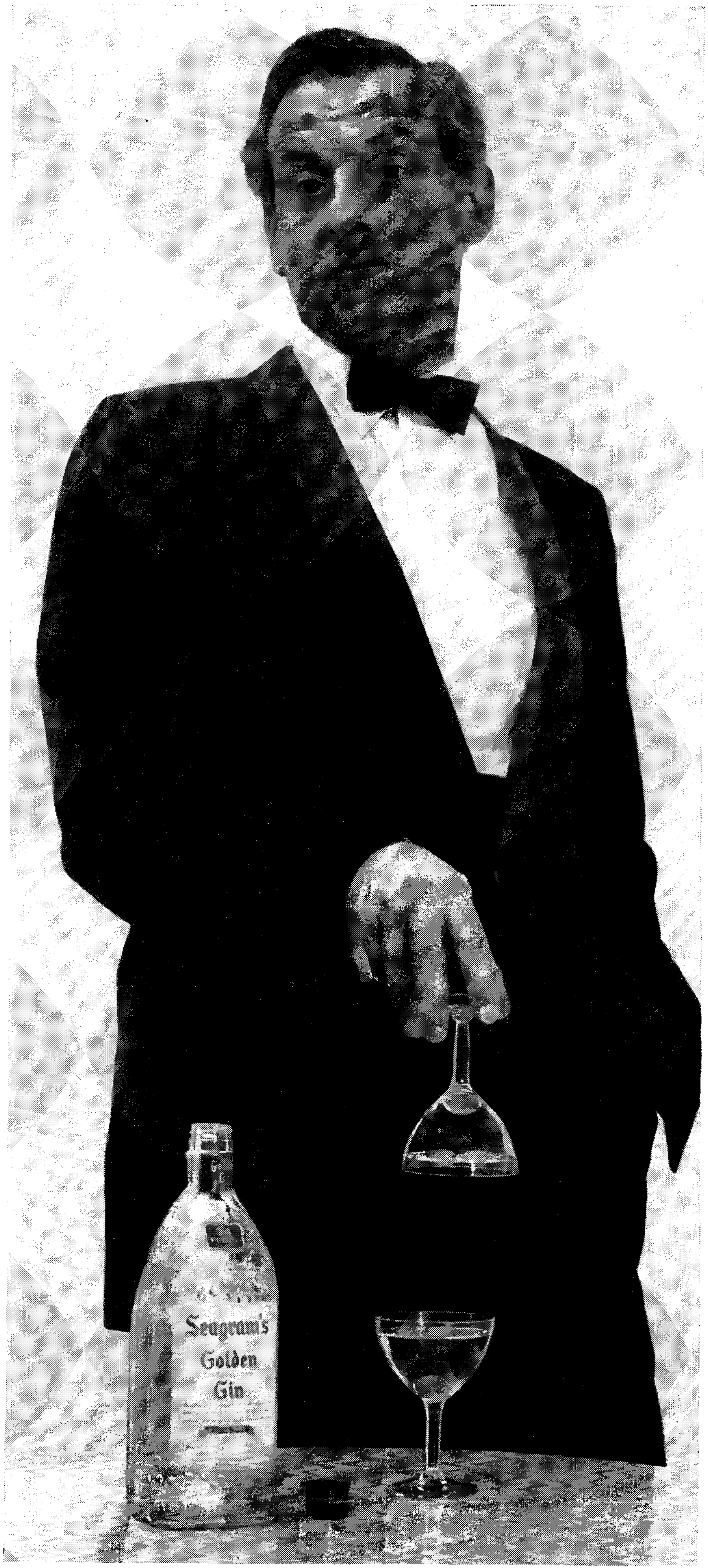
Happy HOBO SHIRT
Here's a brand new cotton shirt with more pieces in it than a patchwork quilt—and every bit as colorful. No two alike—every one an original. Neatly man-tailored with long shirt tails and button-down collar. For your carefree, foot-loose moods.
Sizes 10 to 18
$6.50 ppd.

Catalog on Request
Johnny Appleseed's
Box 750, Beverly, Mass.

Mansion House
A Connoisseur's Restaurant
in the Exclusive
Belmont Hotel

Sheridan Road at
Belmont Ave., Chicago
John Jacques, Gen'l. Mgr.
COCKTAILS AT THE
'Damsite'





SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY. 94 PROOF, DISTILLED DRY GIN, DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN.

Any gin
dry-er
simply
wouldn't
pour!

If you are like a good many martini makers, you have probably sampled a number of gins in search of that summum bonum, the utterly dry martini. Yet, in all likelihood, your martinis are still quite damp. To you, therefore, we suggest Seagram's Golden Gin. Barometrically speaking, you may at first observe very little difference. Tastewise, however, the improvement is beatific.

Seagram's, you see, is the *complete* gin for the rounded martini. Not only does it emerge from its languorous before-bottling siesta glowing with natural golden smoothness, but it is *also* the epitome of that glittering joy called dryness . . . *full, 94 proof* dryness. Consequently, every Seagram's martini strikes a crisp note with a mellow tone. Compared to ordinary gin, it's the lost chord bringing new lilt to the cocktail hour!

We suggest that the next time you make martinis, you introduce this gloriously dry, unruffled spirit to a modest whiff of vermouth. We assure you, the result will be *ah*-inspiring.

SEAGRAM'S
GOLDEN GIN

Now 94 proof
at no increase in price

Reporting the most exciting **SPORTS SHOW** *of the year!*

In hushed tones, Dick Danehe reports dramatic, thrill-packed matches between the game's greatest golfers... matches that bring you a caddy close-up of every exciting shot. In the comfort of your TV room, see stars like Sam Snead, Arnold Palmer, Billy Casper and many others play head to head matches for big stakes.

Yes, here is the greatest sports show on TV...All-Star Golf on ABC... brought to you again this fall and winter by Miller High Life because millions want it...and because millions more enjoy it, just as they enjoy Miller High Life.

Tune in ABC each Saturday for ALL-STAR GOLF and join the champions as they play for YOU! Consult your local paper for time and station.

Miller HIGH LIFE

The Champagne of Bottle Beer

echo. Really, it's awfully damp down here. We're going to catch cold, both of us. Let's go up."

"Maybe you're right," my father said.

We went stooping back the way we'd come, and started up the rocky path, this time unassisted. The little group of guides had pushed ahead of us, jostling, still arguing, while M. Kadir, shaggy and lean, loped around the periphery and, with shouts and shoves, kept it moving along.

"You know," my father said thoughtfully, watching his feet. "I'll bet that was the Cave of Hercules. I remember reading about it someplace. Wasn't it around here Hercules was supposed to've performed one of his labors?"

I was watching the guides, sure they were arguing over how much fee they'd demand, and knowing that I'd have to try and dicker with them, and dreading it.

"Well, wasn't it? You went to school after I did."

"Oh, school," I answered absently. "Who remembers school?"

"Most people," said my father, and sighed. "Too bad. I would've enjoyed spending some time looking around, hearing what that guide of yours had to say. Maybe very interesting."

I stopped and looked at him. "Did you say Hercules? One of his labors?"

"Never mind," my father said.

"Hercules. In Spanish, '*Hércules.*' Well, it was his fifth labor."

"Fine. Then *all* that tuition didn't go down the rathole."

We continued up the path.

"I'm sorry about the cave," I said, thinking if I'd only left well enough alone, my father and M. Kadir might have hit it off fine, discussing Hercules, with me translating. "Damn!" I said.

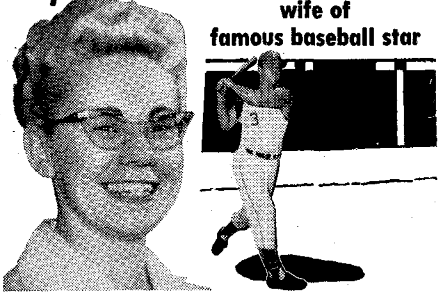
"All caves are," my father answered. "And we don't want you to catch cold. *You've* got the International Driver's Permit."

When we reached the car, I helped him to settle himself in the front seat, found his reading glasses and cigarettes and lighter in his raincoat pocket, then said, "Now I have to go bargain with the guides, I'm sorry to say."

"Oh, don't worry about me, I'll be all right," my father answered. "I've still got some to go through in *Reader's Digest.*"

Actually, M. Kadir didn't give me time to bargain. After he'd presented the guides' demands, in a stern voice, and I, dutifully, had answered that it was too much, he said, "You're right. Half

Says Mrs. Ted Kluszewski
wife of famous baseball star



"My Husband and I PREFER 'the mustard with a TANG'!"

"That's why we prefer Mister Mustard — for back yard cook outs, regular meals, buffet suppers. Nothing adds flavor like zesty-hot Mister Mustard."

Your friends, too, will prefer this "manly" mustard, made from an old Dijon, France recipe. It's America's finest!

Get a jar of Mister Mustard in the cheese, dairy or meat department of better food markets — today.

FREE! ***New 24 Page "Fun To Serve Recipe Book."***
Write today!
The Frank Tea & Spice Co.
Dept. N. Cincinnati 2, Ohio

Mister Mustard
Mister Mustard
DIJON STYLE

Mister Mustard says:
"KEEP ME COLD and I'LL Stay HOT!"

Enjoy the Coffee of Connoisseurs

O'CONNOR'S
MOCHA & JAVA

Aged, blended and roasted with painstaking skill, O'Connor's Mocha & Java stands unrivaled as the luxury coffee that achieves rich, full-bodied, fragrant perfection.

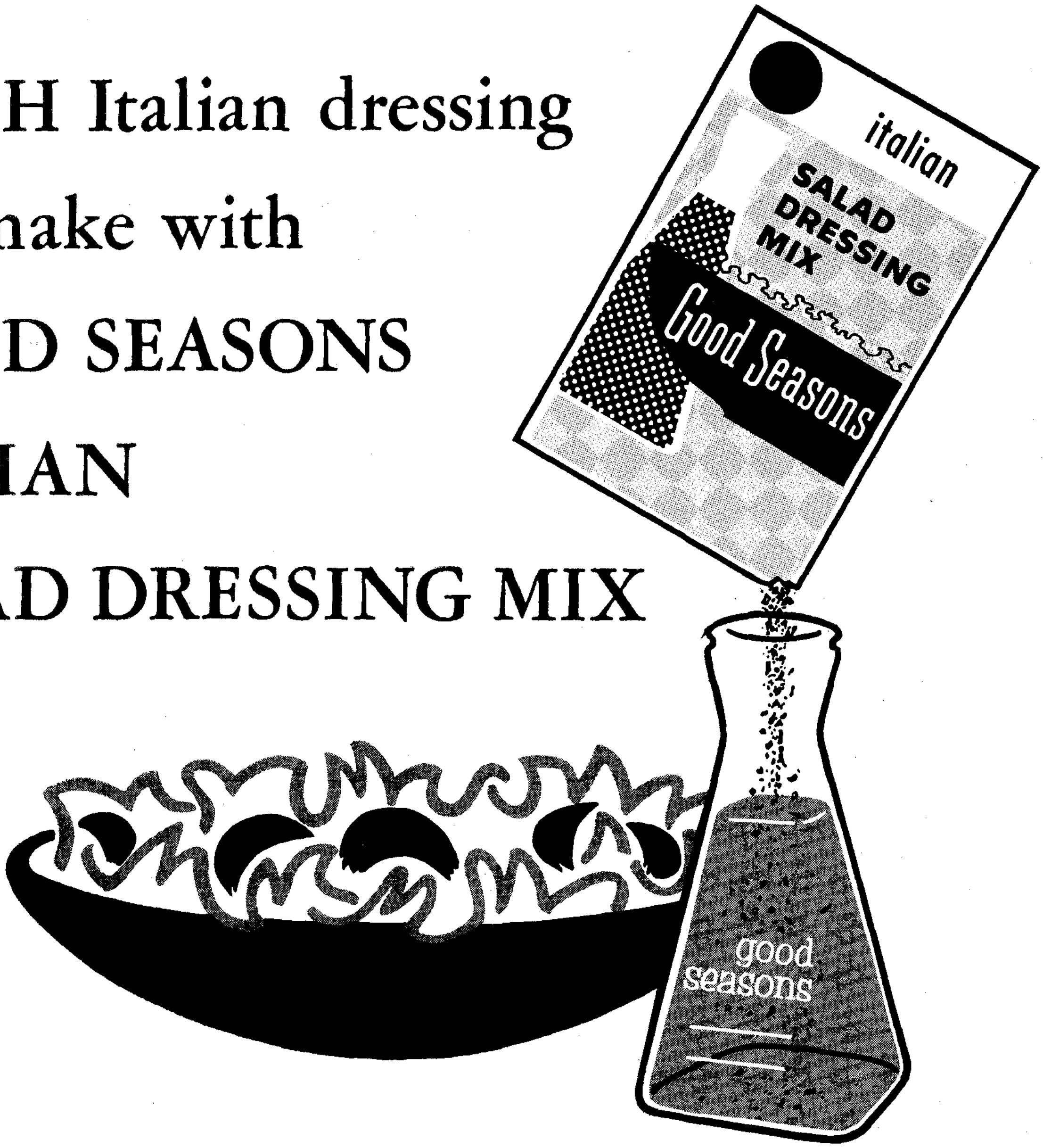
O'CONNOR'S
VACUUM PACKED
COFFEE
MOCHA & JAVA

At Fine Food Stores
JAMES J. O'CONNOR COFFEE COMPANY
2900 N. Market St. • St. Louis 6, Mo.

AGED HAM, ***baked-ready-to-serve.*** My, how you'll enjoy the satisfying taste of our "Aunt Lucy" Hickory-Smoked Ham that's been patiently aged for a year or more! Write, wire or 'phone for prices and our Maryland Foods Brochure showing our wide variety of business and personal gift selections, including Smoked Turkey, Hickory Smoked Sausage & Bacon (slab or sliced), already-cooked "Crumbly" Sausage, etc. Southern Farms, Box 58, Walkersville, Md. Telephone: VInewood 5-2621.

DELIZIOSO !

FRESH Italian dressing you make with GOOD SEASONS ITALIAN SALAD DRESSING MIX



FRESHNESS makes such a difference! When you make your own dressing with Italian Mix the zesty, garlic flavor comes through clear and bright. Never flat, or dulled by thickeners.

ALL YOU DO is add your favorite oil and vinegar to Good Seasons* Mix. (Easy directions are on the envelope). Then taste the full flavor of the blended herbs, mild onion and savory, young-bud garlic. The texture smooth and light, to gently coat (*never smother*) each green leaf of your salad. *This* is an Italian dressing!

Fresh flavor guaranteed by *GENERAL FOODS KITCHENS*

*REGISTERED TRADE-MARK

This cruet with measurements marked is available in the complete Good Seasons Salad Dressing Kit. Envelopes sold separately, too. In 7 different varieties.

Wine Etiquette

by AMY VANDERBILT

Author of *Amy Vanderbilt's Complete Book of Etiquette* and United Features Syndicate column on etiquette.

Now that America is growing up in its drinking habits, Sherry is coming into increasing favor as a pre-lunch or pre-dinner beverage in place of the cocktail—and a very sensible trend it is, too. Another old-world custom that is gaining favor is the serving of Port with dessert.

It is important to select Sherries and Ports of unquestioned excellence. Very fine choices are Sandeman wines, which are world-renowned for their superb flavour, bouquet and body. Sandeman is one of those fine old British houses whose quality traditions date back to 1790.

DRY DON
VERY PALE
SHERRY
SANDEMAN
PORT
RUBY
SANDEMAN

Particularly popular Sandeman wines:

SANDEMAN PORTS: *Three Star Tawny*, medium body and dryness, suitable for all occasions. *One Star Ruby Port*, full and fruity.

SANDEMAN SHERRIES: *Three Star Amontillado*, round, medium dry. *Dry Don*, pleasantly dry, suitable for all occasions.

Imported by
W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, N. Y., N. Y.
Sole Distributors for the U. S. A.

SHERRIES *from Spain*
PORTS *from Portugal*

SANDEMAN®
ESTABLISHED IN THE YEAR 1790

is plenty, let's not waste time. Give me."

So half was what I gave him, and he held the sheaf of bills between his palms and, with his thumbs, split it open like a ripe peach, dropping one half into the hand of the lead guide and putting the other half into his own pocket.

"It's collusion," I said to my father, back in the car, so disappointed in M. Kadir I did not even try to present him in a favorable light. "He settled short on them. *He* made money. He saved *us* money. It's only the poor worker who pays."

"Good," said my father.

Now that we'd seen the caves, M. Kadir was so impatient to reach the Kasbah that he didn't close his eyes against the dangers of the road but watched eagerly over my shoulder, his chin resting on the backs of his hands, and only now and then breathing out "Allah!" in a strong odor of mint.

WE parked the car outside the old gate to the Kasbah and went in on foot. The slender two- and three-story houses of the Kasbah press together close, like coral accreted to the side of a hill overlooking the strait. The streets are narrow as corridors, the shops shallow as shelves. One section stacks leather boxes, another shoes, then jewelry of some kind of putty-soft gilded metal, ladies' underwear, dried rose leaves, birds; it reminded me of a supermarket. The sun was shining at last, and the light met obstructions at every level—turret, ornamented waterspout, archway, pot-round balcony. It fell in bright mosaic on the gray stones of the road. The cat's-cradle streets do not always intersect, or lead anywhere except to the rim of a steep slope, where they hesitate, sidle off to become footpaths, then disappear. Houses are placed at irrelevant angles, set to face what no longer is there, and through an occasional gap between houses we got unexpected glimpses of the sea.

M. Kadir strode down the narrow street, swinging his long arms widely and not quite in alternation, so that he appeared to be hurrying sidewise; he wore an old brown sweater with shrunken sleeves, out at the elbows, and sleazy trousers that flapped against his sharp shins as though the light breezes had singled him out. At each cubicle, he stopped and thrust his head inside, looked all around, jerkily, and, if he found something he thought might tempt me to buy, began to bargain with the merchant, in Arabic. The words he spoke were so hard that each

Vincent's striking version of the car coat . . . a completely washable 65% Dacron—35% combed cotton blend . . . features eye-catching leather-trimmed buttonholes and elbows. Entirely quilt-lined for warmth, yet extremely light in weight. Sanforized and water-repellent. In Natural shade only. Regulars 36-48. 35.00

Mail orders promptly filled

Al Berman
PHILADELPHIA 47, PA.
"Three Fine Men's Stores Serving Greater Philadelphia"

A RESORT ATMOSPHERE
only 5 minutes from downtown Washington

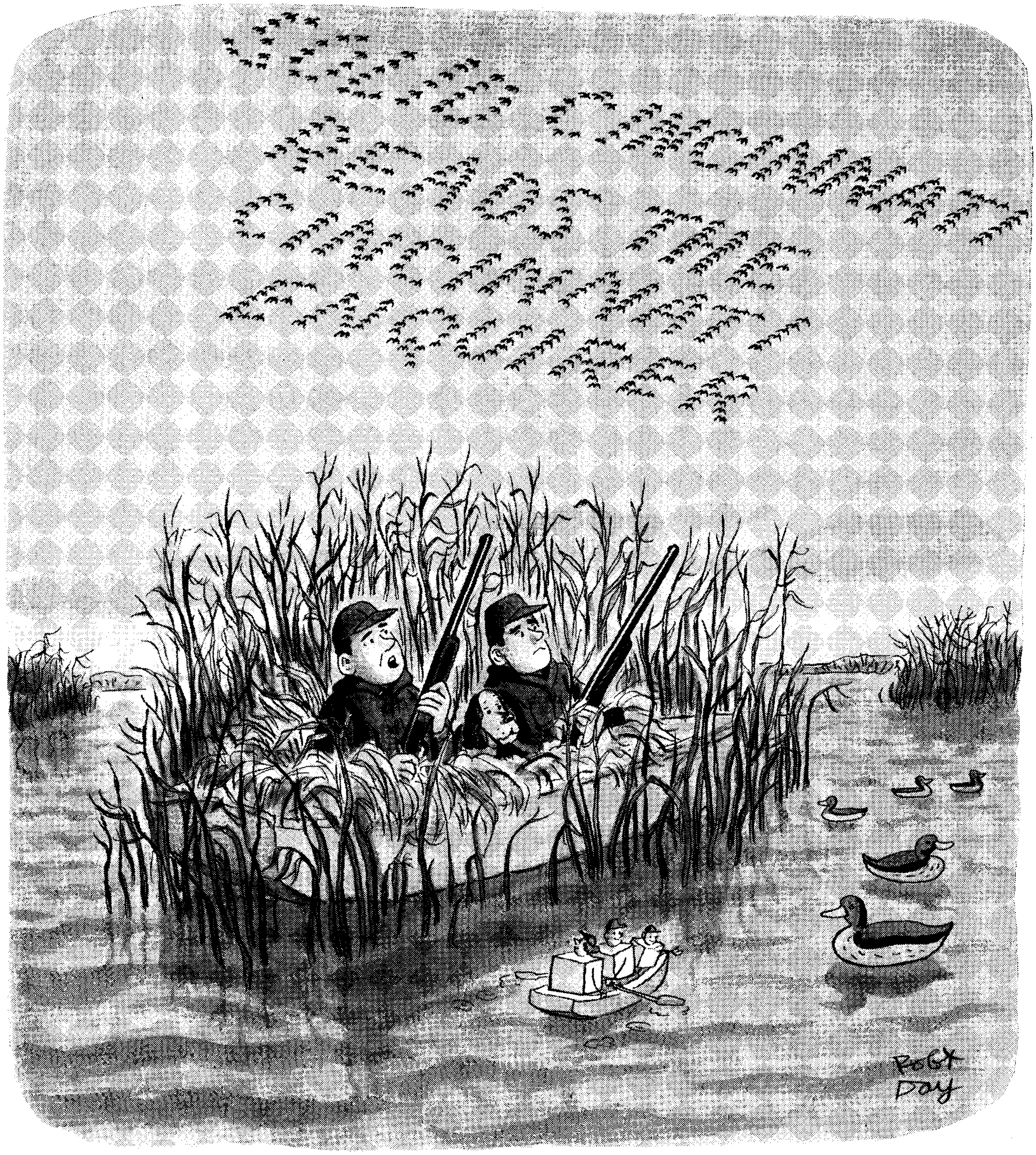
Marriott
World's Largest & Finest
MOTOR HOTEL
WASHINGTON, D. C.

- 3 Minutes from Washington National Airport
- Drive-In Registration
- Free Parking Adjacent to Your Room
- 370 DeLuxe, Soundproofed Rooms, Free TV, Free Hi-Fi, and Phones
- Beautiful 325 Seat Hot Shoppes Restaurant
- Barber & Beauty Shops
- Gift Shops
- Artificial Ice Skating Rink Free to Guests
- Baby Sitters On Call
- Reservations Advisable

For Illustrated Brochure Write:
Marriott MOTOR HOTEL
Twin Bridges, On U.S. 1 • Washington 1, D. C.
Virginia Side of the Potomac

THE Divan PARISIEN
SINCE 1923
RESTAURANT • Memorable French Cuisine
Famous for CHICKEN DIVAN
Luncheon • Dinner • OPEN SUNDAYS
33 E. 48th St. New York EL 5-6726

(*Advertisement*)



"Are you SURE this is the place the fellows in the media department were telling you about?"

THE MIGRATION of readers and advertisers to the Cincinnati Enquirer over the past 10 years has been perhaps the most significant achievement in the daily field. Today, more than ever, it's the Daily that SOLID Cincinnati reads, prefers, looks to most for *its kind of* news, features, advertising. Result: YOU'RE in solid in Cincinnati when you're in the Cincinnati Enquirer. Current proof? Call the Enquirer's research department for a look at the new and revealing Top Ten Brands Survey. *Represented by Moloney, Regan & Schmitt, Inc.*

Buyer Beware of a "Bargain Bourbon"

by
J. P. Van Winkle
President
Stitzel-Weller
(Old Fitzgerald)
Distillery
Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849

"It is unwise to pay too much," the learned John Ruskin once wrote, "but worse to pay too little."

"When you pay too much, you lose a little money. That is all.

"But when you pay too little, you sometimes lose all, because the thing you bought was incapable of doing the thing it was bought to do.

"The common law of business balance prohibits paying *little* and getting a *lot*. It can't be done.

"If you deal with the lowest bidder, it is well to add something for the risk you run. And if you do that you will have enough to pay for something better."

My long business experience tells me that *quality* of product is remembered long after *price* is forgotten.

Thus our modest family distillery has never paid much mind to price tags, but has everlastingly preserved the old-fashioned character of our bourbon, regardless of cost.

This is why our OLD FITZGERALD has been, is now, and forever will be bottled solely in bond—at the one proof, 100, prescribed by the Federal Government.

Because of high excise taxes on distilled spirits (100 proof being the base point), a reduction in bottle proof permits a sizable reduction in shelf price.

OLD FITZGERALD, for example, bottled at 86 proof instead of 100 simply by adding distilled water, would permit us not only to *stretch* our whiskey stocks but also to cut our price *on tax savings alone* by $4.41 per three-gallon case.

Good business for us perhaps . . . *bad* business for our many friends who over the years have come to depend on the unchanging quality and flavor of OLD FITZGERALD as sealed under the green bonded stamp.

We invite you to join this inner circle of business hosts who rely on the bonded goodness of OLD FITZGERALD, and find it good business to share, in moderation, with associates and friends.

Bonded 100 Proof Original Sour Mash Kentucky Straight Bourbon Made in U.S.A.

(*Advertisement*)

kept its separate shape, and he threw them as if at something, in bursts, like handfuls of pebbles. The only word I understood was "*comisión*." He used it often.

"What're they doing so much yelling about?" asked my father, who does not support tempestuousness.

"Politics," I told him, and he nodded, understandingly.

It irritated M. Kadir to settle price and his commission to no purpose, so I bought a number of things I had no use for, to mollify him, although the last purchase of this kind that I made—a tiny silver box engraved with the profile of Mohammed V—I bought to please the several Moroccans who were gathered about me, watching.

"How perfect for a souvenir of Morocco!" I said with enthusiasm. I spoke in English, for I'd discovered that one of the spectators understood it; immediately, he translated my remark into Arabic, for the others. They all nodded, pleased. "But how tiny! I wonder what ever it was made for."

"Hashish!" the English-speaking man said, triumphant at being of service.

My father had turned away from the shop, but now he stopped and came back. "*You birds smoke hashish?*"

Though the men couldn't have understood him, they nevertheless looked sheepish and picked over the counter merchandise evasively. But the man who spoke English stood up taller under his tarboosh and said, "Only, sir, the very *mildest* hashish."

"Let's find a café and have a cup of nice hot tea," I suggested hurriedly to my father.

A SHORT distance from the shop was the central plaza of the Kasbah—a bare, stone-paved hub from which the narrow streets went out like the spokes of a wheel—and it was toward this that we now walked, the newspaper-wrapped purchases divided fairly among us. There was a café at the plaza, and we sat down at a table in the sun and ordered three glasses of mint tea.

Across the way, an alley, steep and dark as a laundry chute, emptied into the plaza a steady procession of burros and shoppers, women for the most part—plump white bundles dressed in the traditional *djellaba* with the hood drawn close down over the brow and a veil concealing the lower face—carrying large black shopping bags. And from somewhere nearby a parrot came sailing over our heads, to land several

How now? Moo-oo Cow

Bovine in every detail—when pulled by her vinyl cord—she utters a long, low "moo-oo". Her head bobs and her tail swishes away. Of course it's by—

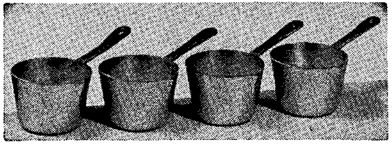
FISHER • PRICE toys

Manufacturers of sturdy-built, safety-first toys with amusing sounds and ingenious actions. Play-time tested by the (1-5) set and unanimously proclaimed-FUN!

$3.00
Higher West and Foreign

Look for this symbol. *It means outstanding value.*

FISHER • PRICE TOYS INC., East Aurora, N. Y.



"666"
INDIVIDUAL MELTED BUTTER PANS

Wonderful to use when serving artichokes, asparagus, lobster, etc.—ideal for salad dressing, jelly or nuts. Delightfully informal, each pan is 2" across, made of heavy copper lined with tin. Set of 4 gift boxed butter pans, **just $7.40.** Larger size for heating wine, 3¼" diameter, **$3.25 each.**

No C.O.D.'s please. Write for our complete folder on other "666" specialties.

Prepaid in the U.S.A.

Bazar Français EST 1877
666 SIXTH AVE. NEW YORK 10, N.Y.
between 20th & 21st Sts

The
RESTAURANT
on the
MOUNTAIN
SUFFERN, N.Y. • Exit 15
N.Y. State Thruway
"fine fare, fine atmosphere"
RESERVATIONS: Suffern 5-1500
MOTEL ON THE MOUNTAIN for overnight or longer

Wherever you are, there are
FISHER • PRICE TOYS

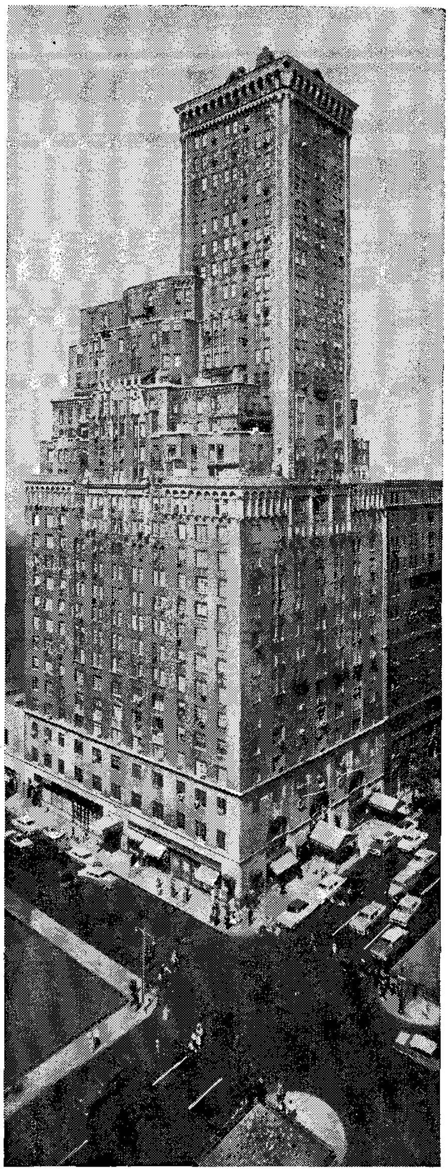
Brussels, Galeries Anspach • **Chicago**, Marshall Field • **Dallas**, Neiman-Marcus • **Detroit**, J. L. Hudson • **London**, Harrod's • **Los Angeles**, Robinson's • **Montreal**, Henry Morgan • **New York**, F.A.O. Schwarz • **Paris**, Bon Marche • **Philadelphia**, John Wanamaker • **Zurich**, Franz Carl Weber

ESSO RESEARCH works wonders with oil

Let it spray! New plastics stay fresh and soft!

Around your tub, around your windows, plastic curtains stay colorful and fresh, drape better, look better longer. Around you, plastic rainwear stays comfortably soft and pliable. Contributing to these qualities in many plastics is an oil-based ingredient developed by Esso Research. Better house-keeping... better car-keeping ...there's no end to the ways **ESSO RESEARCH** *works wonders with oil.*

Esso



Your own suite, always ready for your business friends or company executives. No bother or uncertainty about reservations. Furnished and serviced like a fine home ...2 or more roomy rooms with serving pantry...and you save on entertainment and expense accounts!

Details from Mr. Merrill N. Runk, Resident Manager.

The Smart HOTEL
Delmonico
...in the heart of Little New New York
59th STREET PARK AVE.

Park Avenue at 59th Street EL 5-2500

yards away in a puff of dust. It stood, shifting from foot to foot, until a woman ran toward it, trying to catch it, holding in front of her, like a net, a long-handled sponge; the bird squawked twice and took off. Almost at once, a hollow sound of cymbals rose from an alleyway to our right, and a small figure, striking together two big brass discs that flashed in the sun, stepped out into the plaza. He pranced up to us, the hood of his miniature *djellaba* fallen back free, as the men wear it, and presented the concave side of one cymbal for a coin, and we saw that he was a dwarf. My father did not look at him; he is too polite to look at anyone who has a marked deformity, and even when the dwarf made the cymbals crash right beneath his nose, he continued to stare, expressionless, straight ahead. The tiny man turned and looked at me then, alarm spreading slowly over his wide, wrinkled face. I laid a coin on his cymbal, and he walked quickly away.

The mint tea was brought and was so sweet that it tasted both sweet and sour. Nevertheless, I drank it gratefully.

"I have a friend," M. Kadir began—and I sighed—"who is able to take your photograph, very cleverly, and to transform it into postcards that you can send to your friends back in the United States. This all can be done while you and your *papá* sit here having your shoes shined by another friend of mine."

"No," I said.

"I have a friend," said M. Kadir, "who constructs bird cages, very lovely, in such a way they may be laid down flat in one's luggage. Very reasonable."

"What's he saying?" my father asked.

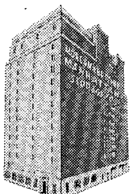
It was several seconds before I answered him; the task of translating M. Kadir had become increasingly irksome. "He was saying that if a man were to sit here in the Kasbah, at Tangier, through all eternity, sooner or later would appear everyone he'd ever known."

"He'd have to sit here longer than that if he's waiting for the people I know," said my father. He laughed.

"They're very deep, Arabs," I said.

But my father had stopped listening. He was staring at M. Kadir.

At my refusal of the bird cage, M. Kadir had slid down in his chair until his chin was almost level with the table, then, by shifting his hips, had writhed back up again. He stared all about him, wrapped his right leg round the left, clockwise, allowed it to untwist, then used it as the core round which he



EXTRA CARE IN
Moving
EXTRA KNOW-HOW IN
Packing
EXTRA FACILITIES FOR
Storage
AT NO EXTRA COST TO YOU!

Let a courteous, skilled expert come in and help you plan the most efficient and economical solution to your problems.

WEST SIDE WAtkins 9-1300
510-520 West 21st Street
New York, N.Y.

MORGAN AND BROTHER - the MANHATTAN STORAGE COMPANY, INC.

EAST SIDE LEhigh 5-9100
80th St. & Third Avenue • New York, N.Y.

FREE:
Write or phone for booklet on moving day short-cuts

STEREO AND MONAURAL HI FI COMPONENTS PRICED COMPETITIVELY CUSTOM DESIGNED INSTALLATIONS FREE HOME SURVEYS BY ASCO AUDIO ENGINEERS AVAILABLE LARGEST TAPE RECORDER SELECTION

ASCO SOUND
3rd FLOOR DEMONSTRATION STUDIO
115 West 45th St. • New York City

AFTER . . . THE BALL *begins!*
From "two on the aisle" to dancing in style . . . for a perfect ending to a perfect evening . . . smart New Yorkers make DANCE CITY one of THE after-theatre spots of the town . . . where everyone is the star of the party. You'll love every hour of it!

JIMMY PALMER & His Orch.
ARGUESO & his Latin Rhythms

Roseland DANCE CITY

SENSATIONALLY AIR-CONDITIONED

CONTINUOUS DANCING • 2 GREAT BANDS
EVENINGS EXCEPT MONDAY • MATINEES THUR. & SAT. • SUN. CONT. FROM 3:30

TERRACE RESTAURANT • BAR
52nd ST., WEST OF BROADWAY

wrapped his left leg, counterclockwise. He flung both arms back over the wire loops of the chair, where they swung and dangled for a moment, like the strings of a caught kite, before he threw himself forward onto his elbows and hid his face in his hands—all but his noble hawk nose, which jutted out from the network of brown fingers. Then, with a groan, he fell back again, limp.

One of my father's oldest and most unaccountable preoccupations is the fear that he may someday be witness to a fit. Because I had kept him ignorant of the racking cupidity whose present frustration was causing M. Kadir's anguish, he apparently thought that he had at last come face to face with that ordeal.

"It's all right, Daddy," I said, but he didn't even glance at me, thinking, no doubt, that I didn't grasp the situation.

At that moment, across the square, a blond, stocky couple in tweeds, wearing caps with green plastic visors, emerged from a shop, both carrying packages. They stood briefly, blinking in the sun, then turned, in silence and with the self-sufficiency of the dedicated shopper, and disappeared into the shop next door. They were without a guide.

M. Kadir saw them. He gave a soft whinny, leaped to his feet, and pitched forward, his hands smacking the tabletop, his chair teetering back on two legs. I grabbed it just in time.

"Watch out!" my father said, and pushed back *his* chair, though he kept a firm grip on the table's edge. "He's going over!"

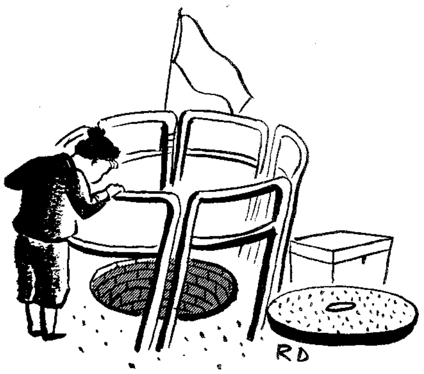
"It's all right! Please calm down!" I said, in English, then "It's all right! Please calm yourself!" in Spanish.

After a moment, my father let go of the table, and with both hands adjusted his beret. "What the hell's the matter with him?"

"What occurred?" asked M. Kadir. "Your *papá* is very nervous, no?"

"Nothing's the matter," I snapped at my father, and "We're *all* nervous," at M. Kadir.

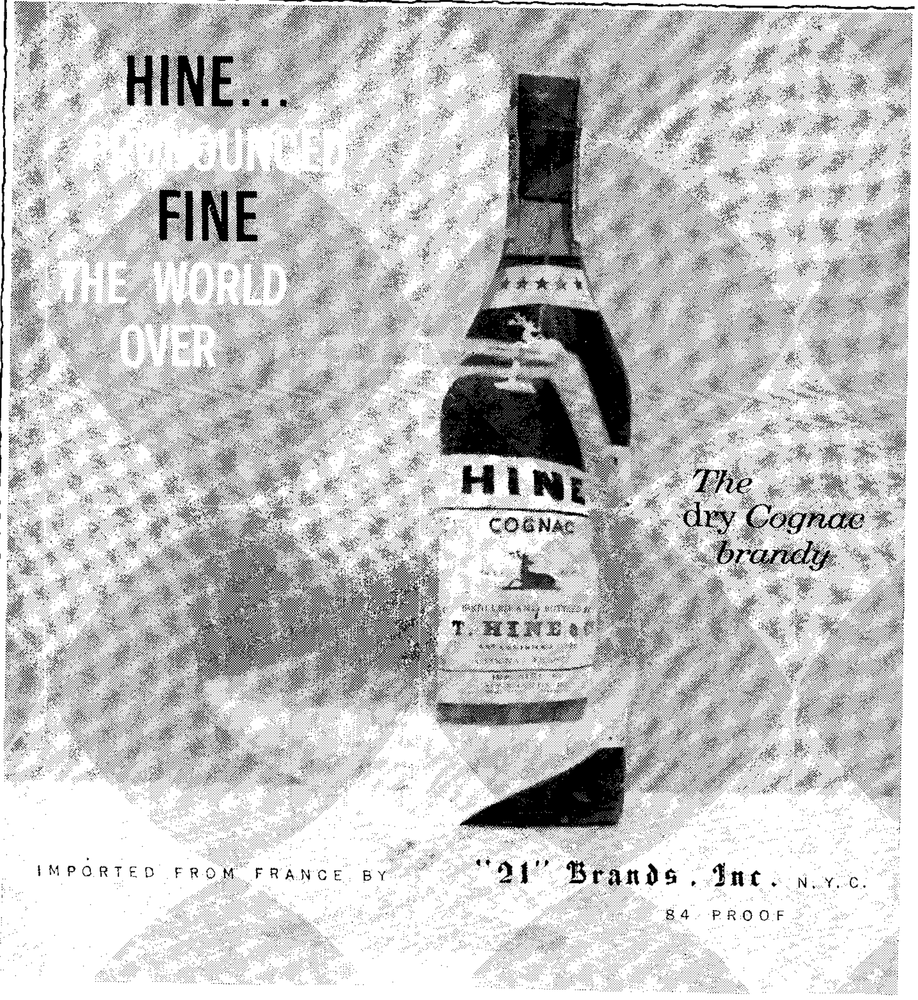
I stood up, dropped some bills on the table, picked up my share of the pack-



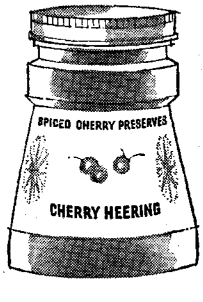
MIGHTY-MAC®
SPECIALIST IN OUTDOORWEAR

EVERY MAN'S A HERO... Out O'Gloucester, the warmest washable jackets ever to brave the storms. LITTLE HERO: hooded toggle-coat, "Stormboy," sizes 3 to 7, $19.95. BIG HERO: alpaca-collared "Jet-man," sizes 36 to 46, $24.95. Matching Toque $1.95. In new Tru-blue Zelan-treated fine combed cotton Sheen specially woven for outdoorwear by Reeves Bros., Inc., N. Y.—one of America's leading fabric mfgrs. At fine stores or write Mighty-Mac, Dept. 2, Gloucester, Mass.

REEVES



IMPORTED FROM FRANCE BY "21" Brands, Inc. N.Y.C.
84 PROOF



Ah, Sweet Music!

Spiced Cherry Heering Preserves

The Cherry Heering family, famed for liqueur, is making a rare and glorious preserve for us.

In business since the 1700's, these folks really know their cherries.

Theirs are huge and heart-shaped monsters . . . glossy black as the patent leather pumps in which we once caracoled in society's exclusive cotillions.

The flesh of these cherries is firm and luscious in flavor.

And while we do not like to alarm mothers in Southern states, truth compels us to admit that there is a minuscule amount of cherry liqueur —a mere dewdrop—in this preserve of royal lineage.

P. S. *Should your local stores not carry Gourmet Foods' delicacies, write us. We'll tell you "where" by return post.*

GENERAL FOODS

GENERAL FOODS GOURMET FOODS

GOURMET FOODS
White Plains, New York

ages, said "Come on" in English, then Spanish, and started walking up the street toward the car.

Back in the garage, when I paid M. Kadir his fee, he complained—this was not the amount we'd agreed on, we'd kept him overtime, other Americans tipped more—following me around while I tied the packages together with an extra piece of string and put them, and my raincoat, and my father's, in the trunk and locked it, and gave the car key to the garageman. First, M. Kadir spoke in Spanish, but when I ignored him, he switched to French, and, finally, to Arabic. He was still complaining (I assumed) in this language when my father and I left the garage and crossed the street to our hotel.

"What's the trouble now?" he asked me.

With M. Kadir paid off, I had myself in hand again. "No trouble," I answered. "That was an old traditional Arabic farewell and Godspeed. Arabs, you know, are especially nice to travellers."

IT rained during the night and was still raining early next morning when we took our *café complet* at a table overlooking the strait, its waters once more gray and choppy, so we decided to start south immediately. Well before nine o'clock, we were packed, had paid the hotel bill, and were in the garage—ready to go, except that, as we quickly discovered, a hook was missing from one of the straps that secured our luggage to the rack on top of the car.

"I could probably rig up something with a rope," my father said. "If we had a rope."

I had picked up the hookless end of the strap and was studying it; the cotton-wrapped elastic strands of the cord, to which the hook had been fastened by a simple eye splice, were not broken, or even frayed—only, it appeared, carefully unwoven.

Suddenly, the back end of the car dipped, and, in the murky light of the garage, I saw M. Kadir's head rise above the stacked luggage. He had mounted the rear bumper and, with frowning concentration, was readjusting one of our bags.

"*Buenos días, Señora.* How are you?"

"Well," I said.

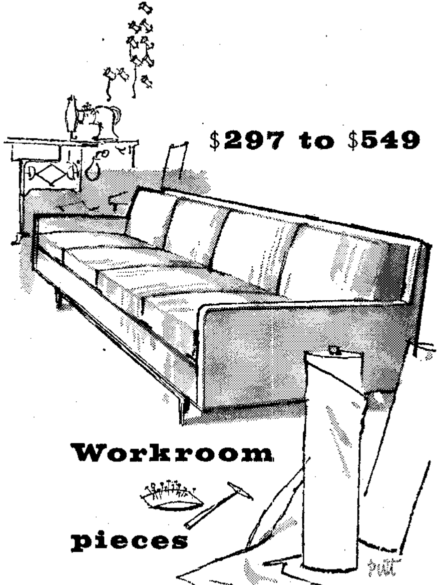
"And your *papá*?"

"The same."

"One hears you have a problem."

I didn't answer him.

"This thing here." He snapped the

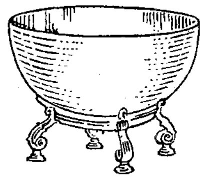


new york's SHOWCASE of GOOD DESIGN

Real honest-to-goodness custom made-for those few citizens who still value individuality, and care enough to want things made as carefully and as perfectly as is humanly possible! Sofa shown $489

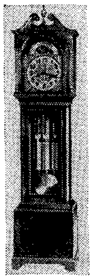
Maurice Villency

45 EAST 8th ST • LIVING • DINING • BEDROOM
MONDAY & THURSDAY til 9 • DAILY til 6:30 • GR 3-3218



English Silver
"George I" Bowl and Stand

ENSKO
INC.
682 LEXINGTON AVE., N.Y.



Visit our treasure house
of Antique Clocks & Watches

Gathered from the four corners of the globe to offer a unique selection of gifts for home or office.
Entrust your valued clock and watch repairs to our skilled craftsmen. All work is guaranteed.

Greenhill & Rogers
Clock & Watchmakers since 1848
670 Lexington Ave. • New York 22, N. Y.
MU 8-5282

Absinthe House

Specialties with the Flavor Distinctive of New Orleans

130 WEST 48 STREET
Res. CO 5-6571
Closed Sundays

cord. "It is broken, no?" and he turned it from side to side, studying it. "I have a friend, the owner of an auto, in this same garage, here, by coincidence, who has a binding cord almost the same. Permit me to sell it to you—very reasonable. Then I will repair this of yours for my friend. Good?"

I debated for several seconds before translating this for my father, being reluctant to go back in business with M. Kadir. But my father thought it was a good idea.

"We're lucky he happened by," he said.

When all was arranged, I paid the garageman, and tipped him, then I paid M. Kadir, and tipped him, too. Then we started off.

I turned south, down the Boulevard Louis Pasteur, toward the junction with the coastal route to Rabat. (The night concierge had found us a map, of sorts.) Now, a little after nine, the sidewalk tables, protected by awnings from the rain, all were occupied by people drinking small coffees and reading the newspaper, and several money-changers had hung out their blackboards, on which were chalked exchange rates.

"Good thing he was there, that guide of yours," my father said. "Nice helpful chap."

I simply could not bear it. "Well, *I* think he's absolutely *loathsome*," I said. "The only thing he thinks about is money!"

"He could think about worse things," my father said.

"But he's not honest! How do you think that hook got off?"

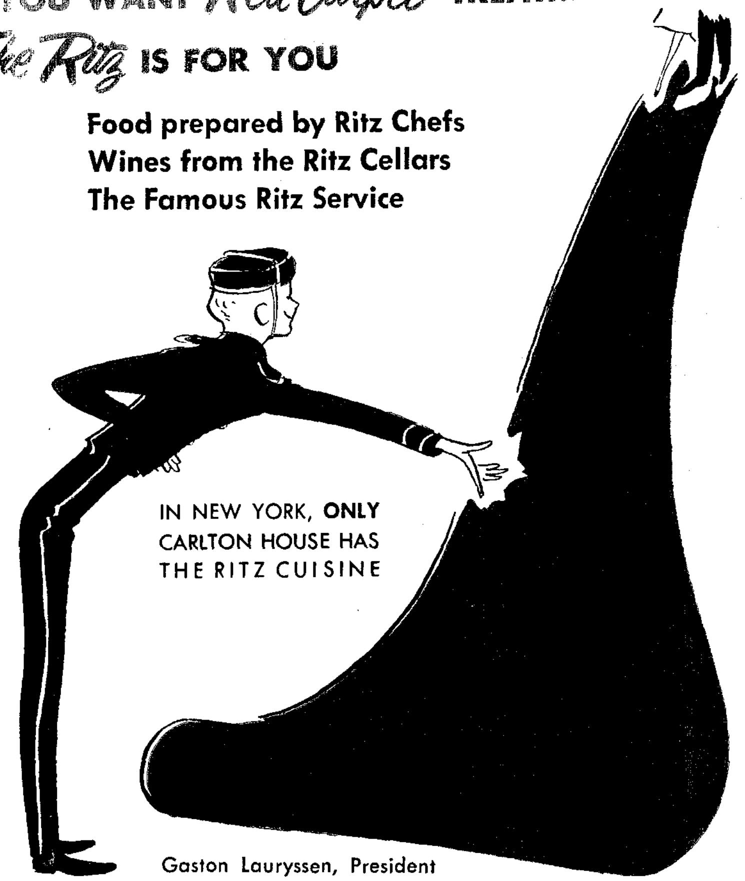
"To tell the truth, I wouldn't be surprised," said my father. He thought a minute. "That two-fifty we paid him for the rack strap must've represented about sixty per cent on that devil's original investment. Weekly. Run up to something like eight hundred per cent computed as a quarterly return, sixteen hundred per cent net gain on a biannual basis. *Annually*—"

"But it's not right!" I said, slowing to pull round a burro heaped with such an enormous load of hay that all of him visible was four tiny black hoofs and his black muzzle, dipping as he stepped. "After all, there's such a thing as ethics in this world!"

"*Right!*" my father said. "What's right? What's wrong? What's justice? I guess the fellow wants to stay alive! At least he's got a little get-up-and-go! He's got spunk!" He was beginning to sound annoyed. "He's not pap-fed! He don't stay parked on his damn fanny

IF YOU WANT Red Carpet TREATMENT
The Ritz IS FOR YOU

Food prepared by Ritz Chefs
Wines from the Ritz Cellars
The Famous Ritz Service



IN NEW YORK, ONLY
CARLTON HOUSE HAS
THE RITZ CUISINE

Gaston Lauryssen, President
Ritz-Carlton Hotel Company
Madison Avenue at Sixty-First Street, New York • TEmpleton 8-3000

CHAMPAGNE
Lanson

FRANCE'S FINEST
SINCE 1760

Lanson
Reims, France

There's only one question—can you afford it?

IMPORTED FROM FRANCE • SCHENLEY IMPORT CO., N. Y.

A GREAT RECORD ALBUM

JANE MORGAN
GREAT SONGS
FROM THE
GREAT SHOWS
OF THE
CENTURY

You are there . . . when Jane sings 29 Great Songs from these Great Shows of the Century . . .

CAROUSEL · The Band Wagon · BABES IN TOYLAND · The Red Mill · Can-Can · The Merry Widow · OKLAHOMA · The King and I · Pajama Game · Little Johnny Jones · Damn Yankees · The Girl from Utah · Kiss Me Kate · THE NEW YORKERS · Ziegfeld Follies of 1919 · MUSIC BOX REVIEW · MY FAIR LADY · Finian's Rainbow · Brigadoon · GUYS AND DOLLS · The Bells Are Ringing · Show Boat · Call Me Madame · South Pacific · Annie Get Your Gun

ON TWO 12″ LONG PLAYING RECORDS
KXL—5006 • STEREO KX-5006'S

KAPP
RECORDS

Send for long playing catalog, 136 E. 57 St., N.Y.C.

waiting for handouts from the government!"

He crossed his arms and looked out the window on his side, not saying anything more. I didn't speak, either, but looked out the window on my side.

Off to the left, fields of short, ochre-colored grass stretched out flat for miles before swelling up into round, boneless-looking hills of brassy green. In a field near the road, a camel grazed, her calf at her side, watching her eat. So even in Africa, I thought, where everything else is so different from home, the animals of the field still foal in April.

"I just saw a camel," I told my father. "Grazing like a cow. Just think, Daddy, our first camel!"

—CAROLYN MCCORMICK

•

THE RADIATOR

Think of thirteen
Triumphal arches
Equidistant
Behind each other,
Held apart
And held together
By pipework below
Each curving shoulder.
Think of the first
And last of these
As having carved feet
Like lions' claws,
And, screwed to the side
Of the final arch,
And off to one side,
A canelike pipe,
On top of which
Is a circular dial
Geared to a narrow
Arrow-finger.

Twisting the handle
This way and that,
Ancient paint
Having years ago
Covered the compass
Of its span,
We warm our hands
Upon the back—
Of this elephantine
Monument,
Whose certainly hollow,
Probably dark,
And possibly rusty
Interior
We never see.
Being by nothing
But warmth consoled,
We wait for its hissing
Cough and knock
To triumph again
Over the cold.

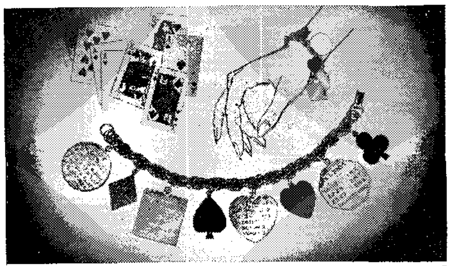
—HOWARD MOSS

A TRIBUTE TO YOUR TASTE!

SWEET OR DRY

TRIBUNO
EXTRA DRY
TRIBUNO
VERMOUTH

Cocktails made with
TRIBUNO
VERMOUTH
"21" Brands, Inc. NEW YORK, N.Y., SOLE AGENTS U.S.A.



GOREN'S BRIDGE BRACELET!

Goren is right on your wrist, with this lovely new 24-karat gold plate Bridge Bracelet. No fumbling in books, no embarrassing references to "notes"! Four chunky golden charms tell you, (on both sides) in easy-to-read raised letters, about point values, requirements for bids, response bidding, and so on. It's all there, just the way bridge expert Goren wrote it! Red and black enameled suit symbols add a nice touch of color. Attractive, and a life-saver at the bridge table! Order by mail $4.95 ppd. and tax incl.

$4.95 Ppd.

BRECK'S OF BOSTON RELIABLE SINCE 1818
EXCLUSIVELY FROM BRECK'S!
494 Breck Bldg. • BOSTON 10, Mass.

The Ultimate in Cantonese Cuisine
Open Daily for Luncheon, Cocktails and Dinner
860 3rd AVE. nr. 52nd ST.——EL 5-5096
The JADE PALACE

A Dining MUST in HOUSTON

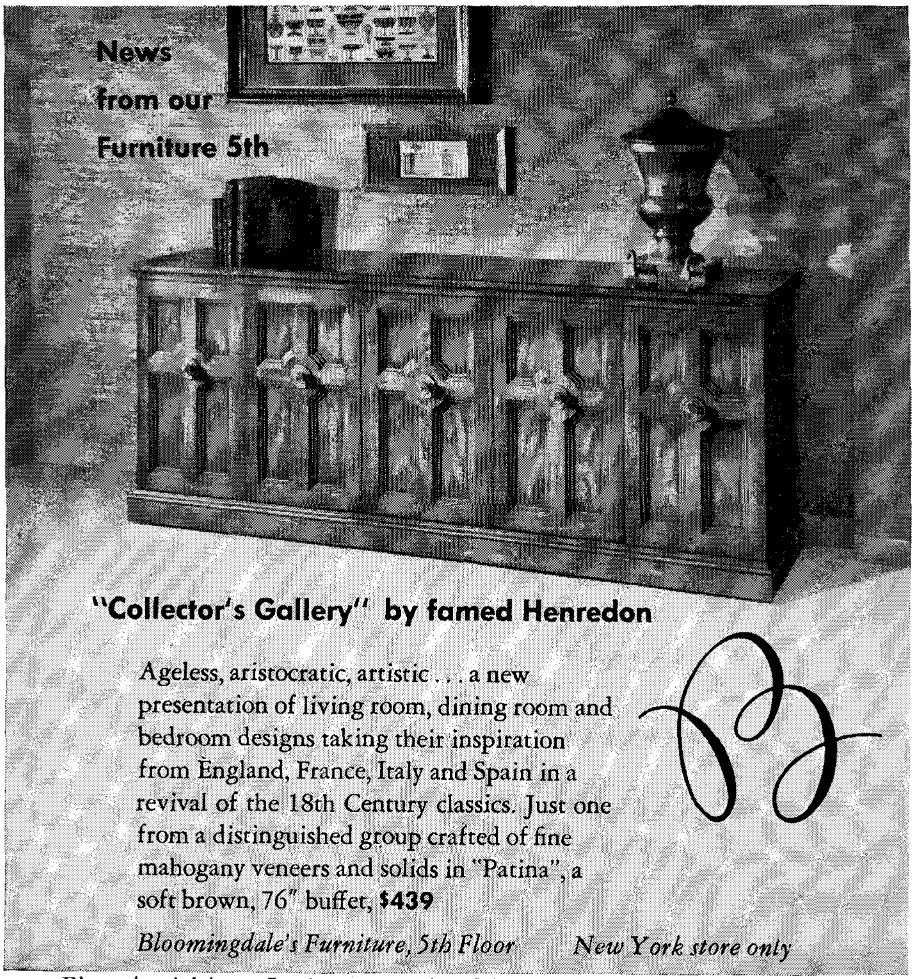
Ye Old College Inn
Ernest Coker—Your Host
Houston's Oldest Fine Restaurant
6545 South Main Houston, Texas

THE RACE TRACK

Champagne Bubbles

THERE may be a few arguments in paddocks and bars-and-grills about the Champagne Stakes at Belmont last weekend, and about some of the runners in it, but I think everyone will agree that First Landing, who won it, was the best—and the luckiest—horse in the race. He got away more slowly than he usually does, and didn't reach the leaders until half a mile was gone, and later on, with three furlongs of the mile left to go, he was faced with another tough task when the saddle began to slip under his rider, Arcaro. Despite this—and thanks to Arcaro's skill—he managed to take the lead and hold it through the stretch, coming in a neck ahead of California's celebrated Tomy Lee. Intentionally was third and Restless Wind, lengths behind, was fourth. Seldom has such a notable lot of colts been out for the famous old Champagne Stakes. Six of the ten starters had, among them, won all the leading stakes for two-year-olds in the East, the Middle West, and California. Intentionally, the winner of the Futurity, and Tomy Lee, a sturdy, old-fashioned-looking dark-brown colt with four white feet, were the first to show in front in the Champagne, but they were closely followed by Crafty Skipper, and he passed them on the backstretch. Halfway home, Intentionally took the lead again, but not for long, because Tomy Lee got out of hand and bumped him soundly, throwing him off stride. Immediately after the finish, there was a claim of foul, and an inquiry, and Intentionally was placed second and Tomy Lee third. I suppose there are those who believe that the bump cost Intentionally the race. Well, if First Landing's saddle hadn't slipped he'd have won from here to the corner.

Curiously, though the track was listed as fast, the time for the Champagne—1:39⅖—was only mediocre; in fact, Tomy Lee ran faster in a recent workout over a sloppy track, doing six furlongs in 1:12. I think Tomy Lee is a nice colt. As for Crafty Skipper, his fadeout puzzles me, and as for Restless Wind, I fancy he could do with some time off. All these colts will be out for the Garden State Stakes pot of gold in



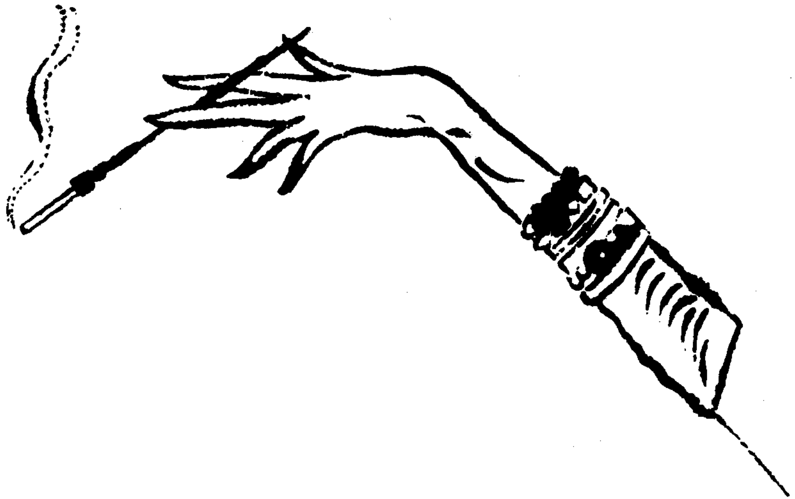
News
from our
Furniture 5th

"Collector's Gallery" by famed Henredon

Ageless, aristocratic, artistic . . . a new presentation of living room, dining room and bedroom designs taking their inspiration from England, France, Italy and Spain in a revival of the 18th Century classics. Just one from a distinguished group crafted of fine mahogany veneers and solids in "Patina", a soft brown, 76" buffet, **$439**

Bloomingdale's Furniture, 5th Floor *New York store only*

Bloomingdale's • Lexington at 59th, New York 22, N. Y. • EL 5-5900



people of interest...

...find that our food interests them! For here is atmosphere that speaks elegance ...authentic French cuisine that brings Paris to your palate...exquisite wines... the music of whispering violins...cocktails at the Galerie Pompadour...a magnificent meal with fine, continental service and grace. Luncheon • Cocktails • Dinner

CAFE LOUIS XIV
15 West 49th Street at Rockefeller Center
"People of interest find that our food interests them"

"Hi! Long time no see."

"Seems like yesterday we had a drink together."

"Hear what they're saying?"

"Nope, what?"

"Say people will some day be enjoying that wonderful, that delicious Old-World flavored beer called Prior."

"When?"

"Matter of 10,000,000 years—give or take a million."

"Wow! Sounds like a beer worth waiting for."

"You should live so long."

"Man, I sure should!"

Today Prior Beer—brewed in small quantities—is yours to enjoy. You'll relish its distinctive flavor—so rich, so full-bodied, so "Old-World" in taste. Just say the word, and the word is—

prior BEER

The New-World Beer with the Old-World Flavor

ADAM SCHEIDT BREWING COMPANY • NORRISTOWN, PA.

Jersey a week from Saturday. It goes without saying that First Landing will be everybody's favorite. He's mine, too.

SPEAKING of dollars, the Arlington and Washington Park Futurities at Chicago will both be worth $200,000 next year. The colt who can bring off that double, as Restless Wind did this summer, will have a fair start toward paying his feed bills.

IF you ask me, Khalita may be the best of the two-year-old fillies. She certainly stood her opposition on its ears in the Demoiselle Stakes early in the week, winning eased up from Rich Tradition. In addition to having speed and an effortless way of going, she is beautifully made—provided you don't look at her from the wrong side. If you do, you'll see that she has a blemish—a bony growth on one of her hind legs. This, of course, is the reason W. N. Modglin got her for only $5,200 at the California yearling sales. Since then, she's earned $84,242 in purses. A trainer remarked the other day, "I wouldn't mind if a couple of my fillies had hind legs like that."

ANOTHER fine performance at Belmont last week was Warhead's in the Manhattan Handicap. He led from start to finish of the mile and a half, beating such older runners as Clem and Eddie Schmidt. . . . And Neji is in form again. The other afternoon, he won the Grand National Steeplechase, carrying a hundred and seventy-three pounds, no less, and setting a track record of 6:06 for the three miles and a furlong. Now, I'm told, he'll be sent abroad, and if he trains well in England, he'll have a go at the Cheltenham Gold Cup—a close second in prestige to the Liverpool Grand National. Good as he is, this may be a large, large order. To win at Cheltenham, a horse must be able to gallop well both uphill and downhill—something that Neji has never tried. I hope he makes it.

ROUND TABLE won the Hawthorne Gold Cup in Chicago last Saturday, and his share of the purse brought his earnings to $1,336,364, putting him at the top of the money-winners, well ahead of Nashua. That's what the Kerr Stable, which owns him, has been running him for all season. Swoon's Son, who is trying for a mere million, didn't make it. He ran second.

—AUDAX MINOR

The Maisonette

Constance
Moore
and her songs

MILT SHAW and his
Orchestra and the
Ray Bari Ensemble

HOTEL St. Regis
Fifth Ave. at 55th St.
a la carte Theatre Dinner 6 to 8 P. M.
(no entertainment tax)

MENEMSHA BAR

The salty tang and romance of Martha's Vineyard and this snug fisherman's harbor — New York's most fascinating bar and cocktail lounge. *Excellent Dining Facilities*

130 East 57th St.,
New York

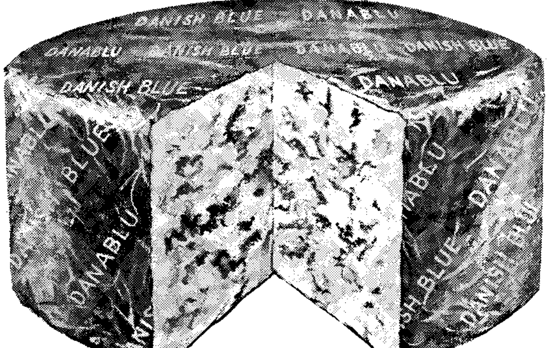
RENT
a foreign or American car!
KONNER U-DRIVE
in Miami: TUxedo 7-7559
in New York
Circle 5-2970

AMERICA'S FOREMOST SEAFOOD HOUSE
The ONE and ONLY
King of the Sea
and his Royal Family of Fish
YOUR HOST, ADOLPH FLASHNER
3rd Ave., near 53rd St.
AIR CONDITIONED • EL 5-9309

MUSICAL EVENTS

The Master's Touch

AFTER composing his masterpiece, "Der Rosenkavalier"—certainly one of the dozen perfect operas in existence—Richard Strauss could scarcely have been expected ever to duplicate so magnificent a feat, and, of course, he did not. His subsequent operas have never attained a comparable hold over public affection. Some of them, like "Die Frau ohne Schatten" and "Die Aegyptische Helena," were bedevilled by unconvincing or nearly unintelligible librettos. Others, like "Ariadne auf Naxos" and "Capriccio," were rather slight from the dramatic standpoint, and had the character of little musico-philosophical essays, rather than of full-scale operas. The wonderful and complicated machinery of his scoring remained, and even evolved, but the robust lyric inspiration of his earlier work seemed to be dying out, and for a long time the idea was prevalent that Mr. Strauss had shot his bolt and was spending his old age refining his style to the point of straight artifice. There is undoubtedly some truth to this idea. Yet, as his later operas become better known to us through occasional performances, it is more and more obvious that nearly all of them bear the mark of a supreme master, and though we may quibble about their triviality or dramatic weakness, there is always enough purely musical fascination about them to absorb the attention of an audience. The superb lyric gift found in "Der Rosenkavalier" may show itself only intermittently, but the prodigious virtuosity in vocal and orchestral writing—a virtuosity unmatched by any composer since Richard Wagner—is still there, and is still capable of astounding one by its sheer inventiveness and exuberance. These later works are extremely complex—so complex that they make tremendous demands on the listener—and the music sometimes appears to be too intricate for the rather slender dramatic ideas that it clothes. Strauss, in his later years, seems to have been engaged in pressing the resources of harmonic modulation to a point just this side of abstract musical nonsense, but, unlike many a composer of his era (Schoenberg, for instance), he never

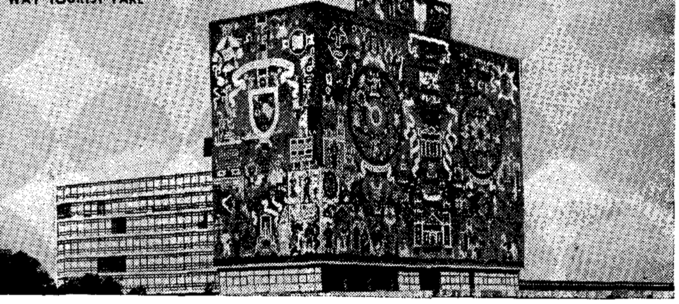


PENNIES...
the difference between
a good cheese and the
world's finest...

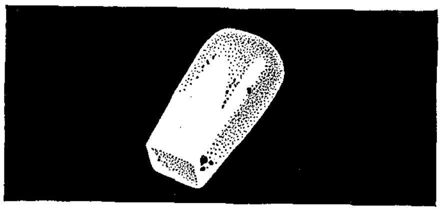
There's no other cheese quite like *real* Danish Blue*. Its unique flavor is more zesty...its creamy goodness more full-bodied...and its tang more piquant. One taste will convince you that this is the finest the continent offers. Be sure you get *genuine*, imported Danish Blue—and you'll agree it's worth a few pennies more.

*Danablu

DANISH BLUE CHEESE
DENMARK CHEESE ASSOCIATION
Free Recipe Booklet. Write P.O. Box 1279, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N.Y.



New York - Mexico
AERONAVES
Featuring the jet-prop Britannias
The only daily non-stop flights at $104*
See your local Travel Agent or call:
AERONAVES DE MEXICO
500 Fifth Avenue • New York 36, N. Y. • BRyant 9-9700
*ONE WAY TOURIST FARE



WHITE SHOE PEG CORN

A delicacy so uncommon few have had the good fortune to taste it

IF YOU have ever dined in New Orleans or Baltimore, you may remember the Country Gentleman white corn prized for generations in those citadels of *gastronomie.*

Well, recently a distinguished new representative of this variety has come to market. These crisp whole kernels are singularly different from other corn.

Their shape is tall and slender. Hence the name "shoe peg", acquired in bygone days when cobblers actually used tiny pegs to fasten fine shoes together.

As you might surmise, their flavor is something quite special, too. The taste of these tender white kernels will prove to be an authentic epicurean revelation.

Naturally, you would hardly expect corn like this to be overly plentiful. For one thing, it comes from special seed developed through hundreds of breedings. Then, too, this seed is planted only in certain uniquely favored acres.

But the more knowledgeable food shops now have a modest quantity of this delicacy. Le Sueur Brand shoe peg white corn. May we respectfully urge that you try it soon?

LE SUEUR
SHOE PEG
WHITE CORN
VERY YOUNG WHOLE KERNELS
GREEN GIANT COMPANY

LE SUEUR
BRAND
Shoe Peg White CORN
VACUUM PACKED

P.S. Try Le Sueur Brand peas, too. Very young, very tender, very much like the celebrated *petits pois* of France.

Green Giant Company, headquarters, Le Sueur, Minnesota
"Le Sueur" Brand Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. ©GGCo.

crossed the line, and though one sometimes gasps at his flights toward the atonal penumbra, one finds, on examination, that all of what he wrote falls within the traditions of musical meaning.

"The Silent Woman," an opera composed in 1935 and given its first American performance by the New York City Opera Company at the City Center last week, is a case in point. It has a moderately amusing libretto, tailored by Stefan Zweig from a farce by Ben Jonson, and employs the age-old theme (used in Donizetti's "Don Pasquale" and elsewhere) of the doddering ancient who wants to get married, marries a young girl, finds his marriage intolerable, and then, to his great relief, discovers that the marriage was a hoax perpetrated by the girl and her young lover. The other details, including the machinations of a Figaro-like barber, the antics of an itinerant opera company to which the young couple belong, and a great deal of miscellaneous horseplay, need not concern us here. It is all very conventional stuff; indeed, it is scarcely more than a mishmash of stock operatic characters and situations of the kind that derive originally from the *commedia dell' arte*, and, taken by itself, would probably be more than slightly tedious.

But, despite its carpentered and commonplace dramatic framework, "The Silent Woman" comes to life, and it does so entirely because of the intellectual fascination and the occasional eloquence that are injected into it by Strauss's genius. Everywhere the score bristles with the sort of busy, subtle, and complicated hilarity that was his specialty, and with evidences of his uncanny instinct for setting lines of dialogue as naturally as if they were real conversation. His sense of musical characterization gives the rather stilted figures of the drama a psychological significance far beyond anything that the libretto implies. Here and there, as in the trio at the end of Act II, when the young lovers sing to each other over the sighs and groans of the old man, who is behind the door of an adjoining room, the Strauss of the earlier operas reappears in moments of really inspired melody. The ensembles, while perhaps not up to his finest ones, could have been written only by him, and the ingratiating vocal hurdles set for the singers have the peculiar gallantry and affection for the art of spectacular singing that have all but disappeared from opera since his time.

The New York City Opera Com-

Superbly created for exotic dining, our savory South Sea Island food is as delightfully appetizing as our air conditioned atmosphere is pleasingly refreshing.

TRADER VIC'S
ENTRANCE 7 EAST 58th STREET
Open daily including Sunday
Luncheon, Cocktails, Dinner, Supper
THE SAVOY HILTON
For reservations call:
ELdorado 5-2600

TICKETS NOW AT BOX-OFFICE OR BY MAIL!
SPENCER TRACY
Ernest Hemingway's
PULITZER AND NOBEL PRIZE-WINNING STORY
THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA
From Warner Bros. in WARNERCOLOR
ALL SEATS RESERVED
▶PRICES ALL SHOWS (EXCEPT WED. MAT.)
ORCHESTRA & LOGE $2.50 BALCONY $1.80
WED. MAT ORCH & LOGE $1.80 BALC $1.50
▶EVERY EVENING AT 8:40 P M.
MATS. WED., SAT., SUN & HOLS. AT 2:30 P M
EXTRA SHOW SAT SUN & HOLS AT 5 P M
CHILDREN (under 12) ½ PRICE at all times
CRITERION
Broadway & 45th St. • JUdson 2-1795-6
For Theatre Parties and groups, phone Circle 6-1024.

NASSAU in the BAHAMAS
PILOT HOUSE CLUB
Informal club átmosphere. Beautiful private pool and patio, nearby Beach Club. Air-conditioned rooms & suites.
Write for color folder
PILOT HOUSE CLUB
P.O. Box 1216, Nassau, Bahamas
or see your travel agent
N. Y. Office, 40 W. 55 St. N. Y. 19
JU 6-3070

"Serving Chinese Food as you like it."
BILL CHAN'S
GOLD COIN
994 2nd AVE. at 53rd St. • PL 8-1251

pany's production, while spirited and praiseworthy from every point of view, did not always succeed in projecting the opera's musical details with maximum ease, for these details are so taxing that they would challenge the vocal and orchestral resources of the finest opera company that can be imagined. Joan Carroll, in the role of the young heroine, for example, had a few inaccurate moments—which was not at all surprising considering the formidable difficulties of her part—and the orchestra would have sounded better if it had been larger. But the staging, by Margaret Webster, was exceedingly adroit; the conducting, by Peter Herman Adler, was crisp and authoritative; and, altogether, it may be said that the work made its American début decently enough. Among the individual performances, the outstanding ones, to me, were those of Paul Ukena, an experienced *farceur*, in the role of the barber, and John Alexander, a really first-rate tenor, who sang the role of the young hero quite brilliantly. I doubt whether "The Silent Woman" will ever become part of the standard operatic repertoire. Its technical difficulties are too severe for any but the finest troupes to tackle, and a merely routine performance of it would result in the loss of the subtlety and polish that it must have to be at all effective. It is greatly to the New York City Opera Company's credit that it managed, with limited resources, to put it on so well.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

CONCERT RECORDS

A Study in Contrasts

TWO musical dramas new to records—"Vanessa" and "The Play of Daniel"—have recently been brought out, the first by Victor and the second by Decca. "Vanessa," which received its world première only last January, at the Metropolitan Opera House, sounds a bit old-fashioned, I'm afraid, but "The Play of Daniel," which was set down during the twelfth century, hasn't aged a day.

As for "Vanessa," it is, as everybody knows, Samuel Barber's first opera—the musical investiture of a libretto by Gian-Carlo Menotti. An immediate success, it won this year's Pulitzer Prize for music and has already, in its first year, had a considerable number of performances, here and abroad. Oddly, however, it has suffered some critical reverses within that year; for example, the consensus now seems to be that "Vanessa" doesn't real-

JUSTERINI & BROOKS

Charles Dickens was an eminent patron of Justerini & Brooks who have been purveyors of fine wines and spirits for over two centuries. Today this celebrated house is famous for a standard of quality that has brought good cheer and good fellowship to every corner of the world. Try the famous J & B Rare Scotch, of flavour unsurpassed.

Pennies more in cost
Worlds apart in quality

JUSTERINI
J&B
RARE
SCOTCH WHISKY

J&B RARE SCOTCH WHISKY
86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky

Imported by
THE PADDINGTON CORP.,
630 Fifth Avenue,
New York 20

STEREO
FONOGRAFS BY WEBCOR

Now hear music just as the composer would like you to hear it!

Superb Webcor stereo music literally *duplicates* the original. Choose a new 1959 Webcor console from an impressive array of beautiful period and contemporary designs. Webcor 18th Century Stereo-Fidelity Radio-Fonograf (above), about $450. Matching Stereo Mate IV external amplifier-speaker system, about $125. Visit your Webcor dealer's showroom now!

STEREO MUSIC SOUNDS BETTER ON A WEBCOR!

The New Musical
DON AMECHE ELAINE STRITCH
in
Goldilocks
MAIL ORDERS FILLED—Eves.: $9.90, 8.05, 5.00, 4.60, 3.50, 3.00. Mats. Wed. & Sat. $6.90, 4.80, 3.50, 3.00, 2.50. Tax Incl.
LUNT-FONTANNE, 205 W. 46 St. JU 6-5555

"Drama On A Big Scale!" —ATKINSON, Times
HELEN HAYES ERIC PORTMAN
KIM STANLEY BETTY FIELD in the
Eugene O'Neill
A TOUCH OF THE POET
Directed by HAROLD CLURMAN
MAIL ORDERS FROM JAN. 1. Eves: $7.50, 5.75, 4.60, 3.45, 2.90. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30. Tax Incl.
HELEN HAYES TH., 210 W. 46 St. CI 6-6380

Limited Engagement!
"ALFRED LUNT LYNN FONTANNE TRIUMPH IN 'THE VISIT'" —ATKINSON, Times
MAIL ORDERS FILLED—Eves.: $6.90, 5.75, 4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $4.80, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30. Tax Incl.
MOROSCO THEATRE, 217 W. 45 St. CI 6-6230

LOOK HOMEWARD, ANGEL
PULITZER PRIZE 1958 and DRAMA CRITICS CIRCLE AWARD
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40—Air-Cond.
BARRYMORE Theatre, 243 W. 47th St., N.Y.

BROADWAY'S TOP PRIZE HITS!

THE MUSIC MAN
DRAMA CRITICS CIRCLE AWARD BEST MUSICAL 1958
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30. Air-Cond.
MAJESTIC Theatre, 245 W. 44th St., N.Y.
NATIONAL COMPANY (THE MUSIC MAN): SAN FRANCISCO, Cal. • Curran Theatre • Beg. Oct. 23

ly find full musical expression until near the end, when a dreamily agreeable quintet asserts itself and continues through almost half the last act. The recording offers the original cast, under the direction of Dimitri Mitropoulos, who also directed the première, and as I listened to it, the arguments for and against "Vanessa" seemed very sharply defined, and the reasons for its ready acceptance into the Metropolitan's repertory (it is the first full-length American opera to be introduced there in a quarter of a century) more understandable. To appreciate this acceptance, one must remember that the Met is, as many people have pointed out, primarily a musical museum—a repository of the major works of the past. The big house responds only faintly to the stirrings of contemporary operatic forces; wrapped in tradition, it exists in a lost world of pageantry and grandeur (or mere grandiloquence, at times), in which the heroes and heroines are usually people of high estate caught up in tempestuous circumstances. (There are, of course, some substantial exceptions.) Under these conditions, Menotti demonstrated a shrewd awareness of values by cooking up a story that is set, vaguely, "in a northern country, the year about 1905," and that deals with the idle rich. As simply as this, he provided for sumptuous costumes and settings, as well as for the air of romantic unreality that we are accustomed to find in most grand opera. Unfortunately—probably because of his very detachment—he also studded the scene with stereotypes: the bumbling, kindly Old Doctor, a family friend who realizes that he is a failure; the understanding major-domo; the pathetic ingenue, Erika, who gets all the worst of it; the handsome and slightly untrustworthy stranger, Anatol; and the extravagantly romantic Vanessa herself, ready to risk all for love. Added to these is an enigmatic figure, the Old Baroness, who stolidly—and silently, for the most part—observes the reckless carryings on. The result of all this careful planning is a completely synthetic story, in which, to make matters worse, the heroine never manages to engage our sympathies.

Barber has clothed the text—and, by the way, it is skillfully enough put together, within the limitations I have mentioned—with impressive craftsmanship. A master of the orchestra, he keeps his instruments busy trying to work up an excitement that is never really present, and he also writes flatteringly for voice—a welcome achievement all by itself. But the score is flaccid, lack-

LA PLUME DE MA TANTE
a new musical revue direct from Paris (in English)
OPENS TUES. EVG. NOV. 11
Mail Orders Now
Prices: Evgs. Orch. $7.50; Mezz. $5.75; Balc. $4.80, 3.80, 2.90. First Mat. Thurs. Nov. 13, thereafter Wed. & Sat. Orch. $4.80; Mezz. $4.30; Balc. $3.80, 2.90, 2.00. (Tax Incl.) Opening Orch. sold out. Balc. $3.80, 2.90, 2.00. New Year's Eve. Orch. $9.20; Mezz. $7.50; Balc. $6.90, 4.80, 3.80. Special Holiday Mats. Thurs. Nov. 27, Thurs. Dec. 25 and Tues. Dec. 30.
ROYALE THEATRE 242 West 45th St.

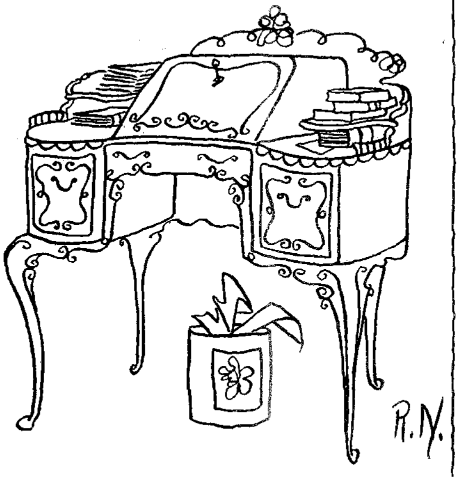
THE WORLD OF SUZIE WONG
MAIL ORDERS FILLED
Evs. ($2.90, 3.45 sold out) $4.05, 4.60, 5.75, 6.90; Mats Wed. & Sat. ($2.30 sold out) $2.90, 3.45, 4.05, 4.60.
BROADHURST THEA. 44th St. W. of B'way

"DEEPLY MOVING!" —Atkinson, Times
The Theatre Guild and Dore Schary present
RALPH BELLAMY
SUNRISE AT CAMPOBELLO
by DORE SCHARY
MARY FICKETT • HENRY JONES
ANNE SEYMOUR
GRACE ALBERTSON RONI DENGEL
and ALAN BUNCE
Directed by VINCENT J. DONEHUE
PRICES: Evgs.: Orch. & Boxes $6.90; Mezz. $5.75, 4.60; Balc. $3.45, 2.90. Wed. & Sat. Mats.: Orch. & Boxes $4.60; Mezz. $4.05, 3.45, 2.90; Balc. $2.30. Tax Included.
CORT THEA. 138 W. 48 St.

"WONDERFULLY FUNNY!" Kerr, Her. Trib.
DAVID WAYNE VIVIAN BLAINE JOHNNY DESMOND
in say, darling
ANTA, W. 52nd St. Mats. Wed. & Sat. CI 6-6270

ing any personality until that final act, and even there, I regret to say, Barber reveals a mind concerned more with the philosophy of human behavior than with its actuality. The musical substance of the quintet is pretty but sentimental, and despite Barber's resourceful exploitation of its merits through the five voices, it hasn't much more emotional thrust than a popular song. Repeated hearings of the recording, in which all the orchestral details and most of the vocal ones are set forth with admirable clarity, reinforce the opinion that the opera is, for all its sweep and style, a stillborn thing. Heard in the leading roles are Eleanor Steber, as Vanessa; Nicolai Gedda, as Anatol; Rosalind Elias, as Erika; Giorgio Tozzi, as the Old Doctor; and Regina Resnik, as the Old Baroness. They are all in first-rate voice, Tozzi and Gedda turning in particularly good jobs, and the orchestra is splendid. The only real shortcoming is that Miss Steber is unintelligible a good part of the time.

"THE PLAY OF DANIEL," a little gem occupying a single long-playing record, was created from the Biblical tale eight hundred years ago by the students of the Cathedral of Beauvais, who must have been an engaging lot. The music was recently uncovered in the British Museum, notated in an ancient system that gave sparse information but, as it happily developed, sufficient to permit reconstruction of the work—a task performed with remarkable diligence and expertness by Father Rembert Weakland, an American Benedictine. Last January (at about the same time, come to think of it, that "Vanessa" was making its big splash at the Met), the New York Pro Musica, under the direction of Noah Greenberg, performed the work at the Cloisters, after a great deal of preparation, including the borrowing of some ancient mu-



2 Gala Days of Racing...

UNITED HUNTS at

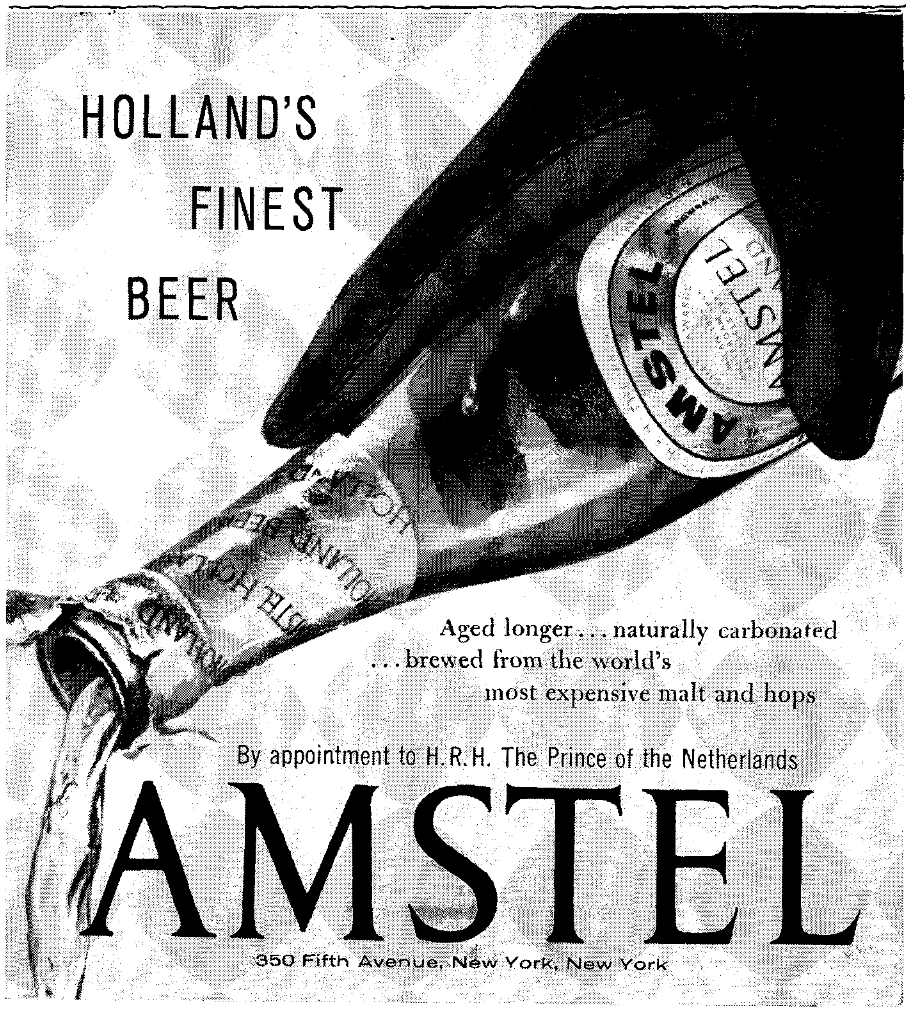
BELMONT PARK

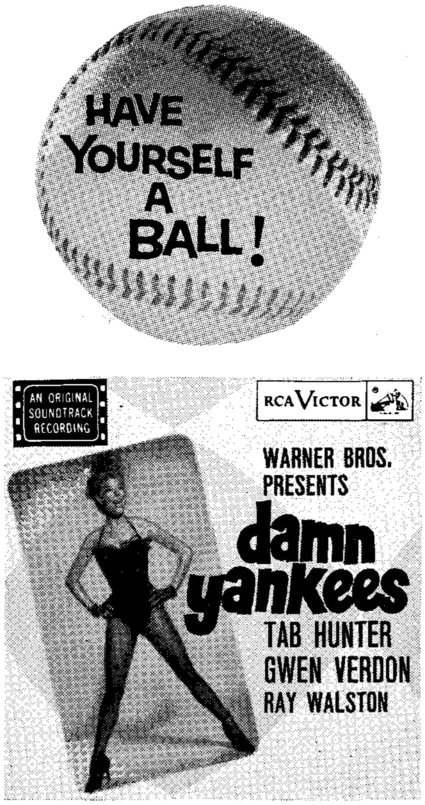
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 21
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 22

Pari-Mutuels

World's Richest Steeplechase
$50,000 added GWATHMEY
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 22

DAILY DOUBLE CLOSES 1:05 P.M.
First Race 1:15 PM—General Admission $1.95 (tax incl.)
RESERVED SEATS DAILY
SPECIAL TRAINS: Leave Penn. Sta. from 10:45 AM and Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn, from 10:35 AM SUBWAY: 6th and 8th Ave. Lines to Parsons Blvd. Sta. Bus to Track.
PLENTY OF PARKING SPACE

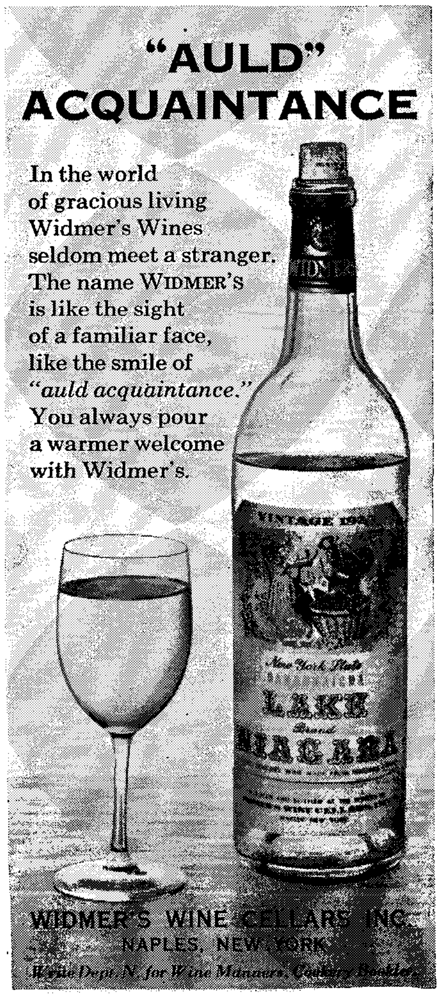

HOLLAND'S
FINEST
BEER
AMSTEL
Aged longer . . . naturally carbonated . . . brewed from the world's most expensive malt and hops
By appointment to H.R.H. The Prince of the Netherlands
AMSTEL
350 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York



AN ORIGINAL MOVIE SOUNDTRACK RECORDING

All the wonderful songs from the hit musical "Damn Yankees", including Gwen Verdon's special treatment of Whatever Lola Wants. Available in regular L. P. and new "Living Stereo" records.

RCA VICTOR
Tmk(s)® RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA



"AULD" ACQUAINTANCE

In the world
of gracious living
Widmer's Wines
seldom meet a stranger.
The name WIDMER'S
is like the sight
of a familiar face,
like the smile of
"auld acquaintance."
You always pour
a warmer welcome
with Widmer's.

WIDMER'S WINE CELLARS INC.
NAPLES, NEW YORK
Write Dept. N for Wine Manners, Cookery Booklet.

sical instruments and the reproduction of others. The same group brings it to us now on the record. "The Play of Daniel" is simplicity itself. Employing the various musical modes in use at the time, the Beauvais students retell the delightful story with directness, purity, and feeling. Not a word is wasted. When, for example, Daniel is thrust into the pit with the lions, the deed is accomplished in an instant, and in the next instant his protecting angel is there with a sword. And some pleasant, forgotten simplicities reappear, as when Daniel's traducers, failing in their plot to have him done away with, are themselves consigned to the pit, and promptly declare, "We suffer justly, for we have sinned," whereupon they are consumed by the lions. If all this sounds somewhat naïve, let me assure you that it is also disarming in its melodiousness and honesty. Though the work is not one of great importance, aside from its historical interest, I must say that it is like a breath of fresh air reaching us uncontaminated across the centuries.

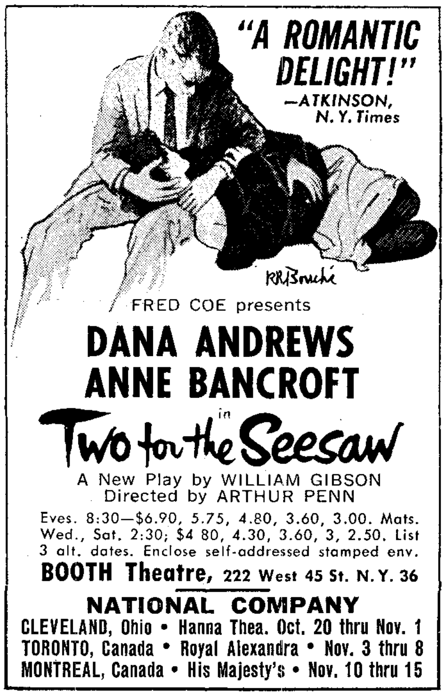
NOW for a brief mention of a couple of other recent releases. Mahler's Symphony No. 2 is beautifully set forth by Bruno Walter, the New York Philharmonic, and assorted vocal forces, on two Columbia records. The composition seems as windy as ever, but the affectionate performance is difficult to resist. . . . Another Columbia recording offers "Hello Out There," a chamber opera derived, with winning straightforwardness, by Jack Beeson from William Saroyan's curiously touching one-act play of that name. Beeson has been too modest to transform the play into a personal work of art, but his product at least has the virtue of sincerity. Moreover, it can be readily sung, and, finally, it reacquaints us with one of Saroyan's more appealing theatre efforts. It is adequately performed by John Reardon, baritone; Leyna Gabriele, soprano; Marvin Worden, tenor; and the Columbia Chamber Orchestra, under Frederic Waldman. —DOUGLAS WATT

•

IMPORTANT STYLE CHANGE

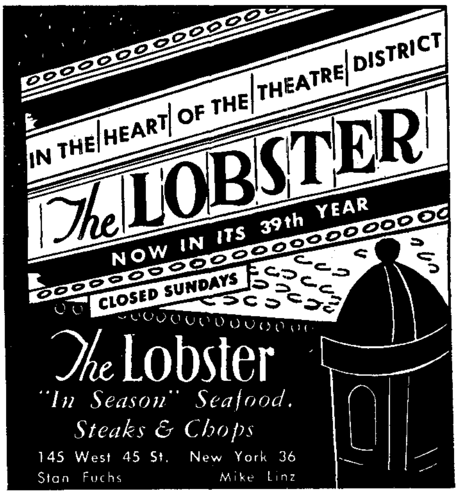
Effective Monday, Sept. 29, the News-Journal style book will be changed to provide a single space between the elements of the name Du Pont. The old style, DuPont, will no longer apply. With the exception of spacing, style remains the same. There is no change with respect to capitalization.—*Notice posted in the offices of the News-Journal Company, Wilmington, Delaware.*

Wait for the next directors' meeting, Buster.



FRED COE presents
DANA ANDREWS
ANNE BANCROFT
in
Two for the Seesaw
A New Play by WILLIAM GIBSON
Directed by ARTHUR PENN
Eves. 8:30—$6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60, 3.00. Mats. Wed., Sat. 2:30; $4 80, 4.30, 3.60, 3, 2.50. List 3 alt. dates. Enclose self-addressed stamped env.
BOOTH Theatre, 222 West 45 St. N.Y. 36
NATIONAL COMPANY
CLEVELAND, Ohio • Hanna Thea. Oct. 20 thru Nov. 1
TORONTO, Canada • Royal Alexandra • Nov. 3 thru 8
MONTREAL, Canada • His Majesty's • Nov. 10 thru 15

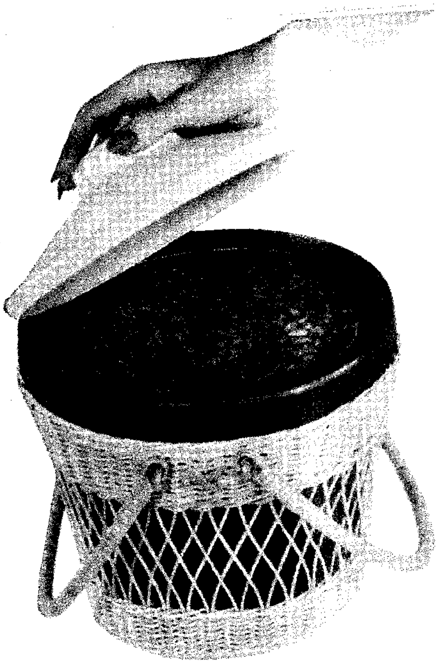
"ONE OF THE BEST MUSICALS OF THE CENTURY!"—ATKINSON, Times
EDWARD SALLY ANN
MULHARE • HOWES
IN AMERICA'S GREATEST MUSICAL
My Fair Lady
with
RONALD RADD
REGINALD DENNY
MARK HELLINGER, 51 St. W. of B'y
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30



IN THE HEART OF THE THEATRE DISTRICT
The LOBSTER
NOW IN ITS 39th YEAR
CLOSED SUNDAYS
The Lobster
"In Season" Seafood,
Steaks & Chops
145 West 45 St. New York 36
Stan Fuchs Mike Linz

FINEST FOOD IN TIMES SQUARE SINCE 1899
Park your car at our expense, not only while you dine, but from 6 P.M. to 6 A.M. Hippodrome garage.
Rosoff's RESTAURANT
43rd St. East of B'way
JU 2-3200

B.F.Goodrich



Hot stuff at a potluck. B. F. Goodrich 'Nicer takes big parties and picnics in stride. Holds a gallon of food.

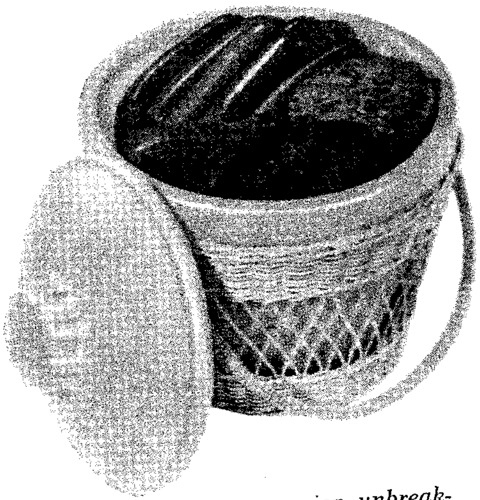
Cook's best friend, B. F. Goodrich 'Nicer helps coordinate meals... keeps food hot till everything's ready.

Mixes well... its smart, simple design puts B. F. Goodrich 'Nicer at ease with any decor... on any occasion.

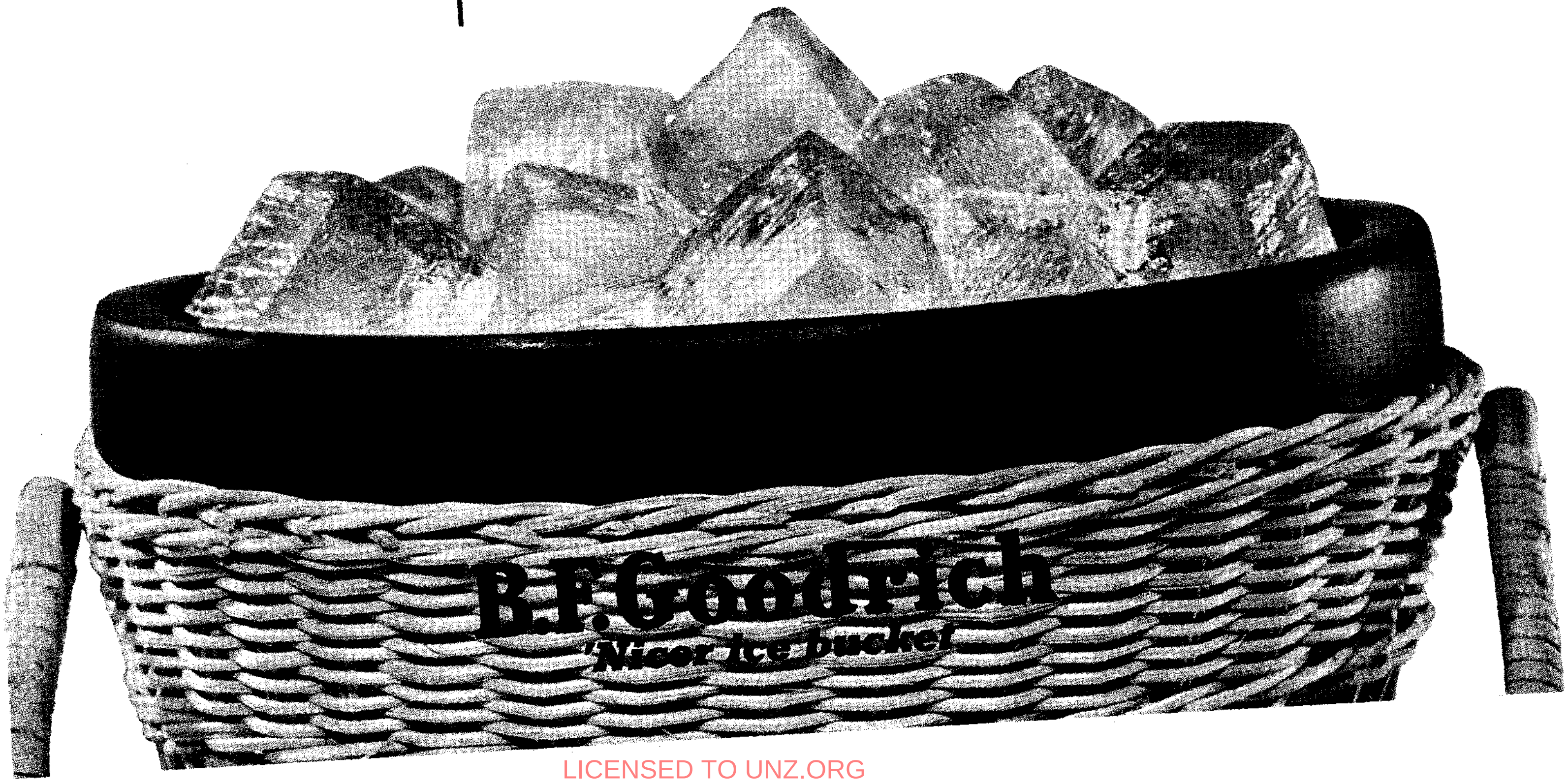
A bucket of beer, B. F. Goodrich style... no fragile liner to break... just lid and bucket of flexible PVC.

... quick change artist

B. F. Goodrich 'Nicer is quite a keeper, but ice is its forte. First, last, and always... B. F. Goodrich 'Nicer keeps ice longer than any other bucket regardless of price. Made of miracle PVC, it's light, clean, won't rust or absorb odors. $9.95 with basket in colors shown, at most department and gift stores. The B. F. Goodrich Company, 417 Derby Place, Shelton, Connecticut.

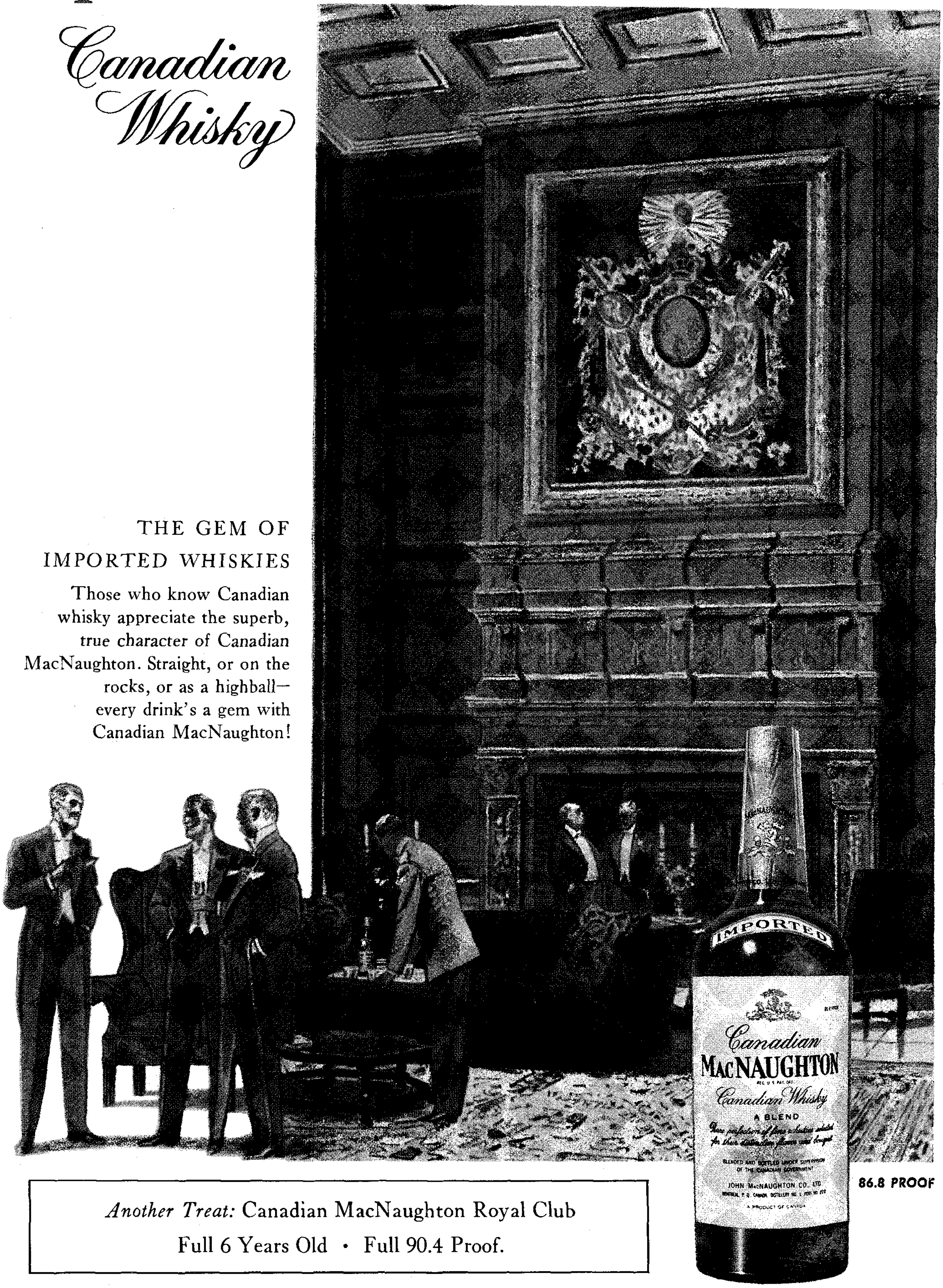


A good traveling companion, unbreakable B. F. Goodrich 'Nicer goes to a cookout with food refrigerator cold.



Imported MacNAUGHTON

Canadian Whisky


IMPORTED
Canadian
MacNAUGHTON
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Canadian Whisky
A BLEND
BLENDED AND BOTTLED UNDER SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
JOHN MacNAUGHTON CO. LTD
A PRODUCT OF CANADA

THE GEM OF IMPORTED WHISKIES

Those who know Canadian whisky appreciate the superb, true character of Canadian MacNaughton. Straight, or on the rocks, or as a highball—every drink's a gem with Canadian MacNaughton!

Another Treat: Canadian MacNaughton Royal Club
Full 6 Years Old • Full 90.4 Proof.

86.8 PROOF

CANADIAN WHISKIES • A BLEND • SCHENLEY IMPORT COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y.

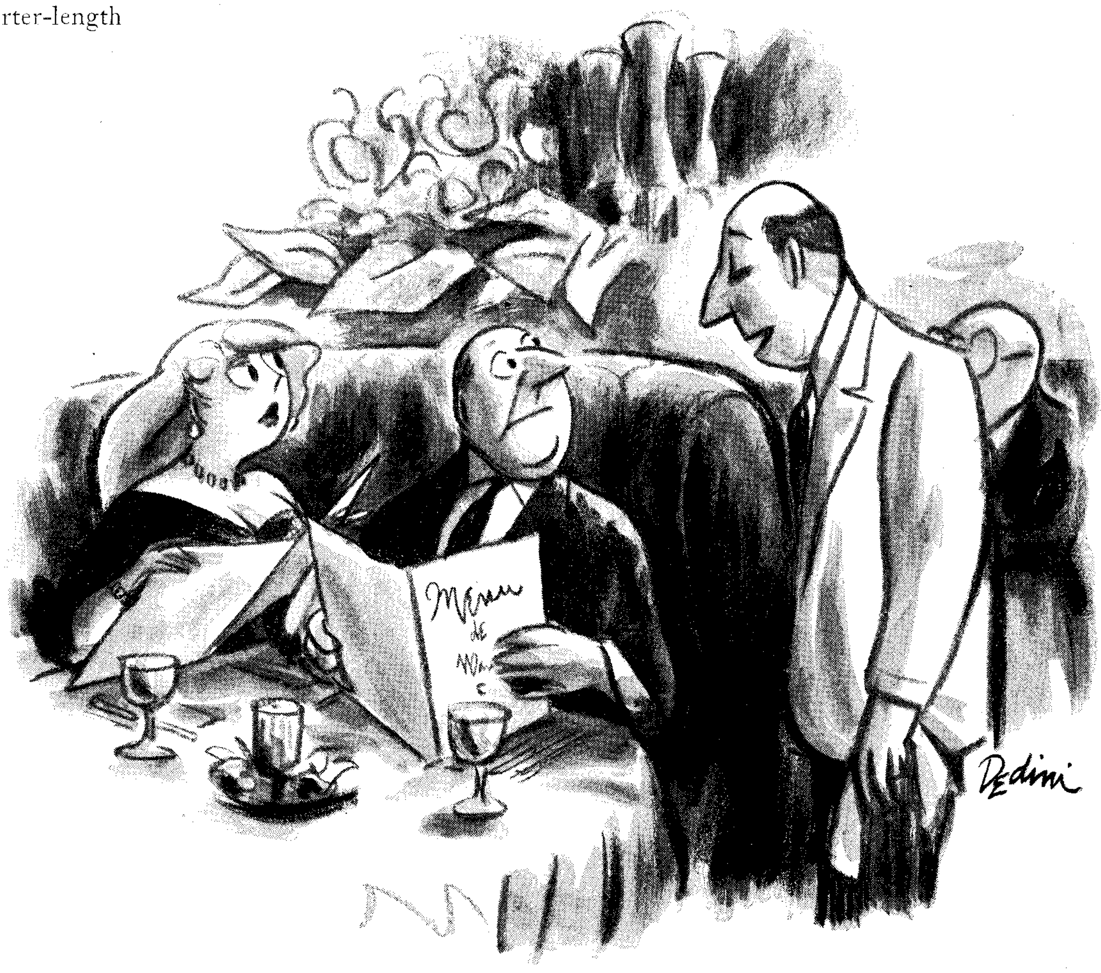
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT

THE barrage of imported clothes, and copies thereof, is still bursting upon us. Bergdorf Goodman has assembled a sprightly ready-to-wear collection, designed by Guy Laroche, in its Country and Casual Shop. Much of it is sure to take a flyer at football games this fall. Narrow skirts of plaid blanket wool (red, charcoal, and white) are overlaid by eight flying panels edged with stubby fringe. These go with blouses of charcoal wool jersey that have bateau necks and pushup sleeves. The same sort of blouse, but of black wool jersey, belongs to an outfit of shaggy brushed mohair-and-nylon in a gigantic plaid, this one a combination of pumpkin, green, hyacinth blue, cognac, and black. The sleeveless bolero of this is scooped out at the neck, and a wide, stitched-down panel trimmed with double rows of black bone buttons as big as saucers is planted on the front of its bulky skirt. For in or out of town, there are straight, three-quarter-length tunics of this shaggy substance, to wear with chemise dresses of black wool jersey, which have high band collars and below-elbow sleeves. Double-breasted coat dresses of the mohair-and-nylon in a large red-and-black check are straight and loose in front and barrel shape in back. The lapels are cut so wide and low that the blouse beneath, of black wool jersey, is quite apparent. Black-and-white wool in hound's-tooth check goes into the making of several two-piece dresses. One, which could pass as a suit, has an overblouse that is slightly nipped in below the bosom by a sash of black wool jersey. The slender skirt hugs the hipbones. Another, a décolleté jumper sheath and a button-in-back bolero edged at the bottom with long black-and-white fringe, could triple at shopping, cocktails, and dinner. Prices begin at $12, for a blouse, and go up to $110, for suits and ensembles.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE's reproductions and adaptations of the *haute couture* often appear in less cumbersome materials than do the Paris originals. In the French Import Copy Shop is, for one, Lanvin-Castillo's swashbuckling coat, with a vast cape collar, a fringed cravat, and batwing sleeves, of red mohair-and-bouclé. Dior's double-breasted coat dress and his great cape with arched pleats through the shoulders and back are of charcoal-gray wool. A semifitted coat, by Patou, of gray or black wool, with seaming that indicates a low waistline in front, is cut to give the illusion of a short jacket and a flared skirt in back. Balenciaga's gray or black wool-and-mohair one-piece dress is just the other way around; the half bolero, which is really part of the bare-armed dress, is evident only in front, where it covers the décolletage. Once the two huge buttons that fasten it are undone, the bolero may be thrown over the back of the seat while you're at dinner or the theatre. But you have to put it on when you get up or it will dangle down behind. Chanel's timeless suit of beige, black, and white tweed, outlined by brown braid, is softened by a mauve-pink shantung blouse tying in a bow at the throat. Prices commence around $50 and climb to $200.

THE dramatic and intricately draped cocktail and evening dresses in Macy's Little Shop were made especially for it in Italy and France. The Josephine bodice of a dress of cranberry chiffon is draped and stitched into latticework ending in points below the bosom, and the box-pleated skirt flows over taffeta and crinoline petticoats. A décolleté harem-skirt dress of bright-red chiffon is diagonally draped and molded through the body, is supported by padded chiffon ropes in lieu of shoulder straps, and is partly veiled by a gathered overdress of the same fabric. Greenish-brown chiffon makes a sheath with wide, flat shoulder



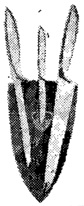
"Everything is flown in daily."

sharpest blades
you ever saw

legendary ChefSet by Gerber

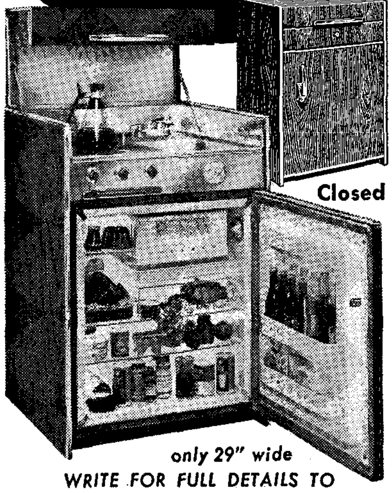
Lighten her
heart and her
work forever with
these 3 superbly sharp
kitchen blades—blades
that are wedge ground from
the finest steel ever used in cutlery. Pixie the parer, Durendal the boning knife, and French Snickersnee the all-purpose blade help 100 times a day—are safely housed in walnut shield when not in use. Only $22 at leading stores everywhere or write

Gerber, 1305 S.W. 12th Avenue,
Portland 1, Oregon for Selection
catalog of assortments. $3.50 up.



GERBER
Legendary
BLADES

New...handsome
CABINET KITCHEN
refrigerator • stove • freezer • sink



only 29" wide

WRITE FOR FULL DETAILS TO
GENERAL AIR CONDITIONING CORP.
Dept. G-6 4542 E. Dunham St.
Los Angeles 23, California

General Chef NATIONWIDE SALES AND SERVICE

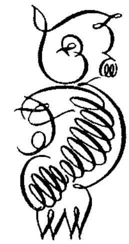
straps. This is shrouded by an overdress with panniers. Black velvet bowknots dot an elaborate evening dress of black wool jersey that is crisscross drapery from top to bottom. A dress of emerald satin organza (which looks like slubbed silk) has a bateau neck that dips in back and a horizontally draped apron attached to the flippant skirt. Bows of the silk flutter at the natural waist and above the hem. Clothes of this variety run from $129 to $195.

BLOOMINGDALE's new department, Sutton Place, is presenting a number of cocktail and evening goods for those who are young in heart and construction. Ivory-and-gold rayon brocade is for Empire dresses with short, puffed sleeves and that fasten with three rhinestone-cluster buttons in back, as well as for tapered coat dresses with short, straight sleeves, fake hip pockets, and six jewelled buttons down the front. A theatre suit of mustard rayon moire comprises an unfitted Empire sheath and a semifitted jacket with a wide turnover collar and a tailored bow at the waist. An Empire dress and a long coat are of rayon moire in the sharp hue known to Bloomingdale as Siamese pink. A notable simple cocktail or dinner dress, of wisteria taffeta, has a wide, notched neck, elbow sleeves, shirring above the waist, and a bouffant skirt. The streamers attached in front may be tied in a bow with long ends or else be wrapped into a sash. This one is in junior sizes 5 to 13, but all the others are 6 to 14. You'll have to make up your own mind about a Charleston dress of red chiffon whose swirling skirt is lavishly bordered with curled red ostrich feathers. A small red feather boa whose ends can be tied together with red chiffon is part of the scheme. Add chandelier earrings and a long cigarette holder and you'll look like 1928. The lowest price, to come face to face with grim fact, is $40; the highest is $150.

ALTMAN's Petite Boutique is bulging with children's clothes (sizes 3 to 6) from Europe. Hand-knit adaptations of the sweaters worn by Irish fishermen are of unbleached wool yarn in a bramble, cable, or stockinet stitch and in a variety of necklines; $18. Sweater coats of matching stockinet stitch are lined with red hand-woven wool; $45. From West Germany come bulky crew-neck pullover wool sweaters in wide horizontal stripes (salmon pink, white, beige, and taupe). These are paired with taupe suspender skirts of sheerer wool with knit-in pleats. Some German

to please that ...VSP

JOYNER'S GENUINE SMITHFIELD HAMS



V.S.P. could mean
"very subtle palate"
—*yours*, for instance.

RSVP

Mention The New Yorker when you send your order and check. Prices include parcel post.

JOYNER'S SMITHFIELD HAM
uncooked (10 to 16 lb.)....$1.15 lb.

JOYNER'S SMITHFIELD HAM
cooked, skinless, fatted, baked and glazed (8 to 12 lb. avg.).....$1.90 lb.

JOYNER'S VIRGINIA CANNED HAMS (8 to 9 lb. avg.).....$3.15 lb.

JOYNER'S DEEP-SMOKED VIRGINIA BACON
(8 to 10 lb. avg.)............85c lb.

SURREY FARM COUNTRY STYLE HAMS (12 to 20 lb. avg.)...$1.25 lb.

Genuine Virginia
JOYNER'S ham

JOYNER'S
Genuine
Smithfield HAM

V. W. JOYNER & CO.
Smithfield, Virginia

900 NORTH MICHIGAN

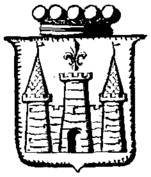
Jacques
FRENCH RESTAURANT

Enjoy food of superb
quality served in a
distinctive continental
atmosphere.
Reservations Suggested

CHICAGO

OPEN DAILY...11:30 A.M. TO 12:00 P.M.

*Paris in
New York!*



Café Chauveron
*"The Ultimate
in French Cuisine"*

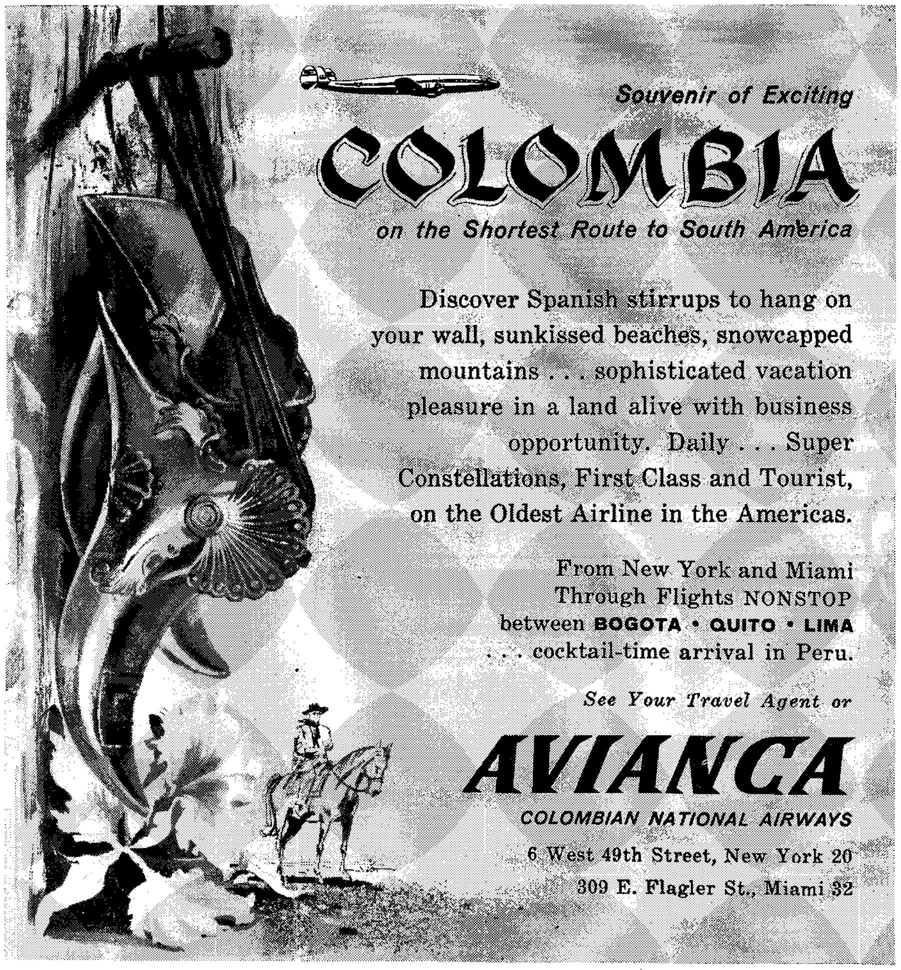
FOR RESERVATIONS
PHONE PL 1-6480
139 E. 53 St., N.Y.C.

walking suits are of brown, black, and white nubbly tweed. The box jackets have turnover collars of white curly wool and linings of wool fleece; the skirts are all wide box pleats. Reversible parkas appear with fuzzy cotton in a baby-leopardskin design on one side and cocoa or yellow cotton poplin on the reverse. Magnificent double-breasted greatcoats, with detachable hoods, in bright-red wool fleece are lined with white cotton fleece. Swiss raincoats made of two layers of white cotton poplin are buttoned and outlined with Wedgwood-blue leather. Swiss pullovers of cotton velours in red, royal blue, or yellow can go safely into the washing machine. Last stop is Italy, which provides little-girl smocks that can double as dresses. These come in yellow or blue cotton with prim turnover collars, and yokes on which are appliquéd rows of cotton dolls with saucy hairdos and wearing checked and plaid trapeze dresses. Italian little-boy smocks that look like jackets are of red cotton with appliquéd squares of blue and yellow poplin embroidered in a complex pattern going across the front.

On the same floor, Altman is showing grownups' Vanity Fair lingerie of featherweight nylon tricot that is fairly opaque and as smooth as petals. This (its name is Ravissant) makes long, flowing nightgowns and short Empire gowns, in addition to slips, half slips, and panties that are splashed with nylon Alençon lace. The colors are pink, pale blue, ivory, and white.

EMMA MALOOF, who has moved into a bandbox at 697 Madison Avenue (62nd), still specializes in the very nearly lost art of handmade custom lingerie. Some of her calf-length Empire nightgowns are as pretty as summer evening dresses. One, of nylon sheer, with a shirred off-shoulder neckline, short, puffed sleeves, and a sprinkling of nylon-satin wild roses, is $32; matching slips and panties, in pink, blue, yellow, black, or white, are $29 and $15, respectively. Exquisite sets (they're practically trousseau stuff) of white silk sheer heavily encrusted with white English Valenciennes lace and appliquéd wreaths of white satin leaves are more expensive.

BONWIT TELLER is stocked with John-Frederics ready-to-wear hats in many a fur, many a contour. Toques of polecat, a skin better known as skunk north of the Mason and Dixon Line, sport a touch of their taupe wool jersey lining at the peak of the crown; $43.90. These require ten days' notice; the others are all on hand. Fluffy red fox with

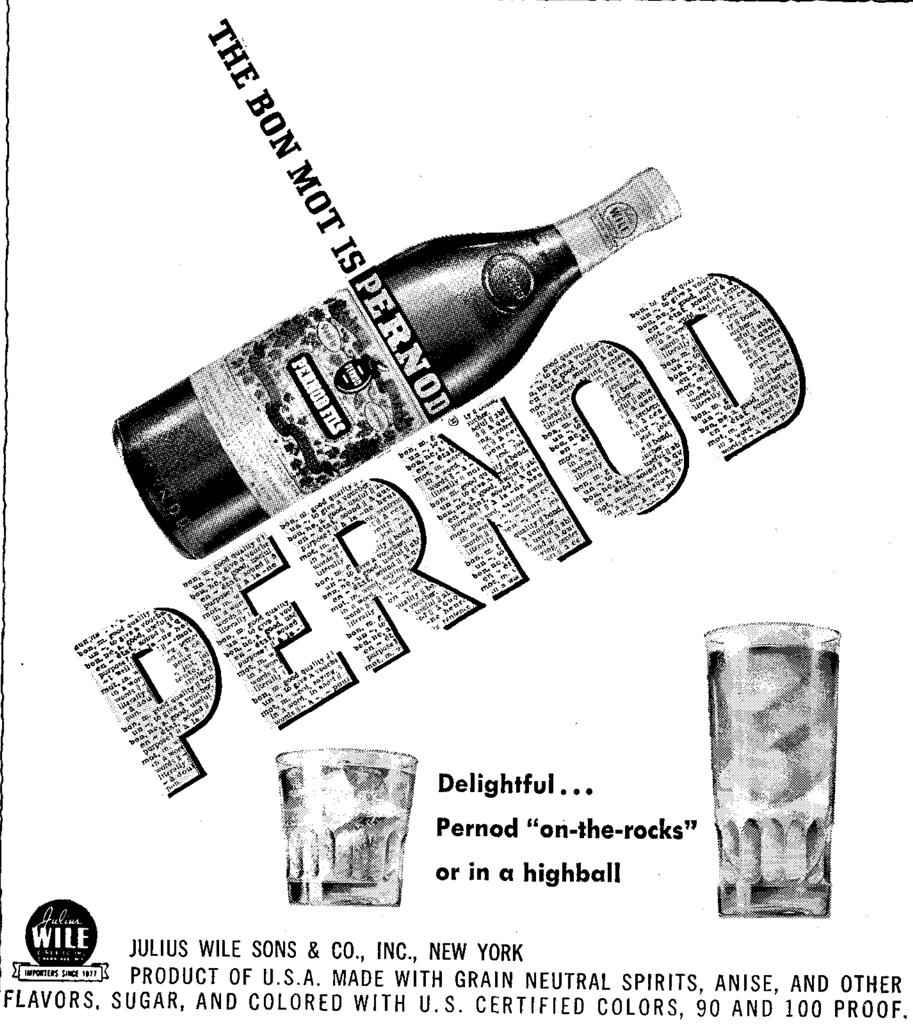


Souvenir of Exciting
COLOMBIA
on the Shortest Route to South America

Discover Spanish stirrups to hang on your wall, sunkissed beaches, snowcapped mountains . . . sophisticated vacation pleasure in a land alive with business opportunity. Daily . . . Super Constellations, First Class and Tourist, on the Oldest Airline in the Americas.

From New York and Miami
Through Flights NONSTOP
between **BOGOTA • QUITO • LIMA**
. . . cocktail-time arrival in Peru.

See Your Travel Agent or
AVIANCA
COLOMBIAN NATIONAL AIRWAYS
6 West 49th Street, New York 20
309 E. Flagler St., Miami 32



THE BON MOT IS PERNOD
PERNOD

Delightful...
Pernod "on-the-rocks"
or in a highball

JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., NEW YORK
PRODUCT OF U.S.A. MADE WITH GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS, ANISE, AND OTHER FLAVORS, SUGAR, AND COLORED WITH U.S. CERTIFIED COLORS, 90 AND 100 PROOF.

MORE AND MORE PEOPLE ARE CHECKING INTO

"New York's Biggest Little Hotel"

WORLD'S FIRST HOTEL WITH COLOR TV IN EVERY ROOM

Rates are high, but not for what the Tuscany offers! The entire hotel is AIR-CONDITIONED. Every room with bathroom extension phone, "silent valet," butler's pantry, "catnap throw," FM radio and every conceivable luxury. Our restaurants are extraordinary, too!

May we send you a brochure?

THE Tuscany

Bertram Weal, General Manager
39th Street, Just East of Park Ave.
New York 16, MUrray Hill 6-1600, Teletype NY 1-392

ITALIAN PURE WOOL SWEATER SHIRT
SMALL · MED · LG · EXT. LG
EGG WHITE · OATMEAL · GREY · NAVY
18.50 ©
DIAMANTE
16 EAST 55 NY
MAIL ORDERS FILLED
PLAZA 3 1200

a little claw at the back of the head spills over the brim of a deep cloche that began life as pumpkin felt; $27.50. Pixy caps of dyed lapin decorated with rayon velvet bows and streamers appear in pleasant combinations (royal blue with Kelly streamers, thistle with purple streamers, and moss green with turquoise-blue streamers), not to mention solid red or blue; $14.95 either way. The prices all include the fur tax.

MARK CROSS has an airplane shoulder bag to take care of overflow, such as travel irons and comfortable slippers. It weighs thirteen ounces in sand or black canvas with drill backing and bound with tan cowhide, and seventeen ounces in flexible cowhide (tan, red, or black) lined with yellow plastic; $10.95 and $20.35, respectively. A kit from England is made for *bon-voyage* deals. It's of make-believe tan leather and resembles a tobacco pouch. The compartments in the oilskin lining contain two inflatable plastic hangers (for drip-dry laundry, among other things) and a miniature scrubbing brush; $5. Smaller cases, of water-repellent plaid cotton, lined with pink plastic, to slip into a purse, are filled with heelless rubbers, plastic rain bonnets, and handbag covers. The prices take care of the federal tax.

THE Modern Leather Goods Repair Shop, at 11 West 32nd Street, has been restoring handbags for more than a quarter of a century—repairing or replacing locks, replating metal frames or ornaments, and cutting mirrors to fit under lids. Old-fashioned beaded drawstring pouches can be made up-to-date by adding frames and removing the fringe, and needlepoint or petitpoint handiwork can be framed, though not while you wait. The shop will also make bags to match dresses or suits if it is given a swatch, and will repair or replace zippers on anything. Simple chores take a day or two, more elaborate ones a week to ten days.

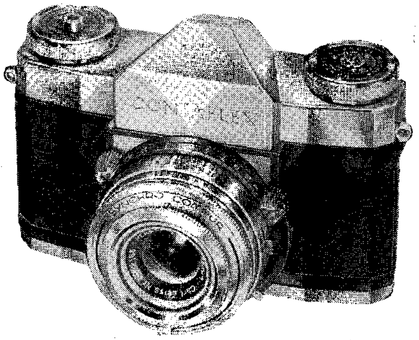
THE Charles of the Ritz in the Ritz Tower can fix you up with a good body massage. The process involves waving the arms and legs around to shake out kinks, turning the head from side to side to relieve tension, and giving the face and neck a good overhauling, plus lots of patting under the chin. One go is $7; six are $35.

ROGER VERGNES, on the third floor of 36 East 57th Street, sets hair not over three inches long in only

that vital moment in action photography

It can be yours, working with a great camera which allows nothing to interfere between your vision and its perpetuation.

ZEISS IKON
CONTAFLEX



This light, compact, eye-level 35mm reflex gives you a brilliantly clear focussing image through the great f/2.8 Zeiss Tessar lens, with its diaphragm wide open. Your built-in exposure meter has given you your speed and aperture—a touch of your finger, and lightning fast operations make yours forever the vital moment of top drama.

Various models at leading dealers from $109. Send for Booklet CY28.

CARL ZEISS, INC.
485 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y

OH
A RAINCOAT?
NO...
A MAINCOAT!
LONDON $30
LONDON FOG
LONDONTOWN MFG. CO.
350 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. 1

Al Cooper's
HERALD SQUARE
LUNCHEON • DINNER
• Pre-Theatre Dining •
Finest Charcoal Broiled
Steaks and Chops
PARKING AFTER 7 P.M. · MEMBER DINERS CLUB
130 W. 36th ST. · CH 4-2828

MANY PROMINENT DOCTORS not only recommend the Health Roof Club but are themselves members. They know the value of regulated exercise for city men. We cordially invite you to inspect the Club and its facilities. Entrance 247 Park Ave. or 480 Lexington. Telephone YUkon 6-4747.

twelve minutes without lotion, pin curls, or baking under a hot blower. First he dampens it with water. After this, a wave is raked in with a spiked but not lethal plastic device. Then, one by one, he dries the ripples with a hand appliance. That'll be $5, please. Shampoos begin at $2. M. Roger, who really *is* a gem, is particularly adept at cutting and arranging fine, limp locks into bouffant, easy-to-care-for coiffures. —M. M.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Helping Hands

ALL adoring friends and relatives of small children must have realized at one time or another that even the smallest, incapable though they are of making distinctions in a good many spheres, have some sort of sixth sense by which they can unerringly distinguish between the tallest near contemporary (say, a sixteen-year-old girl) and the shortest adult, and that, using the shrewd system of values that children appear to have at their fingertips, they craftily make up at once to the one who hasn't been frozen into adulthood. Having often been made humiliatingly aware of this state of affairs, I recognized instantly, when I received an announcement not long ago that a couple of career women in the senior class of a New York preparatory school of impeccable scholastic and social standing were prepared, for a modest fee, to organize and supervise parties for children, that here was a potentially important service that should be looked into. So, one recent afternoon, I did just that, and I am now in a position to state that Courtesy Juniors (the name of the new concern) has a lot more to offer than many longer-established party services I have encountered.

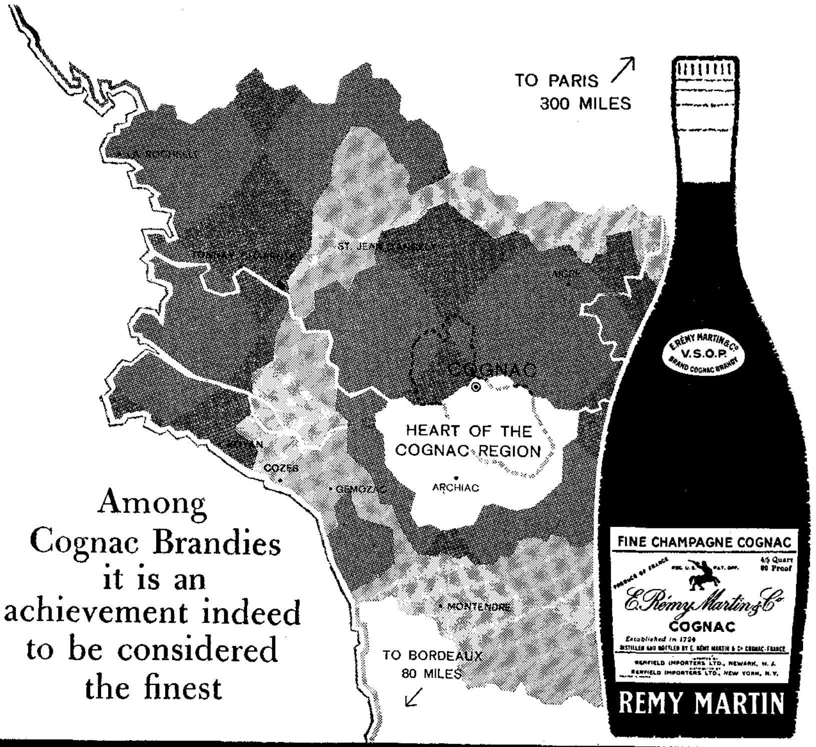
The enterprise, whose address is given as 139 East 79th Street (Regent 4-1170), is in the hands of Leigh Rand and Kay Lines, two distractingly pretty sixteen-year-old girls of implacable efficiency and abundant invention, who, after some preliminary negotiations, invited me to sit in on a party they were organizing for a nine-year-old boy. I arrived at the East Fiftieth Street house of the host's parents some twenty minutes before the party was scheduled to begin, and found that the Misses Rand and Lines, having not only put the last touches to the festive supper table but arranged all the paraphernalia for games and wrapped up all the prizes, were still so relaxed and at ease that they were perfectly ready to answer my

JAL GRACIOUS INTRODUCTION TO THE ORIENT

LOVE AT FIRST FLIGHT! You'll fall in love with Japan Air Lines, too, once you've experienced such Oriental delights as colorful Happi coats to wear enroute . . . authentic Kuchitori hors d'oeuvres . . . hot O-Shibori towels to refresh you. Flights daily, radar-equipped. See your travel agent.

fly **JAPAN AIR LINES** *U.S. to the Orient via Hawaii*

New York · Washington, D. C. · Chicago
San Francisco · Los Angeles · Seattle · Honolulu


TO PARIS 300 MILES
ST. JEAN
COGNAC
HEART OF THE COGNAC REGION
COZES
GEMOZAC
ARCHIAC
MONTENDRE
TO BORDEAUX 80 MILES
Among Cognac Brandies it is an achievement indeed to be considered the finest
E. RÉMY MARTIN & Co V.S.O.P. BRAND COGNAC BRANDY
FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC
4/5 Quart 80 Proof
E. Rémy Martin & Co
COGNAC
Established in 1724
REMY MARTIN

PRIDE OF COGNAC

REMY MARTIN

V. S. O. P.

V.S.O.P. BRAND COGNAC BRANDY, 80 PROOF. ©RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

STUART NICETIES . . . ONE OF A SERIES

Our own
GENTLEMAN'S HAT
felted in England

Discriminating men find
unique satisfaction in
these superior hats.
The finer English felt
"snaps" exactly as you wish,
and *stays* that way. Full range
of models, colors, sizes,
including long ovals, $15 and $16.50.

Paul Stuart
18 East 45th Street, New York
Murray Hill 2-0320

BACK AGAIN!
The store where
Grandma Shopped for
DIFFERENT GIFTS:

Something for Everyone . . . and Every Occasion!

Jokes • Puzzles • Tricks • Disguises •
Miniatures • Novelties • Gimmicks • Gags
Birthday, Christmas, Party Favors and
Decorations • Toys

Send for our colorful catalog—Only 25¢

SHACKMAN'S
366 5th Ave. (lobby) or 2 W. 35 St. Phone: BR 9-4720
"Original Home of Original Items"

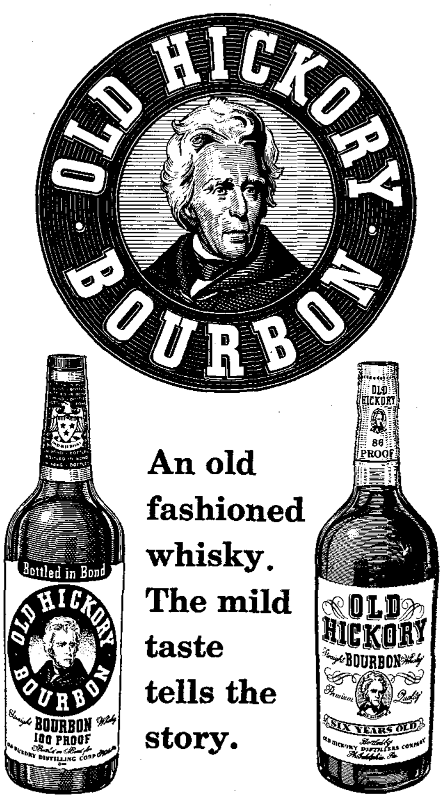
JAPANESE RESTAURANT
SAITO
TEMPURA BAR • TATAMI ROOM
Luncheon • Cocktails • Dinner
70 W. 55th ST. *Closed Sun.* JU 2-7809

questions about how their venture is operated. I was told that although on the present occasion the child's mother had provided the supper refreshments, Courtesy Juniors ordinarily undertakes this task, as well as all other details of the entertainment—planning games that are geared to the group's age level, seeing to it that all the equipment required is on hand, selecting suitable prizes (at the party I attended, which was strictly for boys, these were mostly Woolworth kits of assemble-it-yourself rockets and airplanes), making ingenious favors, and, finally, cleaning up every bit of mess the guests are responsible for.

It was, however, only when the show really got going, which it did without any of the awkwardness I had thought inevitable at the start of a children's party, that the brilliantly simple procedure of the young entrepreneurs became apparent. For nearly three hours, with the most intrepid calm, they kept up what seemed to a timid outsider a killing pace, yet never for a moment did they allow the situation to get out of hand. The activities had all been given the touch of imaginative freshness that holds a child's curiosity as well as his interest, and there was a nice sense of timing in the way a quiet memory game, requiring concentration and pencil and paper, invariably alternated with a rowdy number like a balloon-popping contest or a fanciful variation of Musical Chairs.

I wouldn't have you get the idea that culture has no place in the repertoire of our young ladies. True, the merry shindig I attended bounced along irresponsibly from one robust game to another, but the Courtesy Juniors partners are equally well prepared to organize outings built around such lofty projects as a visit to the Planetarium or the United Nations headquarters (the latter for children over nine), or a trip to the Fire Museum, down on Duane Street (recommended for a group of small boys). For more frivolous types, there can be ice-skating luncheons, home movies, magician parties, and puppet-show parties, and, for very young and correspondingly unsophisticated guests, festivities are sometimes centered on the merry-go-round in Central Park. Trips to museums or to the U.N. must be arranged two weeks in advance, but a week's notice is usually enough for less serious diversions. The service functions only on Friday afternoons, Saturdays, and Sundays.

Affairs that include refreshments are undertaken for not more than twelve children, but if the hostess looks after



An old fashioned whisky. The mild taste tells the story.

OLD HICKORY
Straight **BOURBON** *Whisky*

100 PROOF BOTTLED-IN-BOND AND 86 PROOF
OLD HICKORY DISTILLERS COMPANY, PHILA., PA.

Rondo STEREOPHONIC

Action
JETS • RAILROADS • DRUMS

You're really flyin' with this one
in highest fidelity stereo!

at Music Stores,
Macy's,
Department Stores
Rondo has everything

Cecil says *To give joy, give the right gift*

TOYS
BOOKS
GOURMET SPECIALTIES
Bring your entire check-list to
THE FIRESIDE
or send for our catalogues
18 E. EVERGREEN AVE. CHESTNUT HILL, PHILA. CH7-4123

You're only **PLANS** away from sunshine and warm dry climate. A Holiday haven, this 45,000 acre luxury ranch resort; *swimming, riding, skeet, golf,* tennis. Wonderful wintertime change for the entire family. Children's counselor. See your travel agent; write, wire or phone

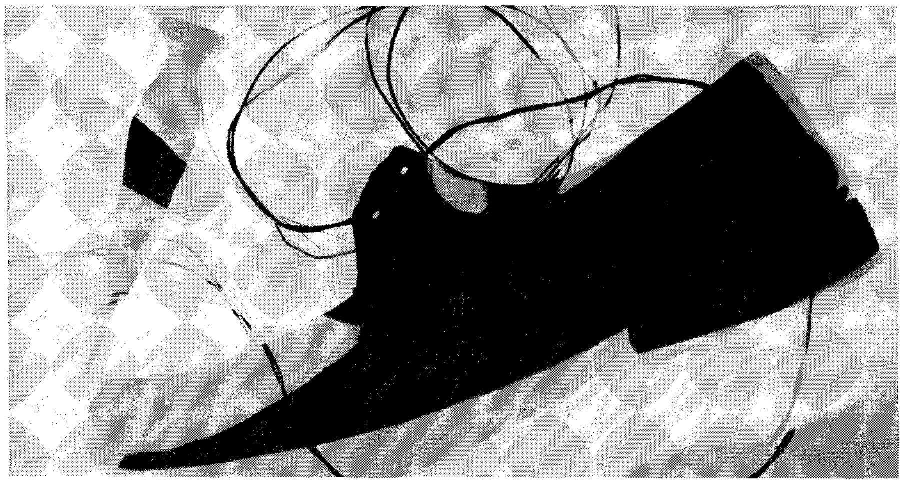
Dallas Gant
Rancho de los Caballeros
Wickenburg, Arizona

the food, Courtesy Juniors will take on the entertainment of a larger group. For parties of a dozen or less, fees range from $12 to $14, plus expenses, and since most of the souvenirs and practically all the decorations are made by the girls, expenses don't get to be ruinous. For instance, the party I attended—it was for ten nine-year-old boys—had, I was told, involved a cash outlay, for prizes, balloons (and remember, there was a balloon-popping contest), and like matters, of $8. When refreshments are furnished by the partners, the charge is eighty-five cents, ninety cents, or a dollar per person, depending on the elegance of the menu; all three menus include, besides a more substantial course and ice cream, an iced cake decorated with the child's name or with appropriate sentiments. Impressively listed under "Experience" on the mimeographed sheet put out by Courtesy Juniors is the information that, between them, these veterans have carried on a couple of years' work with children at the Yorkville Youth Center (in arts and crafts and in dramatics); a weekly summer reading and story-telling hour at a library in Connecticut; some baby-sitting; and what is described as "organizing parties for younger brothers."

Puzzled over how the young ladies, both of whom are headed for college next fall, get their homework done, I ventured to bring up the matter with their headmistress, who, after explaining that she prefers to have the school remain anonymous in the midst of all this private industry, conceded that the girls' grades are very good.

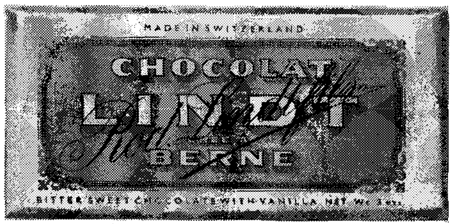
IT was my privilege the other day to attend one of the classes for children conducted at the People's Art Center of the Museum of Modern Art, and I came away from it greatly heartened about the future of both modern art and modern children. The group I watched at work was made up of a dozen boys and girls seven and eight years old—an age at which the young artist apparently grows dissatisfied with just daubing colors around and becomes aware of certain difficulties of technique. There is so much confusion in my own mind—and, I would guess, in everybody else's, too—about how children should approach creative art that you won't catch me passing along what I (probably mistakenly) believe to be the Museum's theory of art education. Instead, I shall merely report on the class in action, and let you reach your own conclusions. I strongly doubt

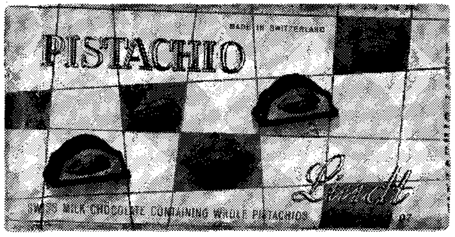
it takes 2 days to hand-make a fine shoe . . .



. . . it takes 4 days to make a piece of LINDT chocolate!

People who can, put their best foot forward in fine, hand-made shoes. Expensive, certainly and it takes **two** days to make **one** pair. It takes **more** time to make each piece of world-famous Lindt. Only the very best ingredients from all over the world pass Lindt's rigorous quality tests. ➣ ➣ Lindt offers 20 varieties of chocolate bars, priced from 10¢ to $1.50. The famous dark rich bittersweet or creamy smooth milk chocolate and such flavors as mocca-coffee, hazelnut, almond, orange, pistache and others. **Anyone who knows fine chocolate, knows Lindt**



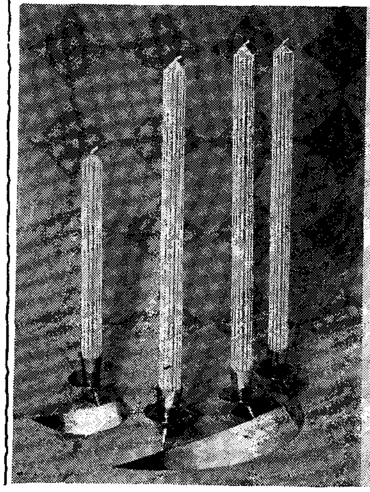


Boxes from 55¢ to $16.95 ➣ ➣ ➣ You'll find Lindt at fine candy and food shops, department and drug stores.

(prices slightly higher on West Coast)

IMPORTED Lindt **SWISS CHOCOLATE**

IMPORTED BY: CRESCA COMPANY, INC., 111 EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11, NEW YORK



A lovely Christmas gift . . .

dripless beeswax candles

These slow burning, non-wilting candles of pure beeswax have a unique honeycomb design that prevents dripping. In white, aqua, red, coral, gold, yellow, dark green and black. Post paid gift box of four: 10", $2.55; 15", $2.95. The custom made bronze candle holders are exclusive with America House. Single, 3½" high x 4¾" wide, $7.45 each; tripleholder, 3½" high x 12½" wide, $16.50 each.

Catalog on request

AMERICA HOUSE
32 East 52nd Street
New York 20, N. Y.
PLaza 3-0839

a family affair

Up on Third Avenue, there's a wonderful toy store. Great-grandmother bought your grandmother's toys here—drove up behind her spanking bays. That was the carriage trade! The trolley hooted by. It *was* Old New York. We are still a family affair—third generation. Pop comes in every day. He knows, so we know, what kids want. We have been pleasing them since 1892. Come look around. We have wonderful toys, for every age—for every purse. New York's pace has quickened, but our spirit is the same. Come in today. We'll help you select the perfect gift. We gift-wrap and ship everywhere.

Rappaport's
TOY BAZAAR INC.
1381 Third Avenue (bet. 78th and 79th)
since 1892
Toy Headquarters for Smart New York
(TRafalgar 9-3383-84)

DINING
AT THE PARK LANE

Delicious food, pleasant service in a setting of new elegance created this summer by Dorothy Draper.

TAPESTRY ROOM
PARK LOUNGE

Park Lane
Park Avenue, 48th to 49th Streets
PLaza 5-4100

Mama Laura
North Italian Cuisine
Open 5:30 P.M. to 1 A.M.
Sunday 2 to 10 P.M.
Diners' & American Express Clubs
230 E. 58th St.—MU. 8-6888

whether any masterpieces were in the process of creation during my visit, but certainly there was something very like genius (well, maybe just inspiration) in the way the instructor, without being in the least doctrinaire, managed to construct a sort of framework of knowledge within which each child developed his own, quite personal technique. Although encouragement and a lively interest are constantly evident in the instruction, praise is not handed around indiscriminately, just for the sake of making a pupil feel good. At one point, after saying some appreciative things about a little boy's landscape with figures, the instructor suggested that what purported to be a tree in the foreground might turn out differently if the artist would go into the garden and take a good long look at a tree. The advice, which might sound almost academic by some standards, seemed to me to make an awful lot of sense. But you mustn't get the idea that the class draws from models, or at least from models in the conventional sense; occasionally, though, a child who has got into difficulties with a figure may be invited to study how a fellow-pupil is constructed.

It is hard to convey any idea of a process so subtly based on intuition as the direction of this childish exploration of objective forms, but one thing that did strike me particularly was an actual greediness to learn, apparent in every child's approach to his work; it gives one pause to realize that such determined will to paint might, without this competent guidance, have been expended in filling in routine coloring books or copying outline pictures. The classes are divided into twelve age groups, ranging from three to eighteen years, each of which meets once a week in fall and spring seminars of fifteen weeks each. Tuition is $30 for three- to seven-year-olds, and $35 for pupils of from eight to eighteen.

I AM afraid that the activities in the Museum of Natural History's recently enlarged and newly equipped Young People's Science Center can't rightly be called a class, since there is no regular instruction offered. There is, however, an endless amount of information to be picked up about those phases of geology and wildlife that so fascinate most children. The Science Center's quarters, on the Museum's second floor, contain tanks of fish, a skunk, some turtles, a rabbit, and many varieties of frogs, salamanders, and snakes, not to mention a trained natu-

THE
Persian Room
Presents the Gala Return of
Lisa Kirk
and her company in a new act
Musical director—PETER MATZ

TED
STRAETER
His Songs, Piano
and Orchestra
MARK MONTE'S
CONTINENTALS

THE
PLAZA
FIFTH AVENUE
AT 59TH STREET
PLaza 9-3000

among the world's
famous eating places
Keen's
ENGLISH CHOP HOUSE
72 West 36th St., New York
. . unique atmosphere,
interesting customs
and traditions.

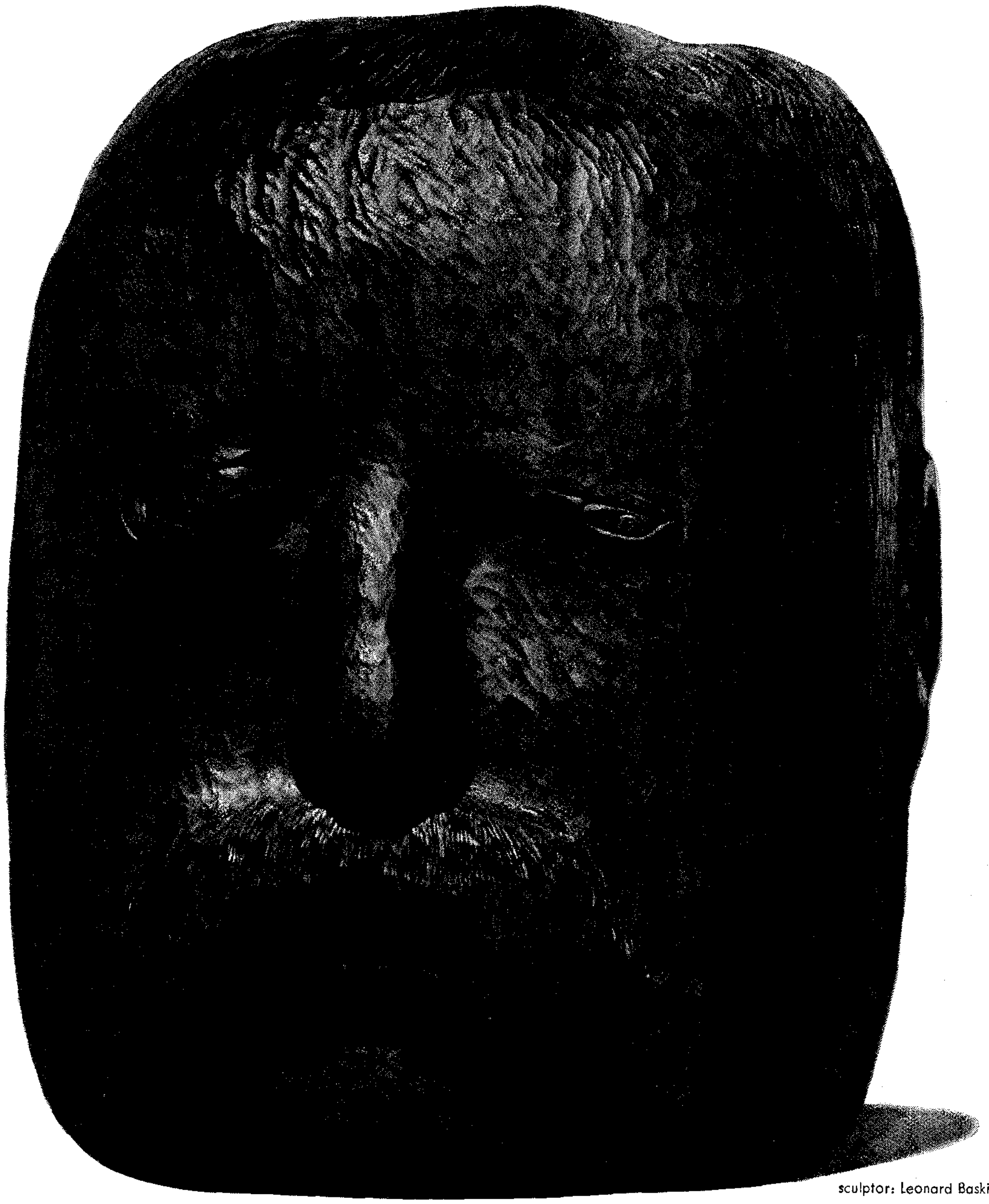
OLD·DROVERS·INN
DOVER·PLAINS·N.Y.
Luncheon . . . Cocktails . . . Dinner
Overnight Accommodations - Closed Wed.
on N.Y. Rte. 22 10 mi. North of Pawling
Reservations: TRINITY 7-9987

RESTAURANT FRANCAIS
Le Chanteclair
LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS • DINNER
Your hosts: Rene and Maurice Dreyfus
MEMBER OF THE DINER'S CLUB
18 E. 49 St. • PL 5-7731 • Open Sun. 5-10 P.M.

GREAT IDEAS OF WESTERN MAN...one of a series

No man is justified in doing evil on the ground of expediency

(Theodore Roosevelt, The Strenuous Life, 1900)



sculptor: Leonard Baskin

CONTAINER CORPORATION OF AMERICA

Empress Chinchilla by Leo Ritter

After Dinner—a DRAM of DRAMBUIE

the cordial with the Scotch whisky base

For a luxurious after-dinner adventure, there's nothing like a dram of Drambuie. Made with a base of finest Scotch whisky, Drambuie is truly a whiff of the heather, with exquisite aroma and unique dry flavour. Drambuie was the personal liqueur of Prince Charles Edward and has been made in Scotland since 1745 from Bonnie Prince Charlie's secret recipe.

IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y. • Sole Distributors for the U. S. A.

DRAMBUIE
Prince Charles Edward's Liqueur
DRAMBUIE

80 PROOF

ralist instructor, all alive and apparently happy, together with numerous exhibits of minerals and plant life. All the specimens, animal, vegetable, and mineral, are native to the metropolitan area, having been brought in from such unlikely habitats as empty lots, waterfronts, back yards, and parks within the five boroughs. In addition to the displays, there is a small library dealing with natural history, and a reading corner to absorb it in; a collection of quite irresistible recordings of animal sounds, which visitors can listen to on earphones; and a series of timely special exhibits, which are frequently changed. Small chores, such as feeding the animals and cleaning cages, are sometimes undertaken by old-timers among the spectators (there are a number of children who have been coming every week since the Center was opened, four years ago), but a child must have proved himself pretty trustworthy before he is allowed to handle a defenseless pet like the five-foot black snake or a turtle. Mothers often bring children of pre-school age to the Center to give them a feeling for animals, but the steady customers are, for the most part, serious naturalists of nine or ten who have already got themselves irrevocably entangled with the natural world on Central Park West. The Center is open from 2 to 4:30 Tuesday through Friday, from 10 to 4:30 on Saturday, and from 1 to 4:30 on Sunday. —S. H.

•

One usher takes one side of the main aisle, another takes the other side, a third takes both sides of the North aisle, the fourth usher takes both sides of the South aisle. If by chance, there should be only three ushers, one usher should take the *main aisle side* of both side aisles, and the two main aisle ushers should take the outside or wall side of the two aisle sides as follows: the usher who has taken the South side of the main aisle should take the South side of the South aisle, and the usher who has taken the North side of the main aisle, should take the North side of the North aisle.—*Instructions issued to ushers of a Unitarian church in Providence.*

The Lord moves in mysterious ways.

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*Notice posted on a bulletin board of the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Laboratory, at Harwell*]

ACTIVE SINKS: BUILDING 10.5

Recently a blockage has occurred in the "Active" Drains of Building 10.5 and it was discovered that this was caused by Tea leaves.

It is requested that staff will refrain from using "Active" sinks for the disposal of items of this nature.

This flower holds the secret...

AMERICA'S FIRST AND ONLY ALL-COLOMBIAN COFFEE!

From the delicate coffee flower you see here comes the world's finest coffee. It's at your grocer's now—America's one and only all-Colombian coffee—Brown Gold.

High on the slopes of the Andes, the matchless mountain climate and the world's richest soil combine to produce this unique and very special grade of coffee—extra rich in flavor and fragrance.

All good coffee contains *some* Colombian Coffee. But the new Brown Gold is *all* Colombian coffee, the finest coffee nature grows.

Brown Gold all-Colombian Coffee costs more, of course, but it gives you so much more—a rich bonus in flavor, bouquet and "body". Look for it at your grocer's soon!

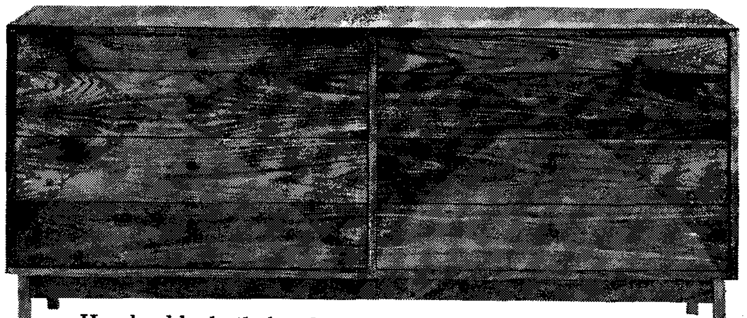
(Note: If your dealer does not have Brown Gold, order direct from the Andes Coffee Co., Division of Old Dutch Coffee Co., 80 Front St., New York 5, N. Y. Send $1.50 for 1 lb., or $2.70 for 2 lbs., parcel post prepaid.)

ALL PURPOSE GRIND
Brown Gold
100% COLOMBIAN
coffee

Brown Gold

America's New All-Colombian Coffee

superb at $199⁵⁰



Hand-rubbed oiled walnut case • 6 feet • 8 drawers

the workbench

46 Greenwich Ave., N. Y. ALgonquin 5-1270

SKYTOP CLUB

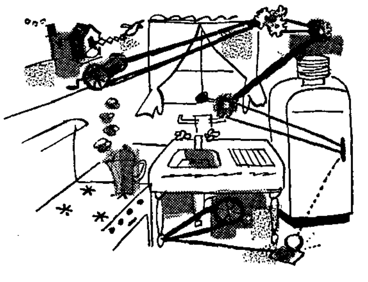
Secluded in the Poconos

Sports galore . . . or rest and relaxation; set your own pace on this beautiful 5500 acre estate. Make reservations now, when golf, riding, all activities are at their best amid the spectacular coloring of Fall. Marvelous food.

N. Y. Rep: MU 6-8648

SKYTOP CLUB
BOX 1
SKYTOP, PENNA.
Wm. W. Malleson, Jr., Gen. Mgr.

Rube Goldberg kitchen?



Julian Hess can make it a showplace

JULIAN HESS Engineered Kitchens®
514 W. 181 St., N. Y. 33, WAdsworth 8-6300

BOOKS

Philosophy at Work

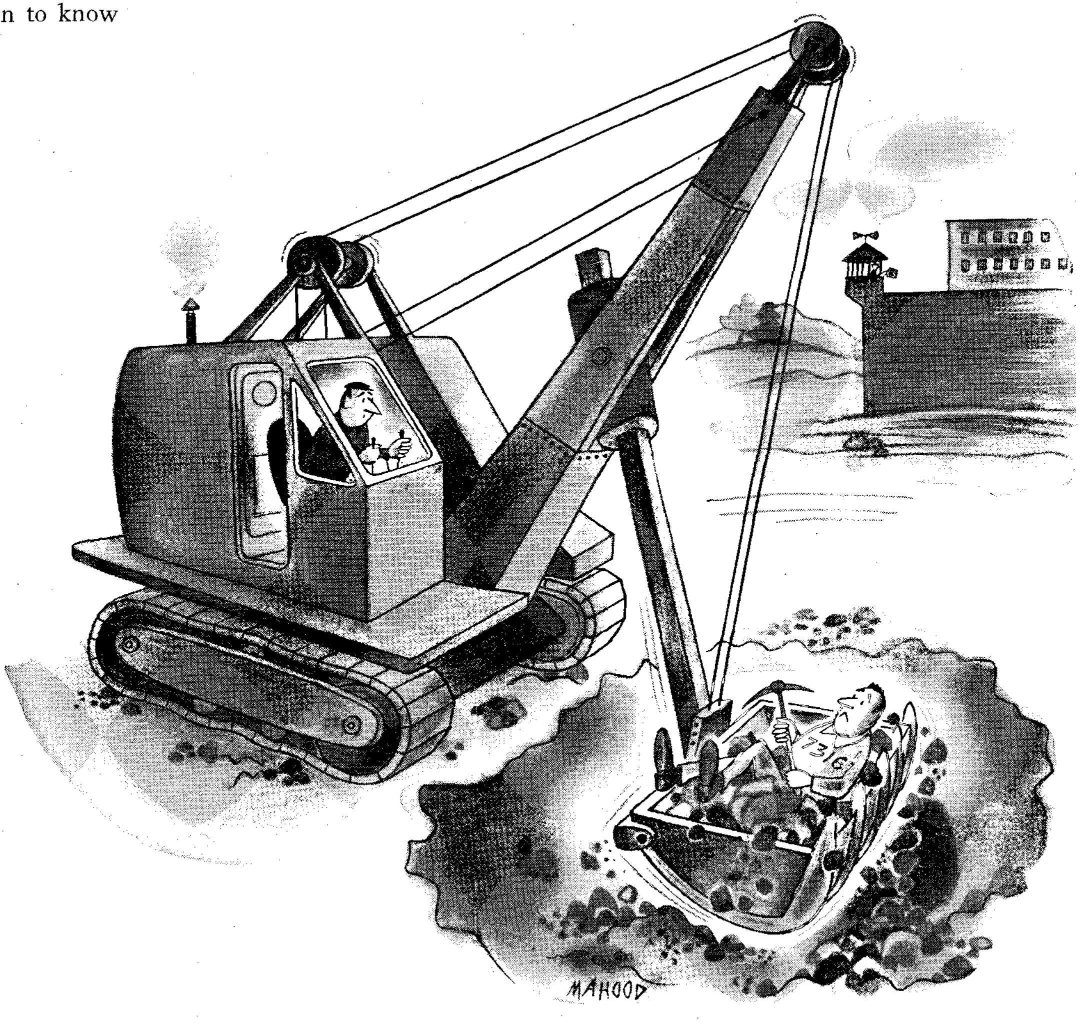
TEACHING, for the wisest of the ancients, was only a form of prompting. Socrates' pupils, who sought to know what was love, what was justice, what was beauty, and so on, were shown by the philosopher that they already knew the answers to these questions, though they did not know they knew them, just as the slave boy in the "Meno" "knew" a theorem in geometry, though he did not know he knew it until Socrates, by patient prompting and by drawing a series of squares on the ground, showed him that he did, before an audience. Knowledge, as Socrates demonstrated with the slave boy, who had never been taught mathematics and yet was found to know Pythagoras's golden theorem (the forty-seventh proposition of the first book of Euclid), is simply recollection, or re-putting together. There are no new truths, but only truths that have not been recognized by those who have perceived them without noticing. A truth is something that everybody can be shown to know and to have known, as people say, all along.

This old theory of truth as the common property of mankind or, one might say, as a vast Lost Property Office full of articles that can be reclaimed if anyone wants to take the trouble is at the basis of Hannah Arendt's inquiries in her new book, "The Human Condition" (University of Chicago Press), a long essay on the life of action that was originally delivered as a series of lectures at the University. The author is a graduate of the University of Heidelberg and a pupil of the existential philosophers Karl Jaspers and Martin Heidegger, who calls herself, unassumingly, a historian; the history she collects and analyzes, however, is of a special kind—the history of ideas, but not only philosophers' ideas; common ideas, too, stock ideas, ideas reflected in behavior and worn by use to the point that they are no longer recognized as ideas at all, just as the bourgeois gentleman in Molière was unaware that he was speaking prose.

Miss Arendt's earlier book, "Origins of Totalitarianism" (Harcourt, Brace), was a piece of scholarship so novel and so unexpected in its findings that it was read like a detective story by those who first laid hands on it; "The Human Condition," which is about man's active life as a member of his species in its habitat, the earth, has the same faculty of surprising, then awakening suspense, and finally coming to appear clear as daylight to the initially puzzled reader. The combination of tremendous intellectual power with great common sense makes Miss Arendt's insights into history and politics seem both amazing and obvious; "Elementary, my dear Watson," the author disclaims, which is true, but only in a way—elementary to Sherlock but not to Watson.

The human condition is the old *vita activa* as opposed to the *vita contemplativa* of the philosophers. Miss Arendt sees it as divided into three spheres—labor, work, and action, action denoting politics or all the words and deeds of the public realm, where men inter*act* with each other. The clue to this novel division, which at first baffles the reader as to its import, lies, where it would in a detective story, in one of those innocent-seeming facts that are so much taken for granted that no one has thought to query them: the "elementary" fact that in most European languages there are, as in English, two words, etymologically distinct, for what would appear to be the same activity—"labor" and "work."

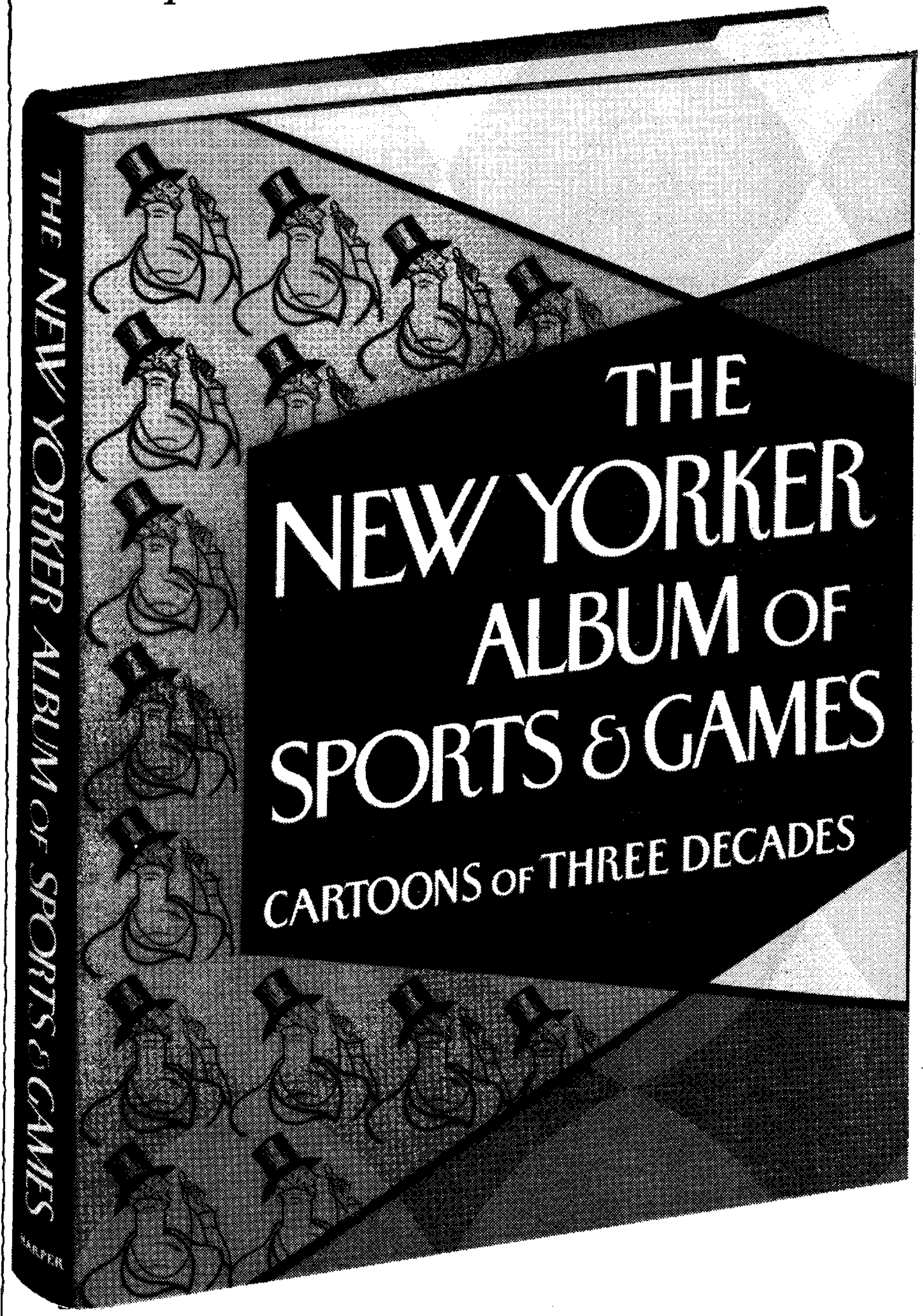
Aren't labor and work synonymous? Or almost? Isn't labor merely hard work? That is what most people would say, or assume without saying. And yet there are the two words—very old words, too, as though the human race had long ago felt a great gulf of distinction between the two activities, a distinction now forgotten and confused but preserved, nonetheless, stubbornly.



In Greek, there are *ponein* and *ergazesthai.* In Latin, there are *laborare* and *facere* or *fabricari.* In French, there are *travailler* and *ouvrer* (now rather obsolete as a verb but retaining its root in the noun *œuvre*). In German, there are *arbeiten* and *werken* (*werken* again being somewhat obsolete as a verb but retaining its root in the noun *Werk*). In Italian, three verbs—*travagliare*, *lavorare*, and *operare*—are in use, together with their nouns. In all these languages, the word for labor carries with it connotations of pain and heaviness; it means hard, grinding, repetitive toil, and in all these languages except Italian, which has a special word, *doglie*, the word for labor is also the word for the pains of childbirth. *Travail* and *travaglio* come from an old Latin word, *tripalium*, which was a kind of torture. A man is condemned to "hard labor," not to "hard work." You speak of "sweated labor," "child labor," and so on, when you wish to show work in its most inhuman aspect, and you speak of "labor-saving" devices, not "work-saving" devices. Cleaning the Augean stables was one of the labors of Hercules. The English philosopher Locke speaks of "the labour of our body and the work of our hands."

The more these verbal differences are examined, the more evident it becomes that humanity (or Western humanity) has always distinguished between the two activities and that one is not just a more intense or laborious form of the other. The exceptions in English idiom ("housework," "day's work," "workhouse") usually reveal themselves as euphemisms or as survivals, or as a mixture of the two: the "housework" of a lady in the Middle Ages, at the loom or distaff, was true work, while the scrubbing, cleaning, cooking, and laundering of the household serfs was labor. Indeed, the labor of keeping house is labor in its most naked state, for labor is toil that never finishes, toil that has to be begun again the moment it is completed, toil that is destroyed and consumed by the life process. (It is significant that the discoveries of "The Human Condition" were made by a woman, for housework, honorifically so called, is one of the few forms of unadulterated, primitive labor besides agriculture that still exist in advanced countries and will continue to exist forever, even if the kitchen becomes a communal kitchen and the nursery a crèche.) The essence of labor is its repetitiveness, its monotonous, rhythmic, cyclical character, well expressed in the washing of dishes, which

Just published


THE NEW YORKER ALBUM OF SPORTS & GAMES
HARPER
THE NEW YORKER ALBUM OF SPORTS & GAMES
CARTOONS OF THREE DECADES

In some 400 cartoons and drawings—an urbane (and essentially urban) view of the active life

At all bookstores • $5.00

HARPER & BROTHERS

A joy for the intelligent reader . . .

PENGUIN-PELICAN
Originals & Translations

Handsome in format, modest in price, PENGUIN-PELICAN paperbacks fit every taste and mood. Here are only a few of the more than 600 titles available. At your book shop—or mail the attached coupon, and the books of your choice will be delivered to your door.

A358, A359. CHINESE ART. By William Willetts. Covers all forms of art. 64 pages of plates, over 100 line drawings. 850 pages. 2 vols. Each, $1.50

A383. WINES AND SPIRITS. With 32 photographs and 18 maps, this 320 page survey includes useful advice on wine selection. 95¢

A395. ANCIENT CIVILIZATIONS OF PERU. J. Alden Mason. A summary of Inca and pre-Inca Peru. 64 plates. $1.25

A398. THE PATTERN OF ENGLISH. G. H. Vallins. A study of the conflict between usage and the formulated rules of grammar. 85¢

A415. PREHISTORY OF EUROPEAN SOCIETY. Gordon Childe. How and why the prehistoric societies of Europe evolved in a distinctively European way. 85¢

A423. BODY AND MIND IN WESTERN THOUGHT. J. W. Reeves. Traces the approach to modern psychology through great writers of the past. 95¢

A424. MEDIEVAL THOUGHT. Gordon Leff. The dominant ideas of the middle ages, from Saint Augustine to Ockham. 85¢

11. SEVEN ONE-ACT PLAYS. Bernard Shaw. Never before published in a single volume, Shaw's one-act plays display the full range and versatility of his genius. 65¢

1026, 1027. THE GREEK MYTHS. Robert Graves. A master of English prose interprets the immortal myths in the light of present knowledge. 2 vols. Each, 95¢

D30. PENGUIN BOOK OF SPANISH VERSE. Edited by J. M. Cohen. The whole range of Spanish poetry, with English translations. 95¢

D36. PENGUIN BOOK OF GERMAN VERSE. Edited by Leonard Forster. Lyric poetry from the Minnesingers to the moderns. With prose translations. 95¢

D37. PENGUIN BOOK OF ITALIAN VERSE. Edited by George Kay. From Saint Francis to the present day. With prose translations. 95¢

D38. THE METAPHYSICAL POETS. Edited by Helen Gardner. Over 220 selections from 38 poets. 95¢

L61. CHARTERHOUSE OF PARMA. Stendahl. Translated by M. R. B. Shaw. 95¢

L72. THE TWELVE CAESARS. Suetonius. Translated by Robert Graves. 95¢

L78, L79. BROTHERS KARAMAZOV. Dostoyevsky. Translated by David Magarshack. 2 vols. Each, 95¢

Send for your **FREE** 48-page catalogue

Send to your usual dealer, or to NY-10
PENGUIN BOOKS
3300 Clipper Mill Rd., Baltimore 11, Md.

☐ Send 48-page descriptive catalogue—free
☐ Send books indicated. I enclose cost of books, and 10 cents for postage and handling of one book, plus five cents for each additional book. (Minimum order one dollar.)

Please write in code numbers, not titles.

Code Numbers..

....

NAME..

ADDRESS..

CITY..........................ZONE..........STATE................

will only get dirty again, or of children's laundry. The laboring man or woman is the equivalent of a tame animal in servitude to biology and the seasons; labor, as Miss Arendt puts it, following Marx, is man's metabolism with nature, and man, as a member of a species, is an *animal laborans*. The doom of labor, pronounced on our first parents at the time of the Expulsion from the Garden, is a life sentence of cyclical repetition, in which the earth itself shares, condemned to endless rotation and yet to eternal fixity; that is, to a routine.

The routine quality of labor is one of its distinguishing marks; the other is its consumptibility. Labor is concerned with maintenance, whether it is the maintenance of the subway or the sewer system or a tilled field or a home or life itself; it is that basic exertion required of the human race by necessity for the sake of animal survival. It can be done alone or in unison, in silence or accompanied by chants (mistakenly called "work songs"), but its essential character is mute and solitary, even if it is done in a chain gang, for each member of a labor squad is only an arm or a "hand," as he is called in the farm country, and possesses no individuality, only a measurable amount of labor power, which can be descried as if on a graph in the action of the hoe or the fall of the pickaxe.

Labor is work that leaves no trace behind it when it is finished, or if it does, as in the case of the tilled field, this product of human activity requires still more labor, incessant, tireless labor, to maintain its identity as a "work" of man. (The confusion in Italian between the various nouns and verbs for "labor," "work," and "worker" is perhaps due to the fact that in Italy agriculture is almost a craft, and, indeed, all labor, even of the most menial kind, approximates there to craftsmanship; in Italy, darning or putting on patches becomes, absurdly, a sort of work of art.)

The earth itself and the biological process tend to devour labor as a hungry person devours a loaf of bread. The products of labor, such as the loaf of bread, are characterized, like the hero Achilles, by being born to a short life. Ordained by stark necessity ("the staff of life"), they must be consumed at once or they deteriorate. Thus a kind of urgency surrounds both their appearance and their disappearance in the world. They have no durability. The products of labor are designed to be used, like the products of work, yet the use they are put to destroys them at

The

Washington, D.C., Star: "Admirable as he is as a mayor-watcher, Mr. Hamburger is even better as a maestro-watcher. His account of a Toscanini train tour is a superb piece."

whole

Bridgeport Post: "A long, rewarding excursion into the mind of Oscar Hammerstein II — possibly the best thing ever written about . . . making successful musical comedies."

country

Meyer Berger, N. Y. Times: "The profiles on . . . James E. Casey (head of the United Parcel Service) and on Oscar Hammerstein are superb literary cameos."

applauds

San Francisco Chronicle: "The performance as a whole shows Philip Hamburger to be a man of humor and perception, urbane as he is sensitive."

PHILIP HAMBURGER'S
Mayor Watching
AND OTHER PLEASURES
$3.75 RINEHART

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

Murder ahoy!

MANY BRAVE HEARTS

Bolivar Manchenil, gargantuan hero of prize-winning **Rebecca's Pride,** is back — and all at sea! "Manchenil is even better afloat than he was on land."—REX STOUT. $2.95

By DONALD McNUTT DOUGLASS

"One of the supreme American biographies."
—CARL SANDBURG

SHERMAN

Fighting Prophet
by LLOYD LEWIS

A re-issue of a modern classic of Civil War literature, with a new appraisal by
BRUCE CATTON
707 pages, illustrated, $8.00

HARCOURT, BRACE

once, as with the loaf of bread or, more pathetically, with the frosted, tiered wedding cake. (The old joke about the man who ordered from a bakery shop a cake made in the shape of the letter "S" and, when asked whether he wanted it in a box, said, "No, thanks; I'll eat it here," illustrates, to the point of pain, the wasted work or craftsmanship that may go into a labor product.) A work product, on the contrary, such as a table, which is also designed to be used, is not destroyed or consumed in the process. A table or a chair is devoured not by use—only by misuse; its life expectancy may be ten years, twenty, several hundred for an "antique," which use may be said to have improved. A table, moreover, does not spoil, like a loaf of bread or an apple, if not used; nor does a pair of shoes put away in a closet for a year. When taken down, they may be out of style, but they are still "good," as people say; that is, wearable by someone.

The products of work belong not to the daily biological process of birth and death, decay and renewal but to the man-made world, the world of things with which man has surrounded himself and which define him as human, as *homo faber*, man the maker and creator. This world of artifacts is characterized by durability. A bird's nest, generally, is "good" only for a year, but a house, properly cared for, may last for centuries. Even a pair of shoes, given decent care, will last several years before the friction of use consumes them. The fact that shoes, too, do finally wear out means not that they were intended to be used up but, rather, that they, like everything else in the exposed realm of nature, are subject to decay and attrition—even "imperishable" stone. All work products—shoes or tables or marble temples—affirm solidity and permanence and make man feel at home in nature; they, in fact, taken together, constitute his earthly residence, his "frame," as people demonstrate when they carry a few possessions about with them, bright shawls and bowls and cigarette boxes, to make a hotel room or a sublet apartment "seem like home."

A work product is created not out of the furious urgency of necessity but in relative leisure and in conformance with a mental picture of a table or a pair of shoes that the fabricator holds up to himself as a model. The craftsman or fabricator, classically, works alone, though he may use apprentices for the less important parts of the task, and in the Middle Ages he often worked in public, demonstrating his art or skill

Asbach Uralt

the great brandy
from the Rhine

★★★★★
8 years old
80° proof

German Distilleries Ltd., 175 Riverside Drive, N. Y. 24, N. Y.

NEW AND UNUSUAL
CHRISTMAS CARDS FROM
The Metropolitan Museum of Art

A distinctive new group of 82 cards from the Museum's collections—Oriental scrolls, medieval woodcuts, miniature paintings with gold and precious colors, masterpieces of European drawing, painting and sculpture, early American and Victorian Christmas illustrations. ✰ Printed under the direct supervision of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The cards cost from 5 to 95 cents each. They can be bought ONLY by mail or at the Museum itself. Mail the coupon below, enclosing 25 cents for the handsome new illustrated catalogue.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
FIFTH AVENUE AT 82 STREET · NEW YORK 28

Please send me (check one)

☐ The Museum's 1958 Christmas catalogue.
25 cents is enclosed

☐ 35 different cards and the catalogue. Check for $4.95 enclosed.

☐ 50 different cards and the catalogue. Check for $7.95 enclosed.

Name ______

Address ______

SHOWER QUEEN and **SHOWER KING.** Our royal family of robes in snow white **terry** trimly styled for Her and Him. Expertly tailored, luxuriously detailed—long sash, hang loop.
Shower Queen—one size for her....... **$7.95**
Shower King—one size for him....... **$8.95**
Add 35c ea. for shipping. Free Christmas catalog.

THE TOG SHOP LESTER SQUARE AMERICUS, GA.

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

Deviltry afoot!

THREE AT THE ANGEL

By MAURICE PROCTER
Author of The Midnight Plumber

"The gifted Maurice Procter can always be relied upon for an off-the-beaten-path thriller."—**Hartford Courant. $3.50**

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

MUSIC LOVERS RENDEZVOUS
ASTI
ITALIAN AMERICAN CUISINE
13 EAST 12th STREET AL. 5-9095 · 9773

MUSIC LOVERS RENDEZVOUS
ASTI
ITALIAN AMERICAN CUISINE
13 EAST 12th STREET AL. 5-9095 · 9773

MUSIC LOVERS RENDEZVOUS
ASTI
ITALIAN AMERICAN CUISINE
13 EAST 12th STREET AL. 5-9095 · 9773

in the great fairs or carnivals or simply in the market place. Labor, in the ancient world, was felt to be shameful because it showed man driven by necessity, a slave of his needs or the needs of others, and the laboring activity was kept hidden in the privacy of the household, like illness and bodily "needs," but work as a process was displayed in the market. The exhibits of glass blowing and lacemaking in Venice and of leathercraft and straw weaving in Florence are a survival of this. The worker or craftsman, like a sword swallower or juggler, exhibits his skill in the open market, where he offers its product for sale.

Finally, through politics, men reveal not their skill or their products but themselves in their words and actions, held up to admiration or contempt in the free open space of the agora or forum—a tradition still maintained in the open-air "forums" of Union Square and Hyde Park. The desire to achieve glory and everlasting remembrance through conspicuous deeds and words has shrunk, however, in modern times, to the right to "blow off steam"—the most evanescent thing there is.

IN such a comparison (though this one is not in fact made in her book), the purpose of Miss Arendt's skillful distinctions suddenly becomes clear, like the glass blower's vase drawn from the furnace: she has been talking all along, really, about the present world; it has been taking shape before our eyes and now "makes sense." Those ancient categories of labor, work, and action have served as a kind of memory jogger and a measure of what has happened. Progress has effected not a steady march but a bewildering transformation. The supplanting of tools by machinery has reached its logical conclusion in automation; the discoveries of physics and chemistry have interfered with the life process (artificial insemination) and with inanimate nature, while the vast growth of the social, steadily encroaching on both private and public life, has produced the eerie phenomenon of mass society, which rules everybody anonymously, just as bureaucracy, the rule of no one, has become the modern form of despotism. And all this has happened, or so it feels, "since yesterday."

A commonplace of parlor conversation, everywhere, in all countries, these days, is the lament for vanished "standards of workmanship," "pride in work," etc., and this commonplace is fatuous only because it is inadequate to express the real situation, which is, as Miss

REFRAICHISSOIR

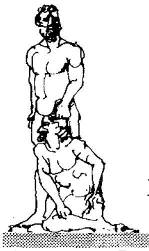
Another shipment from France. The last was a complete sellout. Our charming hand made plant table of aged pearwood. Has 2 pewter wells originally used as wine coolers. Weathered off white marble top. Measures 18 x 18 x 29 high. F. O. B., N. Y. C. —Crating $10 if beyond our delivery area. **$165**

Costly Bombé Commode, simple and elegant, beige Notre Dame marble top, ormulu mounts, L. 38", H. 31", D. 18", one of a pair ea. $395
6 old Provincial chairs ea. 45
Antique gossip armchair, Chippendale 119
Wheelwright Provincial buffet-bas, 52" 275
Oversized French Bergere, Louis XV, unadorned fruitwood frame, oyster damask 275
Provincial coffee table, 67" long, marble top, made from old fruitwood 195

At LLOYDS you'll find antique, reproduction and in-between furniture and decorations at LLOYDS modest prices. SEND FOR OUR FREE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

LLOYDS 116 E. 60th St. N. Y. 22, N. Y. PLaza 9-7313

". . . about half a dozen young Americans in love and in Florence . . . I am beginning to ask myself if there has been a better-written or more originally personable first novel by a young American—miss or mister — since *The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter.*" —ROBERT PHELPS, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*



Water Music
A novel by
Bianca VanOrden
$3.95

HB HARCOURT, BRACE

NEW-WILD GAME COOK BOOK
More than 350 exciting recipes how to change wild game and wild fowl into tempting dishes. Also secrets of barbecue, stuffings, gravies, sauces, dressing game. Only $1. Pioneer Press, Dept. NY, Harriman, Tennessee.

SKIRA ART BOOKS
MODERN PAINTING
by Maurice Raynal
A complete history of modern art
200 full color reproductions
at your bookstore $27.50

Arendt demonstrates with a terrible cogency, that there are no workers, unless you count artists, left in the modern world—only laborers. Industrial unions have replaced craft unions, and the "worker" in modern industry is only a labor unit. The assembly-line technique, the "division of labor" has turned work into labor; that is, into monotonous, rhythmic, repetitive toil, whose products, because of their very abundance, are no longer work products but consumer products born to a short life, like the loaf of bread. Automobiles, refrigerators, tables, chairs, shoes, houses are manufactured with a built-in obsolescence; a car or a house in a development is treated as disposable, as if it were a Kleenex or a paper napkin or a disposable diaper. Mass-produced, manufactured articles are made not to last or to express durability or guarantee permanence and stability but to be "used up" and junked as quickly as possible, and advertising agencies seek to create a demand for these products that will have all the uncontrollable urgency of a "demand" of nature. Mechanized factory labor of today has only one object, which is a cyclical one: to provide the laborer with the buying power to consume the products of his labor and thereby to keep the factory wheels turning, as though the factory were the mill of nature or of the gods' necessity, grinding on forever.

Labor and consumption, as Miss Arendt points out, are only two stages of the same thing, and a laboring society such as our own is a pure consumer society, in which everything is done to "make a living." The conspicuous production of the market economy has given way to conspicuous consumption, well expressed by the businessman's expense account, in which he takes a big "slice" of his salary in the form of meat, drink, theatre tickets, and airplane rides. Saving, whether of string or money, is naturally discouraged, and property, which shelters privacy, is dissolved into wealth; i.e., into "spending money." The ideal

WONDERFUL
NEW NUT TREAT!

Royal Hawaiian®
MACADAMIA NUTS

Really different! Really delicious! Crunchy-sweet, rich and mellow. Long a gourmet delicacy in their native Hawaii, now yours—at better food stores. The good taste gift, the perfect snack for the family—or for friends who appreciate the finest. 3½, 7 and 12 oz. jars

Castle & Cooke, Inc., Honolulu, Hawaii

Royal Hawaiian
Macadamia Nuts

BRUT RESERVE
KRUG & Co

KRUG
The name of fame in French champagne

Sole U.S. Importers:
SEGGERMAN SLOCUM INC., N.Y.C.

A way to better, more beautiful houses—for less money

"I opened your book at the Lustron chapter, and read it backwards and forwards, with keen interest and great profit."—LEWIS MUMFORD

10¼" wide x 7¾" deep, illustrations. $6.95

RINEHART

by Carl Koch with Andy Lewis

AT HOME WITH TOMORROW

How to look smart in real dirty weather . . . and save your good coat besides.

The first time I saw a fellow in Denmark wearing a duffle coat, I was intrigued; when I saw fellows and girls at winter resorts like St. Moritz, Davos and other fashion spots . . . **all wearing the duffle coat** . . . I got hot on the idea. So I started to make the coat in my own shop; and soon I got orders from all over the country. It isn't an overcoat, or a *topcoat, or a raincoat, but* when the weather is really rough, this coat takes the place of any one of them. Our special 100% pure wool cloth is a rough-pile fabric that sneers at rain or sleet or cold. The style of the coat is **precisely** like the European original, down to the whittled mahogany wood pegs and Dutch fishing-hemp loops. **You'll want a Duffer.** I'll save you a trip to Europe (the only other place you can get the genuine Duffer.) It is a rare value at $29.95 with collar, fully lined detachable hood—a smart rough-weather coat.

INCLUDING HOOD

On sale in New York at

CASUAL-AIRE

665 Lexington Ave.
and 7 Greenwich Ave.

The Duffer Co.,
152 E. 40th St., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

Please send me .... Duffer Coats at $29.95 each in these sizes and colors. *(Please add 3% Sales Tax for N. Y. C. orders.)* **No C.O.D.'s.**

	Navy	Camel
Small (38)		
Medium (40)		
Large (42)		

Name ....

Address ....

"A brilliant, funny book."
—THE NEW YORKER

AT LADY MOLLY'S

By ANTHONY POWELL

"Powell's best book." —EDWIN O'CONNOR

At all bookstores • $3.75 • LITTLE, BROWN

"No book can be more timely"
—RAYMOND SWING

Eisenhower: Captive Hero

by Marquis Childs

NATIONAL BEST SELLER • ILLUSTRATED • $4.75

HB HARCOURT, BRACE

of a laboring society is the ideal of empty leisure and unalloyed consumption—the image, in fact, of the original Garden from which man was expelled, where Nature herself labored and man only consumed; this image is summed up, for the modern laboring man, in the hammock, the Hawaiian sports shirt, and the trip to Florida.

This ideal, far from being a daydream, is on the verge of realization, for, with automation, as Miss Arendt puts it, machines have become a "second nature," and with electricity and atomic energy, nature's never-ending processes have been channelled into the human world. This means, however, that the human artifice itself, the man-made world of things, has been endangered, for the inherent destructiveness of nature has been let loose into the thin structure of fabrication, of tables, chairs, houses, and "immortal" works of art—the old homestead of *homo faber*, where the laboring animal, too, was protected from the elements. Meanwhile, with the launching of satellites, the basic premise of the human condition, man's bondage to the earth, has been abolished, and whatever the new creatures who will inhabit the universe of the future will be, they will be not men but some sort of space creature, such as the writers of science fiction and children's horror comics have tried to imagine. Finally, modern science, which is able to do things that can be made intelligible not in words but only in formulae, has, in a sense, abolished speech as vital communication between men, and this implies that the life of action, the matching of great words with great deeds, is finished.

The pessimism of these conclusions is stoic in the finest sense. Miss Arendt's essay explains what has happened and how it happened, without dismay or grievance. Nor does it offer any remedy. It only tells a story in noble language, matching its words with the action it describes. An epigraph to one of the chapters, from Isak Dinesen, declares, "All sorrows can be borne if you put them into a story or tell a story about them." The spirit of this maxim quickens a book that has in it a great deal more than a review can mention, for the author is full of determination to get everything in—remarks on love, friendship, and the nature of works of art, on statistics, hobbies, servants, means and ends, violence, and the ancient view of slavery, on suicide, common sense, science, and logic. It is as though she were hurriedly stuffing a trunk with all the valuables, trifles, and

PENTRON STEREO

high fidelity tape recorders

professional performance at popular prices

Now, You Can *Record* Stereo, too . . .

with the most versatile tape recorder you can own . . . Pentron's totally new Emperor II. Records stereo from stereo broadcasts, stereo records or *live* from two microphones, plays stereo (4-track as well as 2-track tape), records and plays monaurally . . . with all the richness and clarity you'd expect only from professional tape recorders.

Treat yourself and your family to the fun of Pentron Stereo . . . high fidelity performance of a professional quality never before possible at popular prices.

Pentron tape recorders start as low as $159.95 and are available at professional high fidelity showrooms. For detailed information on Pentron . . . the most complete line of tape recorders, components and accessories . . . write Dept. N-102 or see your yellow pages.

PENTRON CORPORATION
777 South Tripp
Chicago 24, Illinois

CANADA: Atlas Radio Ltd., Toronto
EXPORT: Raytheon Mfg. Co., Waltham, Mass.

The best from EQMM 1958

ELLERY QUEEN'S 13TH ANNUAL

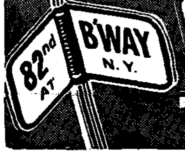
- AGATHA CHRISTIE
- STUART PALMER
- ELLERY QUEEN
- THOMAS WALSH
- ROBERT BLOCH
- CARTER DICKSON
- WILLIAM O'FARRELL
- STANLEY ELLIN
- HAROLD Q. MASUR
- MICHAEL GILBERT
- HUGH PENTECOST
- WHIT MASTERSON
- NEDRA TYRE

13 STORIES
13 FAMOUS MYSTERY AUTHORS

$3.50, now at your bookstore RANDOM HOUSE

If Your Child Is a Poor Reader

See how **The Sound Way To Easy Reading** can help him to read and spell better in a few weeks. New *home-tutoring course drills your* child in phonics with records and cards. Easy to use. University tests and parents' reports show children gain up to *full year's grade* in reading skill in 6 weeks. Write for free illustrated folder and low price. **Bremner-Davis Phonics, Dept. A-83, Wilmette, Ill.**



Serving Dairy Food Over 32 Years

Steinberg's

DAIRY RESTAURANT

curios of human experience in the hope that something might survive. This hurry becomes excessive in the later sections, where technical questions of philosophy and science are packed in with too much density for the ordinary reader, but the fault is one of generosity. "The Human Condition" contains a little of everything, including the kitchen stove. —MARY MCCARTHY

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

BALTHAZAR, by Lawrence Durrell (Dutton). A novel set in Alexandria and dealing with characters of British and assorted Mediterranean stocks who are all carrying on either political or sexual intrigues. The author's method is to speculate about the events some time after they have occurred, when the narrator—sadder, perhaps, but not much wiser—is trying to figure out what happened to everybody and what everybody was really up to. This technique produces something like a series of fascinating essays; while it allows Mr. Durrell to show off a virtuoso style that copes magnificently with all kinds of scenery, conversations, and anecdotal encounters, it quite deliberately cuts up the story and dulls the characters'—and the reader's—emotional involvement.

THE FUME OF POPPIES, by Jonathan Kozol (Houghton Mifflin). A very short, fresh-colored novel about two American college students who are able to love each other as enthusiastically and as romantically as they please, because they have a fair quantity of ready cash, some imagination, some ruthlessness, and a reasonable amount of a kind of courage that might most accurately be described as daring. The two lovers, one a student at Harvard and the other at Radcliffe, are spending part of their Christmas vacation together in a New York hotel when they decide to fly away to Paris. From Paris they proceed to Spain, and then, indifferent to their families' long-distance pleas that they return to their schoolrooms, they set out on further travels, wandering or resting, as they feel inclined, and visiting the towns and cities and villages and mountains and seashores that seem to hold most promise for them. They are never disappointed in each other or in the places they visit, and after eight months they wind up their adventure in Paris. Mr. Kozol, who writes

BERTOLLI

VINROSA
DI TORRE DE PASSERI
BERTOLLI
ITALIA
CHIANTI CLASSICO
1953
CLASSICO
FRANCESCO BERTOLLI S.P.A.
VINROSA

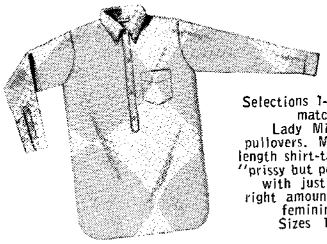
A delicate, light, fragrant wine

A rich, hearty, robust wine, a REAL

SCHENLEY IMPORT COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Milton's Madder Medley

Our own four button pullover with just the right arched flair button-down collar and barrel cuffs. Fine single needle flawless tailoring. Sizes 13½-17, Sleeves 32-36.



Selections 1-5 in matching Lady Milton pullovers. Men's length shirt-tails, "prissy but pert" with just the right amount of femininity. Sizes 10-16

Mail orders filled in 48 hours. Add 40c postage

1. Our "church window" ancient madder pima cotton. Deep red with olive/blue; dark olive with light olive/deep red; light olive and deep red/darker olive; light olive with antiqued gold/light blue; white ground with olive/light blue; olive/deep maroon; gray/olive $10.95
2. Castle wall hand-blocked print with spaced heraldic shields and brick outlines in black; grounds of red, coffee brown or light olive $8.95
3. Small geometric ancient madder patterns on combed oxford. Burnt gold with blue/brown; rich olive with red/black; black ground with brown/red; black ground with brown/light blue; dark brown with blue; rich olive with black; true red with black; black with navy; teardrops of red with olive/gray; black with light blue/gold; black with brown/olive; olive with red/gold; black with olive/red $8.95
4. Cashmerized brush cotton foulard challis prints. Antiqued gold with brown/black; navy with olive/light blue; turkey red with olive/gold; soft olive with red/light blue; black with red/gold; brown with light blue/olive $8.95
5. Imported India bleeding madras plaids. Black with olive/red; gray with olive/black; dark brown with black/beige $10.95

Free on request: New 24-page Wardrobe Booklet

Milton's Clothing Cupboard

Chapel Hill, North Carolina and
798 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga.

OPEN 11:30 A. M.
'TIL MIDNIGHT

Lüchow's
RESTAURANT
THE GOURMETS' RENDEZVOUS
Since 1882
110-112 EAST 14th STREET
GR-7-4860
We park your car at dinner

Traditionally Superb

Pre-theatre dining . . . and just a short stroll to your theatre.
(reservations: Raul)
After-theatre gathering place for wonderful drinks and buffet supper with . . . "the talk of the town."

HOTEL **Algonquin**
59 West 44th Street, New York • MUrray Hill 7-4400
"New York's beloved hotel"

Free Indoor Parking for dinner guests and week-end visitors.

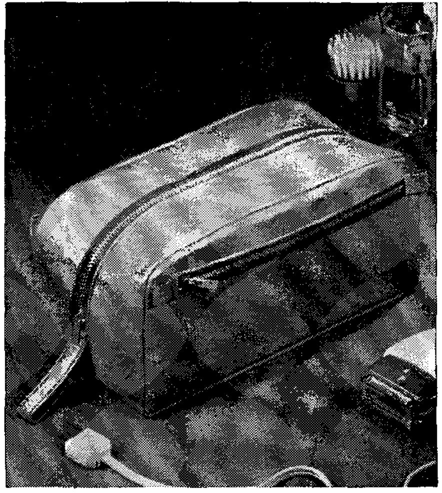
St. Thomas
FLY-WATE®
TRAVEL KIT

FOR THE MAN WHO TRAVELS LIGHT!

...fine leather faultlessly crafted in the most ingenious of travel kit designs. Light as a wallet...pillow-soft...fits any luggage space. Buy it in Glove Soft Cleanable Cape in any of 3 handsome colors, Tan, Black, Rawhide, $5.00. Also in King-Size, $7.50 (all prices plus Fed. tax).

St. Thomas, Inc., Gloversville, N.Y.

- LIGHTER—weighs only 4½ ounces
- ROOMIER—and has zippered electric razor compartment
- PACKS BETTER—shapes itself to luggage space



Passenger-Carrying
FREIGHTERS
are the secret of
LOW COST TRAVEL

Yes, for no more than you'd spend at a resort, you can take a never-to-be-forgotten cruise to Rio and Buenos Aires. Or through the Canal to either New York or California. Or to the West Indies or along the St. Lawrence River to French Canada. In fact, trips to almost everywhere are within your means.

And what accommodations you get: large rooms with beds (not bunks), probably a private bath, lots of good food and plenty of relaxation as you speed from port to port.

Depending upon how fast you want to go, a round the world cruise can be yours for as little as $250-$300 a month. And there are shorter trips. Fast, uncrowded voyages to England, France, the Mediterranean; two or three week vacations up and down the Pacific Coast or to New Orleans. Name the port and the chances are you can find it listed in "Travel Routes Around the World." This is the book that names the lines, tells where they go, how much they charge, briefly describes accommodations. Hundreds of thousands of travelers all over the world swear by it. Travel editors and travel writers say "To learn how to travel for as little as you'd spend at a resort get 'Travel Routes Around the World' "

It's yours for just $1, and the big new edition includes practically every passenger-carrying service starting from or going to New York, Canada, New Orleans, the Pacific Coast, Mexico, South America, England, France, the Mediterranean, Africa, the Indies, Australia, the South Seas, Japan, Hawaii, etc. There's a whole section called *How to See the World at Low Cost,* plus pages and pages of maps.

A big $1 worth, especially as it can open the way to more travel than you ever thought possible. For your copy, simply tear out ad, print name & address, and mail with $1 bill to **HARIAN PUBLICATIONS, 26 KING ST., GREENLAWN (LONG ISLAND), NEW YORK.**

L'Armorique
2nd AVE., COR. 54th ST., N.Y.
"French Fare at its Finest." Your host: Marcel, head chef of Chambord for 10 years. Open from 6 P.M. Closed Mon. Charge Accounts Invited. Res. PL 3-3787.
Kitchen Closed After Theatre

bravely, directly, and with style, shines particularly in the few pages, glowing with love, that introduce his story, and in the short chapter, sour as sour grapes, that ends it.

THE PALACE GUARD, by Donald Braider (Viking). Payson Hughes, a famous American novelist and a winner of the Nobel Prize, shocks his public and all his friends by killing himself at the age of fifty-two. Charles Swanson, a member of the "palace guard" that hung around Hughes, surrounding him with a circle of what appeared to be love, friendship, and admiration, eagerly undertakes to write his biography. In collecting material for this work, Swanson interviews all of Hughes' friends, acquaintances, mistresses, teachers, and literary associates, or as many of them as he can trace, going back to Hughes' school years. It is tedious work, and tedious to read about, but Swanson, a persistent, snoopy fellow who has always been possessed by a bitter envy of Hughes, enjoys himself until he begins to realize that most people know a little more about his own character than is comfortable, and that he is discovering a few truths about himself that he would just as soon have left hidden. Mr. Braider, a thoughtful and careful writer, succeeds very well in revealing the mean hearts of some men and women who deliberately seek to destroy the one person they all love and desire and cannot possess. Hughes' great crime, in the eyes of the parasitical group that included his closest companions, was his elusiveness. The main fault of Mr. Braider's book is that this elusiveness of Hughes' remains the only positive trait of his that is apparent to the reader, because in spite of the large amount of information collected in the interviews, and in spite of some first-hand information in the form of his letters and recollected conversations, one is never convinced that he had genius, or talent, or even that he was an interesting personality. Hughes, who dominates this novel at the start, is gradually reduced to being merely the prop on which Mr. Braider has hung and shredded a number of perfectly credible, perfectly recognizable, but on the whole quite insignificant and, in their petty way, unpleasant people.

RED QUEEN, WHITE QUEEN, by Henry Treece (Random House). Mr. Treece is a persuasive writer

THIS IS
SWITZERLAND

In the Fall, Switzerland takes on added charm. It's the time for Fun! Gay and colorful folklore festivals. Singing and dancing, laughter and joy.
You'll be captivated by enchanting Switzerland.
See your Travel Agent.
For folders, write Dept. 174.

SWISS NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE
10 West 49th Street, New York 20, N.Y.
661 Market Street, San Francisco 5, Calif.

GEORGE ORWELL'S
THE ROAD TO WIGAN PIER
"is a masterpiece . . . a basic document in the intellectual history of this century."
—Richard H. Rovere
ILLUSTRATED • $4.50

HB HARCOURT, BRACE

EL 5-4774
ZABALA'S
La Zambra
14 EAST 60 ST.
CARLOS RAMOS — Guitarist
PEPPE REQUESENS — Pianist

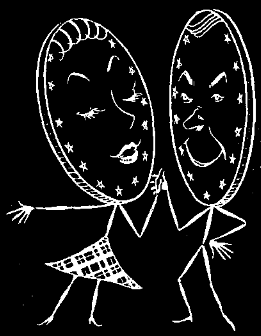
The Kind New Englanders Like!
SUGAR HEART
Solid Pack—in Oil
WHITE MEAT TUNA
24 Cans $10.75 Postpaid
Send check to—
SUGAR HEART, BOX 266
HARTFORD, CONN.

Sugar Heart
TUNA

with a special gift for keeping a good yarn going, and it is entirely possible that the inhabitants of ancient Britain behaved just as he says they behaved and spoke exactly as he says they spoke. In any case, it is unlikely that anyone in the multitudes, hordes, armies, and tribes he mentions is alive today to contradict him, or to resent his blithe familiarity with the ways and manners of 61 A.D. The chief subject of this book is the warrior queen whom we know as Boadicea (the author calls her Boudicca), and the plot centers on her violent and bloody reaction to insults and injuries offered her by the Roman Emperor Nero.

THE STEEL COCOON, by Bentz Plagemann (Viking). The story of an intellectual at sea. Tyler Williams, a college teacher serving as a pharmacist's mate aboard an American destroyer during the Second World War, decides to stand by Alexander Bullitt, his disagreeable chief petty officer, when the rest of the crew, convinced that Bullitt is crazy, ask Williams to help them have him transferred. As it turns out, Williams' ignorant shipmates are smarter than he is; Bullitt *is* crazy, and Williams' misplaced loyalty leads to disaster. Williams is a dull sort of hero, who spends his spare time rereading "Walden" and reflecting on his loneliness; what is interesting is the background the author has reproduced—the day-by-day life of a warship on its shakedown cruise.

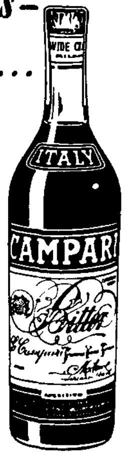
THE UGLY AMERICAN, by William J. Lederer and Eugene Burdick (Norton). A series of laboriously related incidents illustrating mismanagement of American-Asian affairs by American government representatives stationed in Asia. The scene is Sarkhan, which is described as "a small country out toward Burma and Thailand." All the people involved are examples of good or bad or misguided types of Americans and Sarkhanese, and they include ambassadors, ambassadors' wives, engineers, engineers' wives, Communists, girl secretaries, newspapermen, and many others. In a prefatory note to their work, the authors remark, "We have added a documentary epilogue which we hope will convince the reader that what we have written is not just an angry dream, but rather the rendering of fact into fiction." The authors should know that a heartful of indignation does not make a novel. In this case, even two heart-



Takes money to make same...
Average investment per industrial worker was $16,000 in 1957; per farm worker $16,813, same year—almost five times more than 1940! Farm productivity rose faster, too. With larger farms, power equipment, good farmers make good incomes. Since Successful Farming families are the country's best farmers—estimated average cash farm family income in 1957 was $10,870—ultra market for all consumer goods. And SF is unmatched in influence by any medium. For sales, and balance where general media are weak, use SF. Details any office.

Successful Farming... Des Moines, New York, Chicago, Detroit, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Atlanta, San Francisco, Los Angeles, St. Louis, Minneapolis.

Skipping Rope with a Strand of Pearls—
Like Campari, an Acquired Taste...
You Could Learn to Love IT!
CAMPARI
THE CAMPARI COCKTAIL ◆ THE WORLD CONNOISSEUR'S COCKTAIL
(also called NEGRONI)
⅓ Campari
⅓ Sweet Vermouth
⅓ Dry Gin
Stir with ice
IMPORTED, PREPARED AND BOTTLED BY
Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc.
NEW YORK—NEW YORK
Campari is wonderful on the rocks! Additional recipes for sophisticates in the gold booklet attached to each bottle. 48 Proof.

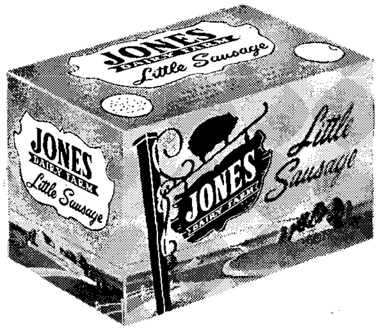


Your choice of today's foremost portrait painters

PORTRAITS, INC.
PORTRAIT CENTER OF AMERICA
136 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK
LOIS SHAW HELEN APPLETON READ

OH
A RAINCOAT?
NO...
A MAINCOAT®!
GOLF JACKET $15
LONDON FOG
LONDONTOWN MFG. CO.
350 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. 1

wonderful...
pure pork
SAUSAGE



Choice lean cuts of pork—loins, shoulders, hams—seasoned with just the right touch of pure *natural* spices to bring out the true pork flavor that everyone loves in famous Jones Sausage.

At Your Favorite Grocer

JONES DAIRY FARM • Ft. Atkinson, Wisconsin

DISTINGUISHED
APARTMENTS FOR LEASE
The Lombardy
HOTEL
111 East 56 St.
(off Park Ave.) N.Y.C.

- DECORATOR DESIGNED FURNISHINGS
- LARGE ROOMS AND CLOSETS
- SERVING PANTRIES
- ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS
- COMPLETE HOTEL SERVICES
- THE LAURENT RESTAURANT

Rentals—1 room from $4200
—2 rooms from $6300
Transients accommodated, too.
Norman E. King, Inc. • PLaza 3-8600

A Bit of Bali
Authentic
Dishes of Indonesia
LUNCHEON — DINNER
COCKTAILS—LATE SUPPER—FREE PARKING
242 EAST 58th St.—PL. 5-8090—Closed Monday.

The leisurely atmosphere of a bygone age
Hapsburg House
Viennese and Continental Cuisine
LUNCH 12—3 DINNER 5 PM—11:30
Carl & His Zither Music
313 EAST 55 ST. - PL 3-5169
Facilities for Private Parties—to 60

fuls of indignation do not make a novel. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

GENERAL

IN FLANDERS FIELDS, by Leon Wolff (Viking). The main historical outlines of the First World War are pretty familiar by now, but the details of the campaigns and of the rancorous backbiting that went on behind the Allied façade can still be astonishing and baffling, as the author proves in this account of the fighting in Flanders—a wretched campaign that was instigated by Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig and, for largely unfathomable reasons, mulishly pursued for a whole year, at the cost of four hundred thousand Allied casualties, to gain a few miles of worthless mud. Mr. Wolff, an American historian, has written a reflective, almost dispassionate account of the fateful year of 1917 on the Western Front, reconstructing what went on behind the scenes of the muddy drama and giving us strong portraits of the principal actors—the brilliant, erratic, and unreliable Lloyd George, the jittery Frenchmen Nivelle and Pétain, the irascible and clownish Sir Henry Wilson, and, above all, Douglas Haig, the cold-fish Scottish career officer who was forced to fight the first major war of machines, TNT, mustard gas, and flame-throwers when all the while he was yearning to hurl his cavalry into Flanders because he was convinced that a bullet was of little effect against a horse. Photographs of the big men, and of the mud.

CORONATION EVEREST, by James Morris (Dutton). Lively, amusing recollections of the expedition that climbed Mount Everest in 1953. The author was the London *Times* correspondent, and he was less concerned about whether the peak was reached than about protecting his story; the *Times*, which had bought exclusive rights from the expedition, could rely on the climbers not to talk to strange reporters, but it couldn't exclude the competition from Nepal or keep enterprising leg men off the mountainside. (One of them was Ralph Izzard, of the *Daily Mail*, who appears in his own book, "Innocent on Everest," as a jaunty but pathetic fellow; to Morris he was a terrifying presence—a sort of journalistic Abominable Snowman.) Morris tells all about the complicated security measures that enabled him

Voilà!
Julius WILE
THE ESCOFFIER SAUCE DIABLE
A. Escoffier

IT'LL TASTE BETTER WITH
ESCOFFIER®
SAUCE!

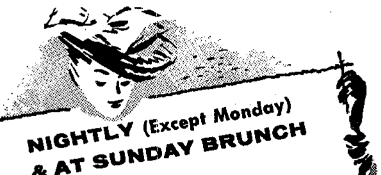
Unquestionably the world's finest sauce—*the most expensive*—and worth it! Created by the world-renowned chef, A. Escoffier.

Sharp and zesty **Sauce Diable**—particularly fine with fish . . . excellent with meat.

Smoothly balanced **Sauce Robert**—a must for steaks, chops, poultry.

Rich and luscious **Sauce Melba**—delightful on ice cream.

LET THIS SEAL BE YOUR GUIDE TO QUALITY
JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., NEW YORK



NIGHTLY (Except Monday)
& AT SUNDAY BRUNCH
MARSHALL GRANT
and his TRIO
Café de la Paix
ST. MORITZ
ON-THE-PARK
50 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH

NEW KIND OF FALL HOLIDAY!
Relax on the banks of the Shrewsbury River—just 45 miles from New York. Quiet, refined atmosphere of a charming, colonial Inn! 100 beautifully furnished modern, fireproof rooms, with bath. Cocktail Lounge, Bar, Colonial dining room. Perfect for a week or a weekend. Write Miss Smith for illustrated booklet and rates.
MOLLY PITCHER HOTEL, Red Bank, N.J.

Paul L. Burger's
Continental Specialties
Made Famous at
N. Y. World's Fair
DINNER $3.75 & UP
Luncheon $2.75 & UP
Closed Sun.
Swiss Pavilion
38 EAST 50 STREET
ELdorado 5-8680

to scoop everybody and get the story to London in time for the Queen's coronation. He also tells, with the skill of a first-rate reporter, what everything was like—scenery, food, people, toilet facilities, and all—and so brings a great but rather special achievement within the imaginative range of the non-mountain-climbing reader.

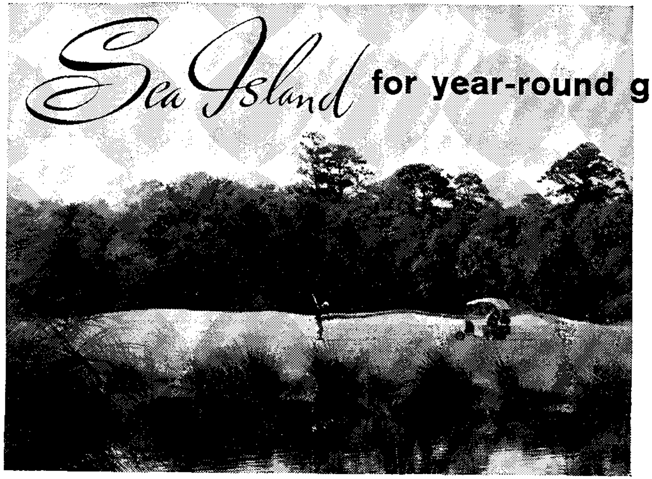
TWO LOVERS IN ROME: EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL AND LETTERS OF ETIENNE-JEAN DELÉCLUZE, edited by Louis Desternes and translated from the French by Gerard Hopkins (Doubleday). A languishing glimpse of a brief, introspective, and, despite the promise of the title, cruelly unrequited infatuation into which Delécluze, an early-nineteenth-century French painter and writer, was idly led, at forty-three, by a girl less than half his age. Delécluze first encountered Amélie Cyvoct, a "niece" of Mme. Récamier, at the latter's salon in Rome in 1823, and within six weeks (although the two were seldom together and never alone, and their conversation was wholly limited to fashionable banalities) he was lost—so lost that nearly two years later, in May of 1825, he found it necessary to confide to his journal, "I wish only that I were still her dupe." Reading his journal, and a hundred letters in which he reported to sympathetic friends his diminishing hope and mounting despair, we increasingly wonder why, for Amélie is obviously icy, empty-headed, and infantile. But there can be no doubt about the sincerity of his passion, and if we sometimes smile at his foolishness we are more often truly moved by his misery. Illustrated with a portrait of Delécluze, looking exceedingly glum, and one of Amélie, looking more than a little saucy.

BORNEO PEOPLE, by Malcolm MacDonald (Knopf). For some years immediately following the Second World War, Mr. MacDonald was the Governor General of Malaya and British Borneo (or Sarawak, the onetime private domain of the White Rajahs Brooke), and in this book he recalls, in an easy, after-dinner conversational manner, his several official but by no means condescending visits to the less highly civilized communities in his island territory. It is notable for his responsiveness to nature, for his sympathetic portraits of primitive peoples and savage cultures, and for the picture

From the great wine regions of France
...for over 140 years

PRODUCT OF FRANCE
CALVET
WINES
it's chic to say... "CAL-VAY!"
1952
CALVET
SAUTERNES

Produced, bottled, shipped by J. Calvet et Cie., Bordeaux-Beaune, France.
SCHENLEY IMPORT CO., N. Y., SOLE AGENT FOR THE UNITED STATES


Sea Island for year-round golf... Play golf on the South's famed Sea Island Golf Course! One of the best and kept in top condition the year around.

Also, wonderful beach, tennis, skeet, fishing, riding, excellent accommodations and fine food at The Cloister Hotel.

American Plan • Rental Homes
THE CLOISTER
Sea Island • Georgia

Write for Booklet W. See Travel Agent or New York Reservation Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, Circle 5-8055.

This book contains the testimony of forty-two witnesses, those who knew Anne Frank. It winds to school and through dreams, across the borders of exile to a hiding place, and at the end follows the pathway to death. Anne was gracious, capricious, tender. She felt deeply and knew fear. But she had her own special kind of courage.

Anne Frank
A PORTRAIT IN COURAGE
by Ernst Schnabel
Illustrated with photographs $3.95

HB HARCOURT, BRACE

FOOD AND DRINK OF THE ISLANDS
LUAU DINNERS
A La Carte Available
LUNCHEON
ENTERTAINMENT
From 10 P.M.
featuring the
CATAMARAN BOYS
Diners' Club
Luau
AN ISLAND PARADISE ON NEW YORK'S EAST SIDE
ELdorado 5-6555 400 EAST 57th STREET at FIRST AVENUE

DINNER
in the exciting
Embassy Club
Including a
Theatre Dinner at $4.50
served until 8:15 P.M.
Dancing from 9 P.M.
After Theatre Supper
CHAUNCEY GRAY
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
QUINTERO
AND HIS RHUMBA BAND
JANI SARKOZI
AND HIS VIOLIN
Closed Sundays
Reservations-Call Henri PL5-1000
Sheraton-East
FORMERLY THE AMBASSADOR
PARK AVE. at 51 STREET
HAROLD P. BOCK, GENERAL MANAGER

SINCE 1896
MANNY WOLF'S
STEAKS · CHOPS
PRIME RIBS
LOBSTERS
49th ST. at 3rd Ave.

TAVERN ON THE GREEN
IN CENTRAL PARK
W. 67th ST. Entrance
SC 4-8100
DINNER—SUPPER
DANCING
NIGHTLY til 2, SATURDAY til 3
OPEN ALL YEAR (Exc. Mon.)
AMPLE PARKING

Dorset Room
is open daily
and Sunday for
BREAKFAST
LUNCHEON and DINNER
THE POPULAR NEW
DORSET BAR-CAFE
is recommended by knowing New Yorkers for
COCKTAILS and late SUPPER SNACKS
HOTEL DORSET
30 West 54th Street, Just off Fifth Ave.
Member of Diner's Club Bing & Bing, Inc., Mgt.

Convenient for theatregoers
Luncheon • Dinner
Specialities:
Soupe à l'oignon
Escargots Bourguignonne
Guinea Hen Continental
A LA FOURCHETTE
CLOSED SUNDAY
342 W. 46th St. CI 5-9744

it gives us of an intensely intelligent and likable colonial officer: "The concoction had a sharp, acid taste which displeased me, but the friendliness of our hosts was captivating, and I resolved to consume without demur as many glassfuls as they, in their wisdom, judged that I should imbibe. The path of duty is not always a hard uphill climb; sometimes it is a slippery downhill slide." Many excellent photographs by the author, and two end-paper maps.

THE BUSINESS OF WAR: THE WAR NARRATIVE OF MAJOR-GENERAL SIR JOHN KENNEDY (Morrow). *An absorbing report on the military management of the Second World War.* Although General Kennedy, as Director of Military Operations at the British War Office, and then as Assistant Chief of the Imperial General Staff, took part in working out almost all the Allied decisions about who should land where and when, he plainly has survived the spirited bureaucratic fighting in good shape (despite one bad nicking in a skirmish with his own Prime Minister), for even his judgments of his American associates seem good-humored and, in a severe sort of way, quite fair.

MISS ALCOTT OF CONCORD, by Marjorie Worthington (Doubleday). A biography of the author of "Little Women." Louisa May Alcott was one of the four daughters of Bronson Alcott, a philosopher less eminent than Socrates but at least as improvident. Louisa became the family breadwinner in her teens; her writing got the Alcotts out of debt, and she went on writing and paying their bills until she died. Her life, like many writers' lives, lacked dramatic action, and Miss Worthington has unwisely tried to make up for that lack by speculating about Louisa's romances, which were nonexistent. And it is a pity that she skimps her discussion of Louisa's work; writers for children are surely as influential as writers for grownups, and Miss Alcott may be the most widely read transcendentalist today.

HAS ANYBODY SEEN ME LATELY?, by Corey Ford (Doubleday). A collection of the author's humorous writings, including four books—two of them are "How to Guess Your Age" and "The Office Party"—and a goodly scattering of light pieces that have appeared in such magazines as the *Reader's Digest* and the *Saturday Evening Post.* Mr. Ford is a

Opening Tuesday, October 21st
Something New
in the
Cotillion room
STANLEY MELBA
PRESENTS
"*An Evening with Sigmund Romberg*"
STARRING
EARL WRIGHTSON
BETTY BENEE
FELIX KNIGHT
Joseph Ricardel orchestra for dancing
Dinner Show nightly—9:30
Supper Show Fri. & Sat.—12:30
Theatre Dinner—$5
No entertainment tax 6 to 8 p.m.
GOGI is your Host
Hotel Pierre
TEmpleton 8-8000
FIFTH AVENUE AT 61ST STREET

Silver Sands
BEACH CLUB
JAMAICA, B.W.I.
On one of Jamaica's finest beaches
Attractive individual beach front cottages, with bedroom living room, bath, verandah. Main Club for meals and entertainment.
Lower rates to Jan. 15th
Festive Christmas & New Year Program
See your travel agent or
New York Office
16 West 55th Street, N. Y. 19
JUdson 6-3070

The Aristocrat of Sea Food Restaurants
SeaFare
1033 First Ave. at 57th St.
44 W. 8th St. Greenwich Village

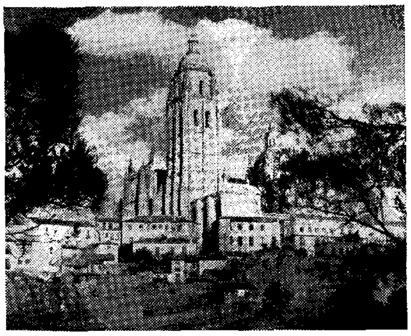
dixieland
AT THE
Cafe metropole
7th avenue at 48th st. CI 5-0088

nimble writer and, if never strangulatingly funny, an invariably pleasant one. Illustrations by Whitney Darrow, Jr., R. Taylor, and Gluyas Williams.

IRRATIONAL MAN: A STUDY IN EXISTENTIAL PHILOSOPHY, by William Barrett (Doubleday). A useful book for the well-read general audience. Professor Barrett begins by recapitulating the existentialist critique of Western civilization: Medieval man had faith and was close to the soil and so was, on the whole, better off than modern man, who has no faith and thus finds the world a lonely, irrational place in spite of plumbing, two-tone automobiles, and credit cards. Then the author discusses thinkers who may be considered forerunners of contemporary existentialism—such currently stylish writers as St. Augustine, Pascal, and the author of the Book of Job. Finally, he examines in some detail the philosophies of Kierkegaard, Nietzsche, Heidegger, and Sartre. Although the members of this typically existentialist quartet disagree with each other in many ways, Professor Barrett sides with no one of them; he treats them all with explanatory sympathy and, most helpfully, suggests some of their books for further study.

ISAAC NEWTON'S PAPERS & LETTERS ON NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, edited, with a general introduction, by I. Bernard Cohen, assisted by Robert E. Schofield, and with explanatory prefaces by Marie Boas, Charles Coulston Gillispie, Thomas S. Kuhn, and Perry Miller (Harvard). The whole of Newton's writings on physical science (except for the readily available "Principia" and the "Opticks"), together with several contemporary papers in contradiction or in substantiation of his heroic grasp of the universe, plus Bernard le Bovier de Fontenelle's pioneer (1728) biography, "The Elogium of Sir Isaac Newton." An unusual feature of the book—though one that is more likely to appeal to scholars than to the general reader—is the presentation of all the included writings in facsimile reproduction of their original publication, often in Latin. The substance of most of the papers, it need hardly be said, is fairly formidable, but Fontenelle's "Elogium," with its splendid closing comment ("He never married, and perhaps he never had leasure to think of it; being immersed in profound and

see more of
Spain
...the American Express way!



Everything planned . . . a friendly guide to greet you . . . that's what it means to travel American Express! Glorious Spain! Have carefree fun as you travel around and explore the exciting sights and scenes. Your money goes a long way, and buys you more.
Make this your year to visit Spain . . . it's sure to be a memorable trip!
See your Travel Agent or
AMERICAN EXPRESS
TRAVEL SERVICE
65 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y.
Offices and Correspondents Throughout the World

Be Sure—It's Dandy!
ALEXANDER'S DANDIE DINMONT Blended Scotch Whisky
ALEXANDER'S
DANDIE DINMONT
LIGHT BODIED
Blended Scotch Whisky
86 PROOF
Another fine import of
VINTAGE WINES, INC.
625 W. 54 St., N. Y. 19

Autumn at Buck Hill
Pleasant, mild days beckon you to enjoy the colorful Fall foliage of this Pocono Estate. Meals to match mountain appetites. Sports include golf, tennis, riding, hiking, lawn bowling.
Advance reservations necessary

THE INN
Buck Hill Falls
PENNSYLVANIA

3 HOURS FROM NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA
New York Reservation Office
30 *Rockefeller Plaza*
CIrcle 5-5620

DINE IN LEISURE AT THE NEW
Casino
ON THE
Park
Designed by Raymond Loewy Corp.
LUNCHEON • PRE-THEATRE DINNER • DINNER
SUPPER • SUNDAY BRUNCH
STEVEN WELTNER AT THE PIANO
Tel. CIrcle 7-0300
ESSEX HOUSE
Vincent J. Coyle, V. P. and Mng. Dir.
160 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH

OPEN-MINDED

There once was a college professor who couldn't understand his students' enthusiasm for the movies. But being a broad-minded man with plenty of curiosity, he determined to find out for himself what made movies worth seeing.

So every week or so for a whole semester, he would buy a ticket, seat himself comfortably in the theatre, and watch the screen attentively. And after only ten or fifteen minutes, he would emerge, shaking his head in bewilderment—and still wondering what his students found in the movies that he didn't.

Well, of course, the professor never gave the movies a fair chance. He sampled—ten minutes or so—but he never savored.

Some people are the same way about the financial news. About once a week they glance at the financial page of the newspaper—at news of earnings and dividends, at Dow-Jones Averages and stock prices. Then they turn the page with a sigh that means, "I'll never understand all that."

Nonsense! Anyone can learn the basic facts about the stock market in a half hour or so if he puts his mind to it. We have a primer of the market, tersely titled *"What Everybody Ought to Know About This Stock and Bond Business,"* that we'll be glad to send you, without charge or obligation. All we ask is that you send us your name and address—and keep an open mind.

MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & SMITH

Members New York Stock Exchange and all other Principal Exchanges
70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.
Offices in 112 Cities

continual studies during the prime of his age, and afterwards engaged in an Employment of great importance, and his intense application never suffered him to be sensible of any void space in his life, or of his having occasion for domestick society"), is wholly delightful. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

THE ETRUSCANS, by Raymond Bloch, translated from the French by Stuart Hood (Praeger). Another volume in the excellent Ancient Peoples and Places series, with illustrations of the quality and beauty we have come to expect. Although almost the entire Etruscan record falls within historic times, the Etruscans remain totally mysterious; we know everything about them except who they were and where they came from, and we know everything about their language except what its words mean. They were skilled dentists who made gold crowns and bridges, and the Romans credited them with inventing drains, but despite their technical know-how they seem to have been a moody and death-centered lot, lavishing most of their wonderful art on tombs and living nervously at the mercy of nine gods engaged in hurling eleven sorts of thunderbolt at them.

NOTE: "The Most of S. J. Perelman," a collection of ninety-six of Mr. Perelman's humorous pieces, a great many of them written for *The New Yorker*, has been published by Simon & Schuster. . . . Harper has issued "The New Yorker Album of Sports and Games," a selection from this magazine of about four hundred cartoons dealing with various sporting activities, indoor and out.

•

We thank you for coming all the way. We are very glad to be chosen Noboribetsu Spa on your travel and to welcome you at Daiichi-Takimoto-kan. Daiichi-Takimoto-kan restored the pre-war service earlier than others, with your hearty affection and have been utilized with spa emotion of plenty all the more.

Your spa is gushing well for your utilization. We wait for your coming to use this spa of gift of nature for most peoples.—*Folder from a hotel in Hokkaido, Japan.*

You're gushing pretty well yourself.

•

HIGHER MATHEMATICS DEPT.

[*From the Villager*]

In 1931 there were only 306 daily commuters who boarded the trains from Chappaqua. By 1949 this figure increased by more than 1,000 per cent to 691.

WHAT IS THIS?

What you draw – a blank – if you consistently persistently clear your throat. Let Allenburys Pastilles do it for you – silently. They vanquish frogs, in the pharynx that is, with good taste – (ripe English black currant). Get soothing

Allenburys Pastilles
at your druggist

Manufactured in England by
ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD.
Established 1715

e. e. cummings' new collection of verse
95 poems
$4.00
HB HARCOURT, BRACE

Leaders read the Kiplinger Letter every Monday morning

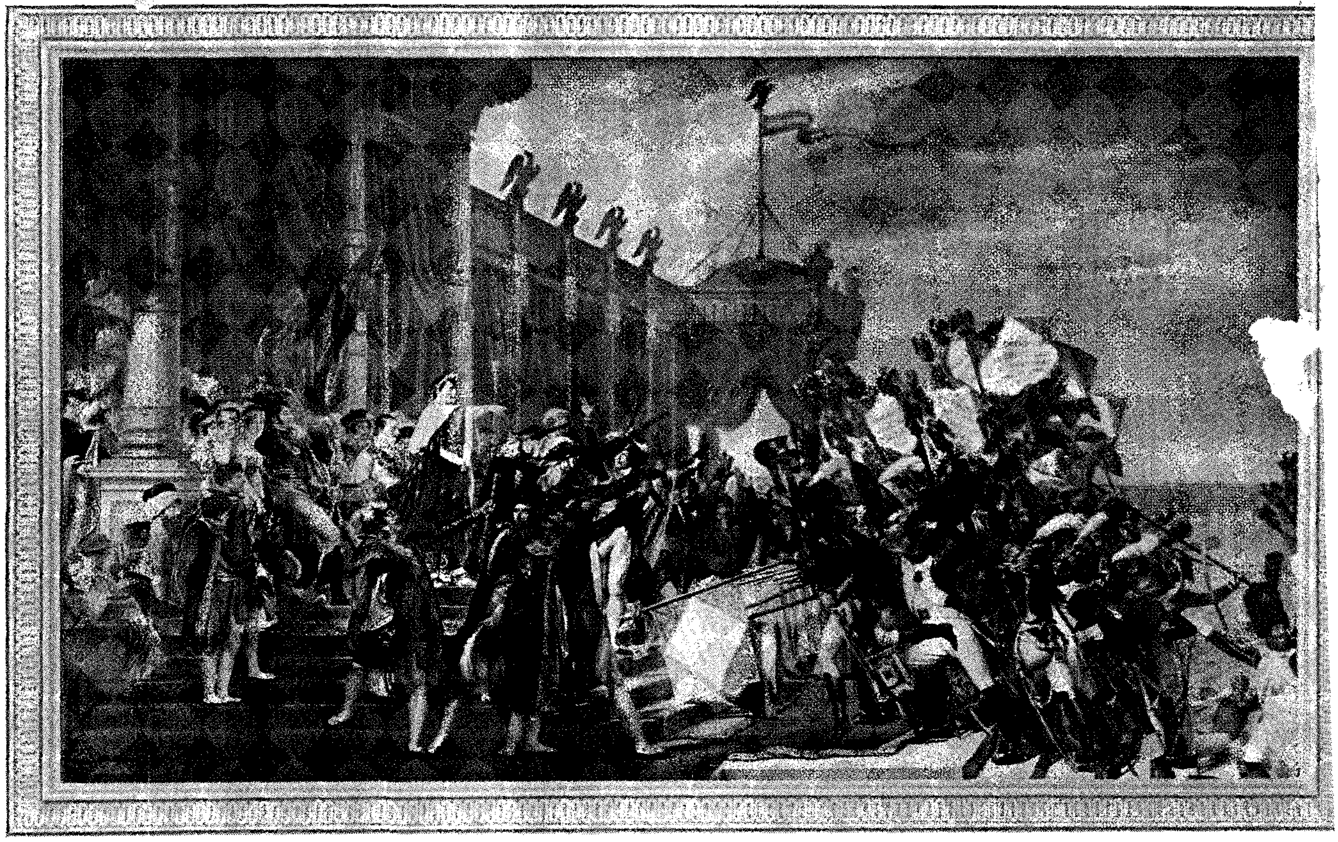
FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily
(OPEN EVERY DAY)
1601 Simpson St.
Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm
Phone GR 5-8686
Evanston, Ill.

Photographed for Guaranty Trust Company of New York by Loebel

YOUR FAMILY'S SECURITY AND HAPPINESS...

. **COULD DEPEND ON EXPERIENCED CARE.** *We suggest you review your situation*
iodically with your attorney and banker. Should you desire our assistance, call or write
-President, Personal Trust Department, Guaranty Trust Company of New York.

GUARANTY TRUST COMPANY
OF NEW YORK • 140 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 15
Capital Funds in excess of $400,000,000
Fifth Ave. at 44th St., New York 36 • Madison Ave. at 60th St., New York 21
40 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20
London • Paris • Brussels



DISTRIBUTION DES AIGLES PEINTURE PAR DAVID (MUSÉE DE VERSAILLES)

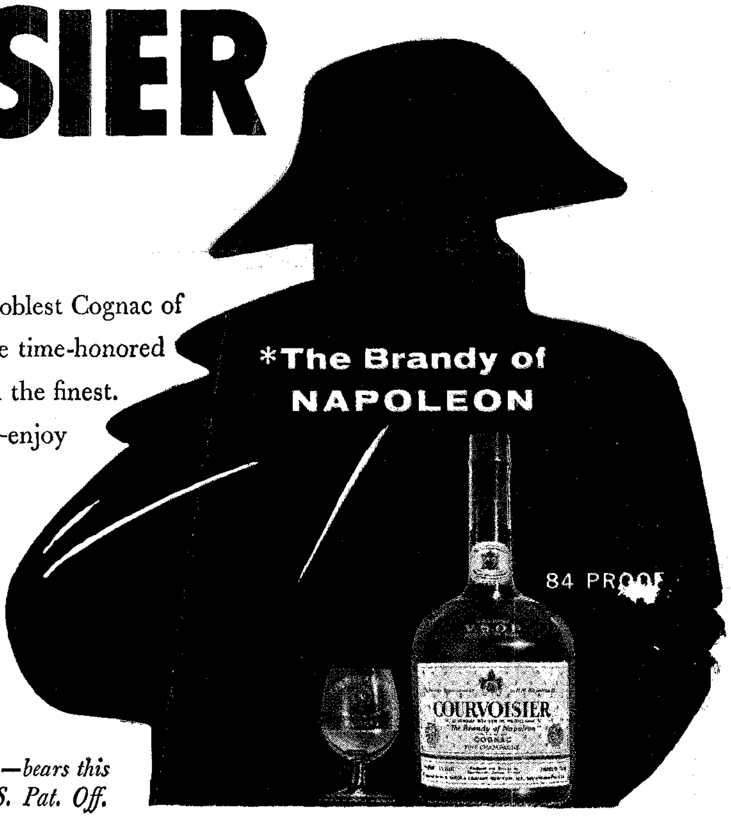
DISTRIBUTION OF THE EAGLES, *depicting the "Oath of the Army" after the distribution of the standards or flags on the Champ-de-Mars, December 5, 1804.*

COURVOISIER

COGNAC

Down through the ages Courvoisier has ranked as the noblest Cognac of them all. Famous as "The Brandy of Napoleon," it is the time-honored drink of kings and statesmen, and all who can command the finest. Breathe in the aroma of Courvoisier Cognac reverently—enjoy its matchless flavour leisurely. You will sense the loving care that has been poured into its making—the glorious traditions it perpetuates.

IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U. S. A.



**Courvoisier Cognac—and Courvoisier only—bears this registered phrase on every bottle. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.*

SPECIAL OFFER IN FRENCH CRYSTALWARE—Four Courvoisier snifter glasses, about 3½ inches tall, with Napoleonic emblem in permanent gold design. Shipped to you from France. Send $1 cash or check *payable to T. V.*, P. O. Box 1205, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. Dept. NY-21.

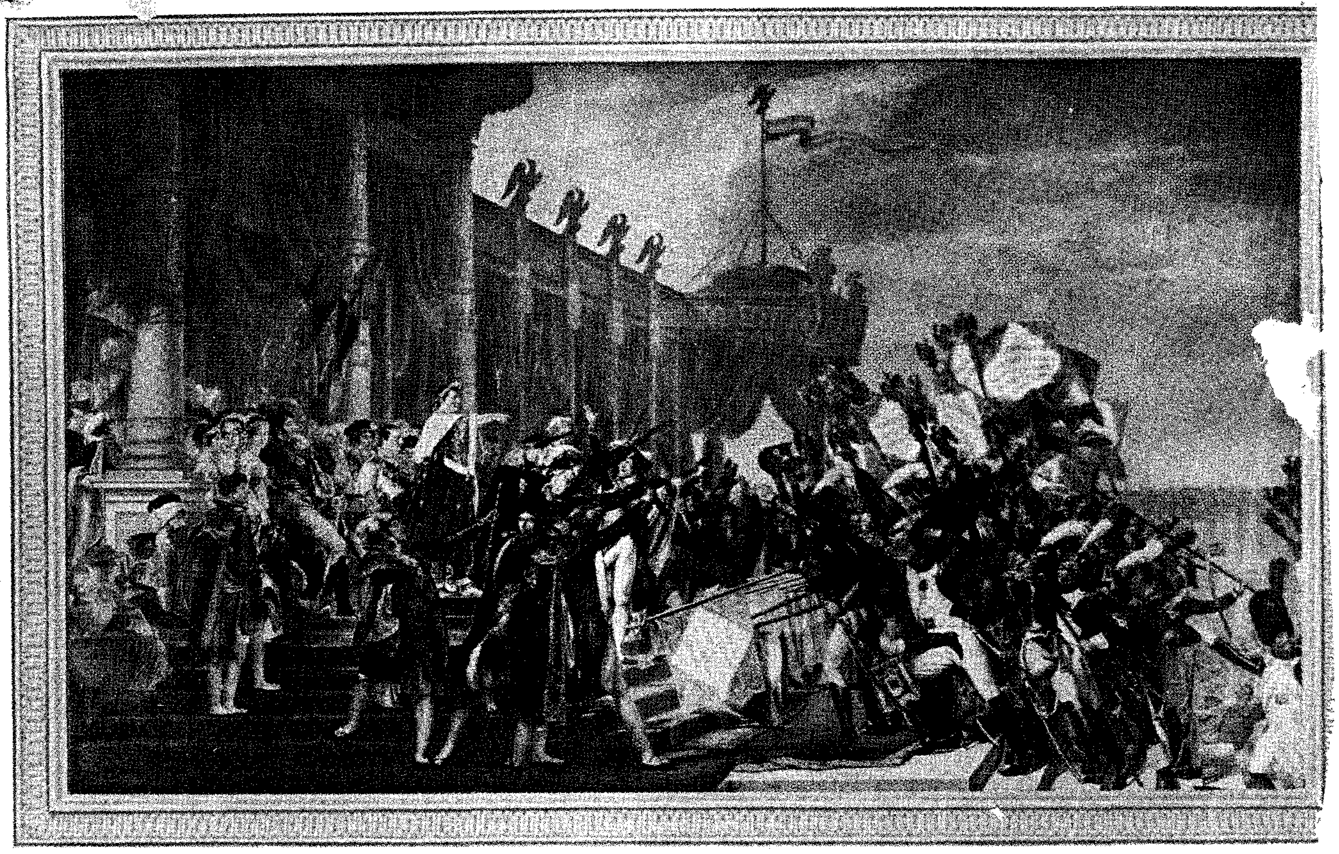
Photographed for Guaranty Trust Company of New York by Loebel

R FAMILY'S SECURITY AND HAPPINESS...

JLD DEPEND ON EXPERIENCED CARE. *We suggest you review your situation*
ılly with your attorney and banker. Should you desire our assistance, call or write
sident, Personal Trust Department, Guaranty Trust Company of New York.

GUARANTY TRUST COMPANY
OF NEW YORK · 140 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 15
Capital Funds in excess of $400,000,000

Fifth Ave. at 44th St., New York 36 • Madison Ave. at 60th St., New York 21
40 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20 London • Paris • Brussels

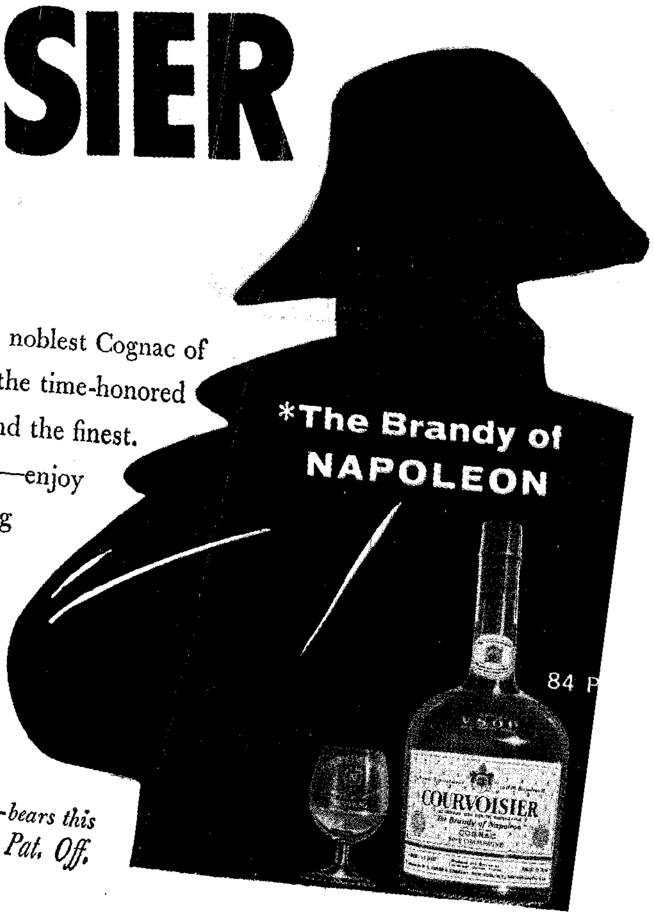


DISTRIBUTION DES AIGLES   PEINTURE PAR DAVID (MUSÉE DE VERSAILLES)

DISTRIBUTION OF THE EAGLES, *depicting the "Oath of the Army" after t*
distribution of the standards or flags on the Champ-de-Mars, December 5, 18C

COURVOISIER

COGNAC



Down through the ages Courvoisier has ranked as the noblest Cognac of them all. Famous as "The Brandy of Napoleon," it is the time-honored drink of kings and statesmen, and all who can command the finest. Breathe in the aroma of Courvoisier Cognac reverently—enjoy its matchless flavour leisurely. You will sense the loving care that has been poured into its making—the glorious traditions it perpetuates.

IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U. S. A.

**Courvoisier Cognac—and Courvoisier only—bears this registered phrase on every bottle. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.*

SPECIAL OFFER IN FRENCH CRYSTALWARE—Four Courvoisier snifter glasses, abou
inches tall, with Napoleonic emblem in permanent gold design. Shipped to you from F
cash or check *payable to T. V., P. O. Box 1205, Grand Central Station, New Yo*